THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

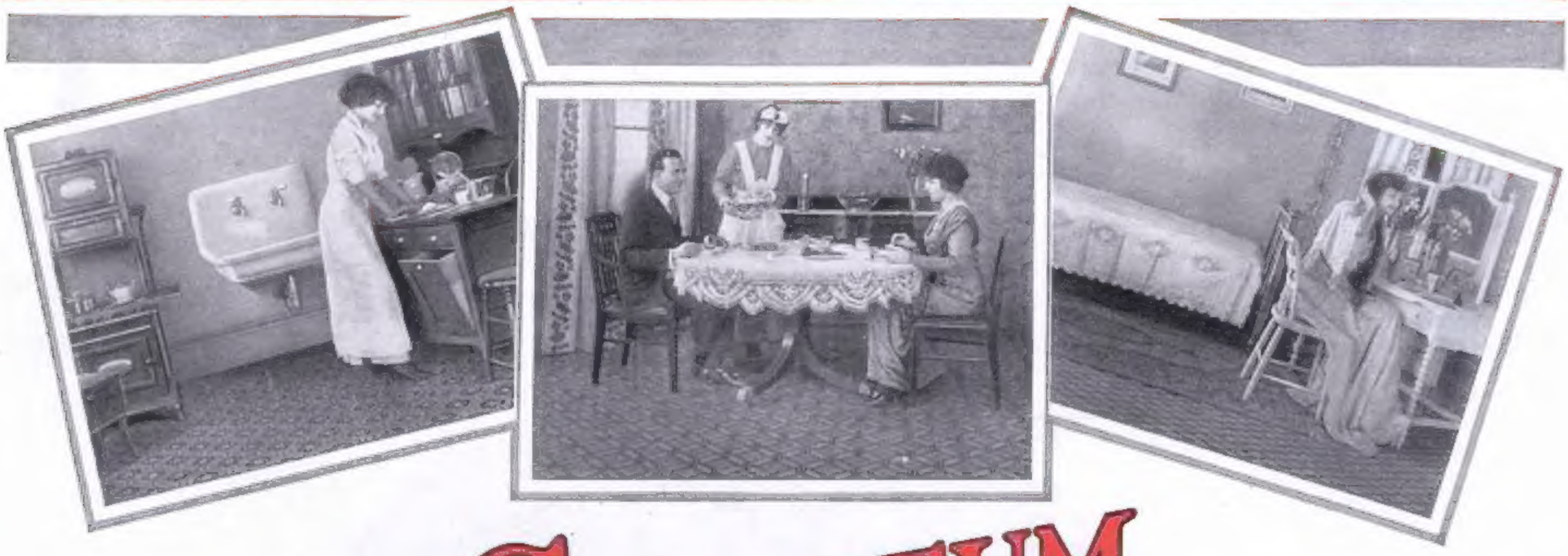
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Fra

MARCH 7, 1914

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning

The Trail of the Tammany Tiger—By Harry Wilson Walker



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Gerald A. Beneker 1913

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THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

By HARRY WILSON WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

TAMMANY is dead, and the Tiger is walking round to save funeral expenses. Meantime they are holding a wake. This may seem a very sweeping assertion; yet the history of the inside workings of Tammany Hall for the last thirty years, I believe, will convince the reader of the truthfulness of this statement.

So far as the status of the Tammany boss, Charles F. Murphy, is concerned, he is in about the same predicament Provisional President Huerta, of Mexico, was in, say, last September.

Nothing less than a first-class restaurant will satisfy the Tiger's appetite; and now only the husks—and very few of them—are in prospect. Another characteristic thing about Tammany is its positive dislike to spend its own money. Wall Street and the contractors have no use for dead politicians, and Tammany can no longer look to them. Since last election day Tammany has been a tightwad.

Tammany is a system. Kill the system and there will be no Tammany. Conditions in New York that built up this system on which Tammany thrived are disappearing as rapidly as the buffalo and outlaws disappeared thirty years ago from the frontier, because of the march of civilization.

The new primary law recently passed will give Democrats an opportunity to act independently of the dictates of the Tammany leaders. Politically speaking, New York is rapidly becoming civilized.

McCarren's Prediction

PROBABLY no politician knew the recent conditions of Tammany Hall so thoroughly as the late Patrick H. McCarren, known as Long Pat. Only a few days before McCarren's death, standing on the stage in Carnegie Hall and pointing his finger at Charles F. Murphy, he said: "No Tammany man within the sound of my voice will live to see another Tammany mayor."

McCarren, up to the hour of his death, had prevented the Tiger from crossing the Brooklyn Bridge. However, the day after McCarren's funeral, the Tammany Tiger did cross the bridge and took possession of McCarren's Brooklyn organization.

In the days when Tammany was most successful, and Richard Croker was its chief, the organization was absolutely dominated by Irish-Americans. Eighty per cent of the Democratic votes of Manhattan Island before the days of consolidation was composed of Irish and Irish-Americans, with a majority averaging from fifty thousand to sixty thousand in old New York. If all the Irish-Americans voted the Tammany ticket Tammany was sure of success. During the height of the Tammany success, when Mayor Gilroy was filling out a two years' term, between 1893 and 1895, I heard Mr. Croker explain the secret of his power:

"I let the members of the organization know that I hold a rod of iron, and that anybody who dares to interfere with the harmony is a traitor to the Tammany cause. Immediately after election day I start Tammany Hall fighting our enemies as vigorously as in the height of the campaign. If I did not keep them busy all the time fighting our opponents they would fight among themselves."

All the State Patronage Was Under Governor Cleveland, and Cleveland Was Anti-Tammany

Any one who understands the character of the Irish-American politician can readily understand from this that Croker knew his business.

Since then the proportion of the Irish-American vote has rapidly decreased, while the Jewish vote has to a large measure taken its place. Besides this, the American vote in the Democratic party has largely increased since the days of Croker. The growth of New York has brought thousands of Southerners and Western Democrats to the metropolis. In the Croker days ninety per cent of the Republican vote was composed of those who considered themselves Americans.

The sons and grandsons of the men who ruled Tammany Hall thirty and twenty-five years ago received good educations and would not think of standing for the things for which their fathers stood. The charge of being disloyal to the organization has not the terror for them that it had for their fathers and grandfathers.

The Tammany of 1876

ONLY a short time ago I heard a rich Irish-American, who had been one of the old Croker guards, say that the sons of men like himself were actually ashamed of their fathers politically. This man had educated his five sons at Harvard.

Tammany Hall, as at present constituted, received a most severe blow from William Jennings Bryan at Baltimore; in fact it was the greatest knockout that Tammany had received since the days of Samuel J. Tilden; and the election of Woodrow Wilson sounded the death knell of Tammany Hall. The refusal, during the presidential campaign, of Woodrow Wilson to have his photograph taken with Charles F. Murphy prepared the country to know how the President considers the New York political Democratic organization.

The majority of the former Southern and Western Democrats who vote in New York, and the educated young Irish-Americans, were all ready to punish Tammany. William Sulzer and John A. Hennessy only furnished the grease for the toboggan.

I can appreciate how a great many of the young Irish-Americans felt who supported John Purroy Mitchel last November, because, as a tradition, I myself have a soft spot for Tammany. There were times when I loved the Tiger. I first knew Tammany Hall when I was a little schoolboy in St. Louis. The Democratic National Convention of 1876, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden for president, was held there. I was attending a boarding school on Chanteau Avenue and the boys were told that it would not be safe to be out after dark when Tammany arrived in town.

The two dear old ladies who conducted the school gave the pupils to understand that Tammany Hall was located in a part of the city of New York known as Five Points, where all the inhabitants were thugs and murderers. Some of the older lads, who surreptitiously read dime novels and the lurid New York weeklies, told the younger boys that Tammany would probably shoot up and rob the town. One St. Louis paper, a Tilden organ, advised the merchants to bolt their doors and put up the shutters when Tammany arrived.

A couple of my more adventurous companions at the school and myself slipped out after we were supposed to be in bed. We started for one of the big hotels, but had not gone far when we saw two flashily dressed men in high white hats and adorned with Tammany badges. Their cigars stood in their mouths at an angle of forty-five degrees.

We boys ran across the street. We felt in duty bound to warn our neighbors that Tammany had invaded Chanteau Avenue, so that the men could arm; but the Tammany men headed for the business section. Our courage increased and we followed at a safe distance. The Tammanyites halted under a gaslamp and in one of them I recognized an old friend. Had he dropped from the sky I should not have been more bewildered. My joy was great.

The Tammany brave was the son of an old nurse who had looked after me in Dublin. It had been several years since I had seen him and he was the only person in this country, outside my family, whom I had known in my old home. My fear of Tammany was thrown to the winds, and I rushed to the big six-footer crying:

"Dickie! Dick, don't you know me?" He called my name as he lifted me out at arm's length. Through his mother he had learned I was at school in St. Louis; and he had been looking for me, but had forgotten the street number. Dick had almost passed out of my memory. He had taken part in a Fenian raid and had to leave Ireland hastily. I remembered how his old mother cried about him when he started for America.

My companions did not know what to make of the performance, but I learned afterward that they regarded me in the light of a hero.

National Convention Experiences

DICK insisted on my accompanying him to one of the big hotels where the Tammany leaders were quartered. Dick, as I know now, was one of the doorkeepers of the convention, which gave him for the time considerable importance. At the time I supposed that next to John Kelly—to whom I was introduced—Dick was the most important man in Tammany Hall. Kelly was referred to as the Big White Chief.

I had never before known so much excitement. Bands were marching in and out of the great corridors of the hotel. It all now seems like a dream to me, with its unhappy awakening.

That night I slept in a room with Dick and several Tammany men. I remember we all said our prayers before going to bed. For years after I advertised this fact when Tammany men were assailed.

Next morning Dick pinned a Tammany badge on me and took me to the convention hall. No general was ever prouder of a decoration than I of that badge.

Meantime when my young companions returned to the school they reported that I had been kidnaped by Tammany and probably had been murdered. The next day the ladies who conducted the school reported my case to the police. I was promptly located and turned over to a teacher. I never saw or heard of Dick from that day to this, though I often tried to locate him.

I went back to the school with love of Tammany and hatred of Samuel J. Tilden in my innocent heart. I was shipped the next day to my home at Springfield, Missouri, and promptly flogged by a stern Scotch-Irish father, who disliked Tammany and loved Samuel J. Tilden.

Of course the political phase never occurred to my father, but I insisted on it. I promptly ran away, intending to reach New York and join Tammany. Instead I took a train in the wrong direction and landed in Joplin, then one of the most famous mining camps in this country.

Four years later, as a cub reporter, I accompanied the late Joseph Pulitzer to the Cincinnati Convention, where General Hancock was nominated. It seemed a repetition of St. Louis. John Kelly and Tammany were fighting Mr. Tilden. Mr. Pulitzer was a delegate from Missouri, anti-Tilden and consequently popular with the Tammany leaders. It seemed as though everybody else I met hated Tammany. Kelly was hissed at every opportunity. Indeed, Tammany at Cincinnati was as unpopular as Tammany at Baltimore in 1912, except that a William Jennings Bryan was lacking to voice the feeling. The leaders of the County Democracy, the rival Democratic organization of New York, were the popular heroes.

Next I met Tammany at the Chicago Convention of 1884. I wrote a column interview with John Kelly just after his arrival. He had been greeted by both cheers and hisses. In the interview Kelly spoke admiringly of Mr. Tilden and said that Governor Cleveland could not carry New York.

"Hill Will Become Governor if Cleveland is Elected President"

My assignment during the convention was to keep track of Kelly and Tammany. Through Kelly I was introduced to Richard Croker—who was next to Kelly in importance—Senator Thomas F. Grady and Bourke Cockran. The latter was my best source of news. My reports had a strong Tammany coloring and indicated that Roswell P. Flower, afterward governor of New York, who was Kelly's candidate, would be nominated instead of Governor Cleveland. I ought to have lost my job and came near doing so. However, on this occasion my partisan bias proved fortunate, for Mr. Flower became one of the best friends I ever had.

Instead of being discharged I was told to watch the movements of anti-Tammany delegates from New York. In this again I was fortunate. I sent my card to Daniel Manning, the leader of the Cleveland forces. Manning was a newspaper man. How well I recall his fatherly greeting! Before I could ask a question he told me of his days as a reporter and then interviewed me about newspaper conditions in Chicago. Finally Mr. Manning asked:

"Who is writing those fool reports about Flower in your paper?"

I confessed, but refused to give the source of my information.

"That is right; don't tell," said an attractive-appearing man who sat by a window. He was the man of all others I longed to know. Mr. Manning introduced me. He was Amos J. Cummings, of the New York Sun.

"Young man," said Mr. Cummings, "come with me and I will introduce you to the Kings County Cat, which is more prolific of information than the Tammany Tiger."

I was taken across the hall to where the Kings County—Brooklyn—delegation had headquarters. Mr. Cummings introduced me to Augustus Van Wyck, who afterward ran for governor of New York against Theodore Roosevelt.

Hugh McLaughlin—the Brooklyn boss—did not attend the convention and Van Wyck was in charge of what Mr. Cummings called the Kings County Cat.

It was explained that Kings County held the balance of power. Under the unit rule, with the votes of Kings County delegates, either side would win.

"The Cat is on the fence. Find out whether it will jump into the Flower bed or into the Cleveland camp!" prompted Mr. Cummings.

I tried to get Mr. Van Wyck to tell me which way the Cat would jump.

"Come round tomorrow!" was all he would say.

As I was leaving, a bald-headed man, with a heavy black mustache, came in and was cordially greeted as Governor. Van Wyck engaged him in a whispered conversation. Evidently he was divulging the secret intentions of the Cat.

"He is Dave Hill, our lieutenant-governor," said Mr. Cummings. "That is a tip. Hill will become governor if Cleveland is elected president. Of course you know Kings County has no use for Tammany. Kelly and McLaughlin hate each other."

As we were waiting for the elevator one of the handsomest and best-dressed men I had ever seen greeted Mr. Cummings as a long-lost brother. The man was Edward Murphy, afterward senator from New York.

"Cleveland will be nominated on the first ballot," said Mr. Murphy. "Van Wyck simply wants to keep his Cat in the limelight as long as possible. The Cat has eclipsed the Tiger."

"You have your story," said Cummings. "Work the Cat and the Tiger into the first line. If you ever want to come to New York I'll get you work."

Did I want to go to New York? It was the height of my ambition. In less than ten days I was at work on a New York evening paper, writing politics.

Tammany seemed down and out. It had practically no patronage, and in that regard was in a worse fix than the organization was in beginning the year 1914. Then—1884—all the state patronage was under Governor Cleveland, and Cleveland was anti-Tammany.

For a year, at least, Tammany will continue to hold considerable patronage under the state government. For those who are preparing to eliminate Tammany, and the millions who are in sympathy with the movement, it may be well to bear in mind how Tammany rose, phenixlike, shortly after the inauguration of President Cleveland in 1885. It will be readily seen that the conditions of that period do not exist now and can never again exist.

Tammany's Attitude Toward Mr. Cleveland

THE County Democracy had everything in the city of New York—then confined to Manhattan Island. Tammany returned from Chicago in a very sullen mood and Democrats in every state were fearful that Tammany would knife Cleveland, as it was accused of having done to Hancock four years before.

At the first meeting of the Tammany general committee after Hancock's defeat, the first mayor of Greater New York, Robert A. Van Wyck, shaking his fist in the face of John Kelly, charged him with betraying Hancock. Van Wyck was thrown out of the hall.

Tammany, however, was intent on electing a mayor. The organization nominated Hugh Grant, who was rich and handsome. Grant had made a creditable record in the Board of Aldermen, was of Irish parentage, and socially of a higher type than the average Tammany leader. William R. Grace, a native of Ireland, was the County Democracy candidate. Frederick Gibbs was the Republican candidate. It was charged that Gibbs was only put up to be traded for Tammany votes for James G. Blaine.

Though John Kelly's newspaper, the Star, was supporting Cleveland, Thomas F. Grady, supposed to be closer to Kelly than anybody else in the organization, bolted, and was making speeches for General Ben Butler. This still further strengthened the belief that Kelly was secretly supporting Blaine.

John Kelly, so it proved, had returned from Chicago a broken man and was never well again. The seriousness of his condition was not realized outside the innermost Tammany circles. Richard Croker, as Kelly's chief lieutenant, really managed Grant's campaign for mayor. Though always loyal to Kelly, Croker believed that the first duty of Tammany was to be loyal to the National Democracy. Croker personally pledged his word to Arthur P. Gorman, who managed the Cleveland campaign for the Democratic National Committee, that Tammany would play fair.

Croker Personally Pledged His Word to Arthur P. Gorman That Tammany Would Play Fair

The Tammany Platform Was Written by Bourke Cockran

Kelly's great weakness was his love of flattery. The best flatterers were those who could get the most from Honest John. A number of district leaders had won their places by toadying to Mr. Kelly. Naturally these men knew that, with the passing of their leader, they would have to go. It was to their interest to say that Kelly's health was improving. Croker was urged to seize control of Tammany, but he said that so long as there was a chance of Kelly's recovery he would remain loyal.

It was on a bleak day in December that a group of downcast Tammany leaders sat on a bench in Madison Square. It looked as though Tammany Hall was on the rocks. Kelly was dying. In the group were Richard Croker, Hugh J. Grant, Bourke Cockran, Thomas F. Gilroy and Edward Cahill. All agreed that the situation was desperate. Cahill was intimate with the Kelly family, and it was decided to send him to Kelly's house to get into the sickroom and learn the truth. After a long and anxious wait Cahill returned. He reported that Kelly was near death, but that he might linger a few weeks.

Croker, Grant and Gilroy set to work to round up the executive committee of Tammany Hall. They agreed to make Croker leader as soon as Kelly's condition was admitted. Meantime Croker was made acting leader.

Finally Kelly died. Meantime Croker had strengthened the organization. Croker and Grant had formed an alliance with Colonel John A. Cockrill, the managing editor of the New York World. As a journalist, Colonel Cockrill knew that the time was ripe for startling exposures of corruption in the County Democracy. Hugh Grant, as an alderman, was able to furnish Colonel Cockrill valuable information. The World had already published articles indicating rottenness in the County Democracy.

The Labor Party Organized

GOVERNOR DAVID B. HILL, who had succeeded Grover Cleveland, and Edward Murphy, of Troy, the head of the Hill upstate machine, were displaying considerable friendliness for Tammany. Huber O. Thompson, the leader of the County Democracy, had been turned down by President Cleveland for the collectorship of the Port of New York. Mr. Thompson held the office of commissioner of public works of the city of New York, and had the letting of most of the large contracts. The reasons alleged for President Cleveland's turning down Thompson, who was also the Democratic national committeeman for New York, went far to discredit the County Democracy.

So in the fall of 1885, when a county ticket was to be elected, Richard Croker had Tammany in fighting trim. Hugh J. Grant, since his defeat for mayor the previous year, had grown greatly in public favor. He was one of those aldermen who had refused a bribe to vote for a franchise permitting Jacob Sharp to lay street-car tracks on Broadway. In addition he was credited with having exposed the corruption of his colleagues.

Mr. Grant was nominated for sheriff by Tammany and it was generally conceded that he was strong enough to pull the rest of the ticket through. The office of sheriff paid fifty thousand dollars a year in fees.

The Tammany platform was written by Bourke Cockran and to this day Mr. Cockran speaks of his work with pride. The first plank was an assault on the Cleveland policy regarding civil service, affirming the Andrew Jackson view. The attack on the corruption of the County Democracy and Republican aldermen made up most of the remainder of the platform.

Bourke Cockran in this campaign almost outdid himself as an orator. He appealed to the Irish vote to support Grant, who was a credit to his race. Cockran had the Irish from one end of Manhattan Island to the other ablaze with racial pride and enthusiasm.

Some of them, after listening to Mr. Cockran's flights of oratory, believed that Grant's election would insure Home Rule for Ireland.

In this campaign David Bennett Hill made his memorable Brooklyn speech, which began: "I am a Democrat!"

This speech was also an assault on the Cleveland civil service policy and anything but complimentary to the Mugwumps.

Tammany won easily and Croker had a number of good jobs at his disposal. Bourke Cockran was made counsel to

Kelly Spoke Admiringly of Mr. Tilden and Said That Governor Cleveland Could Not Carry New York

the sheriff at ten thousand dollars a year, and Thomas F. Gilroy became deputy county clerk. Croker also took advantage of his position to strengthen his personal grip on the Tammany machine.

At this time the trials of the boodle aldermen were being conducted. Many went to prison, and many others, who were concerned in the bribery charges, fled to Canada. Jacob Sharp, who built the Broadway street railroad, was also convicted. For months New York was in a high state of excitement. There had been nothing like it since the days of Tweed. It was also the beginning of the end of the powerful County Democracy, in which William C. Whitney was a power.

At this time Henry George appeared in New York and began advocating his Single Tax theory. His books had a large sale and his meetings were crowded. Reverend Edward McGlynn joined George, and a Labor party was organized.

In this movement James A. O'Gorman, then a young lawyer, now United States Senator from New York, first came to the front in politics.

The Labor party grew rapidly, and for months in advance it was foreshadowed that Henry George would be its candidate for mayor in the fall of 1886.

Both Tammany Hall and the County Democracy—the latter now under the leadership of Maurice J. Power—realized they were facing a political revolution. All summer negotiations were being carried on between the hostile camps of Tammany and the County Democracy, with a view to getting together.

Samuel S.—Sunset—Cox, who had just returned after serving a brief period as Minister to Turkey, was supposed to be Tammany's choice for mayor; while Abram S. Hewitt was favored by the County Democracy. I was sent to interview Cox regarding his candidacy. I found him in bed writing a lecture.

"Tammany would expect me to put up fifty thousand dollars if I took the nomination," said Mr. Cox. "That is the regular price. No honest man in my financial condition would pay that amount. No; I shall be content to return to Congress."

Abram S. Hewitt had testified as to the good character of Richard Croker when the latter was charged with murder, of which he had been honorably acquitted. So it was agreed to nominate Hewitt for mayor jointly by Tammany and the County Democracy. As it proved, Mr. Hewitt, having the confidence of the entire business community, was the best selection that could have been made. Richard Croker was the principal manager of the campaign. The districts in which Tammany was strongest pulled Mr. Hewitt through. It was apparent about a month before the election that the race was between Hewitt and Henry George, though Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican candidate, made a great campaign.

I was with Mr. Croker at the Hoffman House, late on election night, when Mr. Hewitt came there to thank Croker.

"But for your work I should have met defeat," I heard Mr. Hewitt say.

Shortly afterward I went over to the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Mr. Roosevelt had his headquarters. He was in as high spirits as if he had been elected. A friend commented on his great good humor.

Mayor Hewitt's Fairness

"I HAVE a right to feel good," said Mr. Roosevelt. "I must have polled the entire Mugwump vote, as most of the Republicans seem to have voted for Mr. Hewitt. I have just heard from Richard Watson Gilder that the Century Magazine, which comes out tomorrow, will contain an article by me criticizing the Mugwumps. The article has been pigeonholed for a year. If the article had appeared sooner I should have lost the Mugwump vote."

Mayor Hewitt was fair in the distribution of patronage to Tammany; but, of course, the Tiger is never satisfied. Mr. Croker was appointed a fire commissioner, which increased his power and prestige, and he was conceded to be the great political power in New York.

As the Hewitt administration was nearing the end of its two-year term Croker began to bend all his energy to establish Tammany in the affections of the National Democracy. Cleveland's renomination was conceded and Tammany would go with the rest of the country. Every Tammanyite who had the

(Continued on Page 37)

Roswell P. Flower Had Become Governor

A BUSHER'S LETTERS HOME

Incidents Following a Call to the Big Show as Told in Some Letters From Jack Keefe, Pitcher, to His Pal, Al Blanchard, in Bedford, Indiana

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

He Bawled Me Awful

TERRE HAUTE, Indiana, September 6.

FRIEND AL: Well, Al old pal I suppose you seen in the paper where I been sold to the White Sox. Believe me Al it comes as a supprise to me and I bet it did to all you good old pals down home. You could of knocked me over with a feather when the old man come up to me and says Jack I've sold you to the Chicago Americans.

I didn't have no idea that anything like that was coming off. For five minutes I was just dum and couldn't say a word.

He says We aren't getting what you are worth but I want you to go up to that big league and show those birds that there is a Central League on the map. He says Go and pitch the ball you been pitching down here and there won't be nothing to it. He says All you need is the nerve and Walsh or no one else won't have nothing on you.

So I says I would do the best I could and I thanked him for the treatment I got in Terre Haute. They always was good to me here and though I did more than my share I always felt that my work was appresiated. We are finishing second and I done most of it. I can't help but be proud of my first year's record in professional baseball and you know I am not boasting when I say that Al.

Well Al it will seem funny to be up there in the big show when I never was really in a big city before. But I guess I seen enough of life not to be scared of the high buildings eh Al?

I will just give them what I got and if they don't like it they can send me back to the old Central and I will be perfectly satisfied.

I didn't know anybody was looking me over, but one of the boys told me that Jack Doyle the White Sox scout was down here looking at me when Grand Rapids was here. I beat them twice in that serious. You know Grand Rapids never had a chance with me when I was right. I shut them out in the first game and they got one run in the second on account of Flynn misjuging that fly ball. Anyway Doyle liked my work and he wired Comiskey to buy me. Comiskey come back with an offer and they excepted it. I don't know how much they got but anyway I am sold to the big league and believe me Al I will make good.

Well Al I will be home in a few days and we will have some of the good old times. Regards to all the boys and tell them I am still their pal and not all swelled up over this big-league business. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Illinois, December 14.

OLD PAL: Well Al I have not got much to tell you. As you know Comiskey wrote me that if I was up in Chi this month to drop in and see him. So I got here Thursday morning and went to his office in the afternoon. His office is out to the ball park and believe me its some park and some office.

I went in and asked for Comiskey and a young fellow says He is not here now but can I do anything for you? I told him who I am and says I had an engagment to see Comiskey. He says The boss is out of town hunting and did I have to see him personally?

I says I wanted to see about signing a contract. He told me I could sign as well with him as Comiskey and he took me into another office. He says What salary did you think you ought to get? and I says I wouldn't think of playing ball in the big league for less than three thousand dollars per annum. He laughed and says You don't want much. You better stick round town till the boss comes back. So here I am and it is costing me a dollar a day to stay at the hotel on Cottage Grove Avenue and that don't include my meals.

I generally eat at some of the cafes round the hotel but I had supper downtown last night and it cost me fifty-five cents. If Comiskey don't come back soon I won't have no more money left.

Speaking of money I won't sign no contract unless I get the salary you and I talked of, three thousand dollars. You know what I was getting in Terre Haute, a hundred and fifty a month, and I know it's going to cost me a lot more to live here. I made inquiries round here and find I can get board and room for eight dollars a week but I will be out of town half the time and will have to pay for my room when I am away or look up a new one when I come back. Then I will have to buy cloths to wear on the road in places like New York. When Comiskey comes back I will name him three thousand dollars as my lowest figure and I guess he will come through when he sees I am in ernest. I heard that Walsh was getting twice as much as that.

The papers says Comiskey will be back here sometime tomorrow. He has been hunting with the president of the league so he ought to feel pretty good. But I don't care how he feels. I am going to get a contract for three thousand and if he don't want to give it to me he can do the other thing. You know me Al. Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, Illinois, December 16.

DEAR FRIEND AL: Well I will be home in a couple of days now but I wanted to write you and let you know how I come out with Comiskey. I signed my contract yesterday afternoon. He is a great old fellow Al and no wonder everybody likes him. He says Young man will you have a drink? But I was to smart and wouldn't take nothing. He says You was with Terre Haute? I says Yes I was. He says Doyle tells me you were pretty wild. I says Oh no I got good control. He says Well do you want to sign? I says Yes if I get my figure. He asks What is my figure and I says three thousand dollars per annum. He says Don't you want the office furniture too? Then he says I thought you was a young ballplayer and I didn't know you wanted to buy my park.

We kidded each other back and forth like that a while and then he says You better go out and get the air and come back when you feel better. I says I feel O. K. now and I want to sign a contract because I have got to get back to Bedford. Then he calls the secretary and tells him to make out my contract. He give it to me and it calls for two hundred and fifty a month. He says You know we always have a city serious here in the fall where a fellow picks up a good bunch of money. I hadn't thought of that so I signed up. My yearly salary will be fifteen hundred dollars besides what the city serious brings me. And that is only for the first year. I will demand three thousand or four thousand dollars next year.

I would of started home on the evening train but I ordered a suit of cloths from a tailor over on Cottage Grove and it won't be done till tomorrow. It's going to cost me twenty bucks but it ought to last a long time. Regards to Frank and the bunch. Your Pal, JACK.

PASO ROBLES, California, March 2.

OLD PAL AL: Well Al we been in this little berg now a couple of days and its bright and warm all the time just like June. Seems funny to have it so warm this early in March but I guess this California climate is all they said about it and then some.

It would take me a week to tell you about our trip out here. We came on a Special Train De Lukes and it was some train. Every place we stopped there was crowds down to the station to see us go through and all the people looked me over like I was a actor or something. I guess my hight and shoulders attracted their attention. Well Al we finally got to Oakland which is across part of the ocean from Frisco. We will be back here later on for practice games.

We stayed in Oakland a few hours and then took a train for here. It was another night in a sleeper and believe me I was tired of sleepers before we got here. I have road one night at a time but this was four straight nights. You know Al I am not built right for a sleeping car birth.

The hotel here is a great big place and got good eats. We got in at breakfasttime and I made a B line for the dining room. Kid Gleason who is a kind of asst. manager to Callahan come in and sat down with me. He says Leave something for the rest of the boys because they will be just as hungry as you. He says Ain't you afraid you will cut your throat with that knife. He says There ain't no extra charge for using the forks. He says You shouldn't ought to eat so much because you're overweight now. I says You may think I am fat, but it's all solid bone and muscle. He says Yes I suppose it's all solid bone from the neck up. I guess he thought I would get sore but I will let them kid me now because they will take off their hats to me when they see me work.

Manager Callahan called us all to his room after breakfast and give us a lecture. He says there would be no work for us the first day but that we must all take a long walk over the hills. He also says we must not take the training trip as a joke. Then the colored trainer give us our suits and I went to my room and tried mine on. I ain't a bad looking guy in the White Sox uniform Al. I will have my picture taken and send you boys some.

My roommate is Allen a lefthander from the Coast League. He don't look nothing like a pitcher but you can't never tell about them dam left handers. Well I didn't go on the long walk because I was tired out. Walsh stayed at the hotel too and when he seen me he says Why didn't you go with the bunch? I says I was too tired. He says Well when Callahan comes back you better keep out of sight or tell him you are sick. I says I don't care nothing for Callahan. He says No but Callahan is crazy about you. He says You better obey orders and you will git along better. I guess Walsh thinks I am some rube.

When the bunch come back Callahan never said a word to me but Gleason come up and says Where was you? I told him I was too tired to go walking. He says Well I will borrow a wheelbarrow some place and push you round. He says Do you sit down when you pitch? I let him kid me because he has not saw my stuff yet.

Next morning half the bunch mostly vetrans went to the ball park which isn't no better than the one we got at home. Most of them was vetrans as I say but I was in the bunch. That makes things look pretty good for me don't it Al? We tossed the ball round and hit fungos and run round and then Callahan asks Scott and Russell and I to warm up easy and pitch a few to the batters. It was warm and I felt pretty good so I warmed up pretty good. Scott pitched to them first and kept laying them right over with nothing on them. I don't believe a man gets any batting practice that way. So I went in and after I lobbed a few over I cut loose my fast one. Lord was to bat and he ducked out of the way and then throwed his bat to the bench. Callahan says What's the matter Harry? Lord says I forgot to pay up my life insurance. He says I ain't ready for Walter Johnson's July stuff.

Well Al I will make them think I am Walter Johnson before I get through with them. But Callahan come out to me and says What are you trying to do kill somebody? He says Save your smoke because you're going to need it later on. He says Go easy with the boys at first or I won't have no batters. But he was laughing and I guess he was pleased to see the stuff I had.

There is a dance in the hotel tonight and I am up in my room writing this in my underwear while I get my

suit pressed. I got it all mussed up coming out here. I don't know what shoes to wear. I asked Gleason and he says Wear your baseball shoes and if any of the girls gets fresh with you spike them. I guess he was kidding me.

Write and tell me all the news about home.

Yours truly, JACK.

PASO ROBLES, California, March 7.

FRIEND AL: I showed them something out there today Al. We had a game between two teams. One team was made up of most of the regulars and the other was made up of recruts. I pitched three innings for the recruts and shut the old birds out. I held them to one hit and that was a ground ball that the recrut shortstop Johnson ought to of ate up. I struck Collins out and he is one of the best batters in the bunch. I used my fast ball most of the while but showed them a few spitters and they missed them a foot. I guess I must of got Walsh's goat with my spitter because him and I walked back to the hotel together and he talked like he was kind of jealous. He says You will have to learn to cover up your spitter. He says I could stand a mile away and tell when you was going to throw it. He says Some of these days I will learn you how to cover it up. I guess Al I know how to cover it up all right without Walsh learning me.

I always sit at the same table in the dining room along with Gleason and Collins and Bodie and Fournier and Allen the young lefthander I told you about. I feel sorry for him because he never says a word. Tonight at supper Bodie says How did I look today Kid? Gleason says Just like you always do in the spring. You looked like a cow. Gleason seems to have the whole bunch scared of him and they let him say anything he wants to. I let him kid me to but I ain't scared of him. Collins then says to me You got some fast ball there boy. I says I was not as fast today as I am when I am right. He says Well then I don't want to hit against you when you are right. Then Gleason says to Collins Cut that stuff out. Then he says to me Don't believe what he tells you boy. If the pitchers in this league weren't no faster than you I would still be playing ball and I would be the best hitter in the country.

After supper Gleason went out on the porch with me. He says Boy you have got a little stuff but you have got a lot to learn. He says You field your position like a washwoman and you don't hold the runners up. He says When Chase was on second base today he got such a lead on you that the little catcher couldn't of shot him out at third with a rifle. I says They all thought I fielded my position all right in the Central League. He says Well if you think you do it all right you better go back to the Central League where you are appresiated. I says You can't send me back there because you could not get waivers. He says Who would claim you? I says St. Louis and Boston and New York.

You know Al what Smith told me this winter. Gleason says Well if you're not willing to learn St. Louis and Boston and New York can have you and the first time you pitch against us we will steal fifty bases. Then he quit kidding and asked me to go to the field with him early tomorrow morning and he would learn me some things. I don't think he can learn me nothing but I promised I would go with him.

There is a little blonde kid in the hotel here who took a shine to me at the dance the other night but I am going to leave the skirts alone. She is real society and a swell dresser and she wants my picture. Regards to all the boys. Your friend, JACK.

P. S. The boys thought they would be smart tonight and put something over on me. A boy brought me a telegram and I opened it and it said You are sold to Jackson in the Cotton States League. For just a minute they had me going but then I happened to think that Jackson is in Michigan and there's no Cotton States League round there.

PASO ROBLES, California, March 9.

DEAR FRIEND AL: You have no doubt read the good news in the papers before this reaches you. I have been picked to go to Frisco with the first team. We play practice games up there about two weeks while the second club plays in Los Angeles. Poor Allen had to go with the second club. There's two other recrut pitchers with our part of the team but my name was first on the list so it looks like I had made good. I knowed they would like my stuff when they seen it. We leave here tonight. You got the first team's address so you will know where to send my mail. Callahan goes with us and Gleason goes with the second club. Him and I have got to be pretty good pals and I wish he was going with us even if he don't let me eat like I want to. He told me this morning to remember all he had learned me and to keep working hard. He didn't learn me nothing I didn't know before but I let him think so.

The little blonde don't like to see me leave here. She lives in Detroit and I may see her when I go there. She wants me to write but I guess I better not give her no encouragement.

Well Al I will write you a long letter from Frisco.

Yours truly, JACK.

OAKLAND, California, March 19.

DEAR OLD PAL: They have gave me plenty of work here all right. I have pitched four times but have not went over five innings yet. I worked against Oakland two times and against Frisco two times and only three runs have been scored off me. They should only ought to of had one but Bodie misjuged a easy fly ball in Frisco and Weaver made a wild peg in Oakland that let in a run. I am not using much but my fast ball but I have got a world of speed and they can't foul me when I am right. I whiffed eight men in five innings in Frisco yesterday and could of did better than that if I had of cut loose.

Manager Callahan is a funny guy and I don't understand him sometimes. I can't figure out if he is kidding or in ernest. We road back to Oakland on the ferry together after yesterday's game and he says Don't you never throw a slow ball? I says I don't need no slow ball with my spitter and my fast one. He says No of course you don't need it but if I was you I would get one of the boys to learn it to me. He says And you better watch the way the boys fields their positions and holds up the runners. He says To see you work one might think they had a rule in the Central League forbidding a pitcher from leaving the box or looking toward first base.

I told him the Central didn't have no rule like that. He says And I noticed you taking your wind up when What's His Name was on second base there today. I says Yes I got more stuff when I wind up. He says Of course you have but if you wind up like that with Cobb on base he will steal your watch and chain. I says Maybe Cobb can't get on base when I work against him. He says That's right and maybe San Francisco Bay is made of grapejuice. Then he walks away from me.

He give one of the youngsters a awful bawling out for something he done in the game at supper last night. If he ever talks to me like he done to him I will take a punch at him. You know me Al.

I come over to Frisco last night with some of the boys and we took in the sights. Frisco is some live town Al. We went all through China Town and the Barbers' Coast. Seen lots of swell dames but they was all painted up. They have beer out here that they call steam beer. I had a few glasses of it and it made me logey. A glass of that Terre Haute beer would go pretty good right now.

We leave here for Los Angeles in a few days and I will write you from there. This is some country Al and I would love to play ball round here. Your Pal, JACK.

P. S.—I got a letter from the little blonde and I suppose I got to answer it.

LOS ANGELES, California, March 26.

FRIEND AL: Only four more days of sunny California and then we start back East. We got exhibition games in Yuma and El Paso, Texas, and Oklahoma City and then we stop over in St. Joe, Missouri, for three days before we go home. You know Al we open the season in Cleveland and we won't be in Chi no more than just passing through. We don't play there till April eighteenth and I guess I will work in that serious all right against Detroit. Then I will be glad to have you and the boys come up and watch me as you suggested in your last letter.

I got another letter from the little blonde. She has went back to Detroit but she give me her address and telephone number and believe me Al I am going to look her up when we get there the twenty-ninth of April.

She is a stenographer and was out here with her uncle and aunt.

I had a run in with Kelly last night and it looked like I would have to take a wallop at him but the other boys seperated us. He is a bush outfielder from the New England League. We was playing poker. You know the boys plays poker a good deal but this was the first time I got in. I was having pretty good luck and was about four bucks to the good and I was thinking of quitting because I was tired and sleepy. Then Kelly opened the pot for fifty cents and I stayed. I had three sevens. No one else stayed. Kelly stood pat and I drawed two cards. And I catched my fourth seven. He bet fifty cents but I felt pretty safe even if he did have a pat hand. So I called him. I took the money and told them I was through.

Lord and some of the boys laughed but Kelly got nasty and begun to pan me for quitting and for the way I played. I says Well I won the pot didn't I? He says Yes and he called me something. I says I got a notion to take a punch at you.

He says Oh you have have you? And I come back at him. I says Yes I have have I? I would of busted his jaw if they hadn't stopped me. You know me Al.

I worked here two times once against Los Angeles and once against Venice. I went the full nine innings both times and Venice beat me four to two. I could of beat them easy with any kind of support. I walked a couple of guys in the forth and Chase drops a throw and Collins lets a fly ball get away from him. At that I would of shut them out if I had wanted to cut loose. After the game Callahan says You didn't look so good in there today. I says I didn't cut loose. He says Well you been working pretty near three weeks now and you ought to be in shape to cut loose. I says Oh I am in shape all right. He says Well don't work no harder than you have to or you might get hurt and then the league would blow up. I don't know if he was kidding me or not but I guess he thinks pretty well of me because he works me lots oftener than Walsh or Scott or Benz.

I Was Kind of Choked Up

There is a Little Blonde Kid Here Who Took a Shine to Me

I will try to write you from Yuma, Texas, but we don't stay there only a day and I may not have time for a long letter. Yours truly, JACK.

YUMA, Arizona, April 1.

DEAR OLD AL: Just a line to let you know we are on our way back East. This place is in Arizona and it sure is sandy. They haven't got no regular ball club here and we play a pick-up team this afternoon. Callahan told me I would have to work. He says I am using you because we want to get through early and I know you can beat them quick. That is the first time he has said anything like that and I guess he is wiseing up that I got the goods.

We was talking about the Athaletics this morning and Callahan says None of you fellows pitch right to Baker. I was talking to Lord and Scott afterward and I says to Scott How do you pitch to Baker? He says I use my fadeaway. I says How do you throw it? He says Just like you throw a fast ball to anybody else. I says Why do you call it a fadeaway then? He says Because when I throw it to Baker it fades away over the fence.

This place is full of Indians and I wish you could see them Al. They don't look nothing like the Indians we seen in that show last summer. Your old pal, JACK.

OKLAHOMA CITY, April 4.

FRIEND AL: Coming out of Amarillo last night I and Lord and Weaver was sitting at a table in the dining car with a old lady. None of us were talking to her but she looked me over pretty careful and seemed to kind of like my looks. Finally she says Are you boys with some football club? Lord nor Weaver didn't say nothing so I thought it was up to me and I says No ma'am this is the Chicago White Sox Ball Club. She says I knew you were athaletes. I says Yes I guess you could spot us for athaletes. She says Yes indeed and specially you. You certainly look healthy. I says You ought to see me stripped. I didn't see nothing funny about that but I thought Lord and Weaver would die laughing. Lord had to get up and leave the table and he told everybody what I said.

All the boys wanted me to play poker on the way here but I told them I didn't feel good. I know enough to quit when I am ahead Al. Callahan and I sat down to breakfast all alone this morning. He says Boy why don't you get to work? I says What do you mean? Ain't I working? He says You ain't improving none. You have got the stuff to make a good pitcher but you don't go after bunts and you don't cover first base and you don't watch the baserunners. He made me kind of sore talking that way and I says Oh I guess I can get along all right.

He says Well I am going to put it up to you. I am going to start you over in St. Joe day after tomorrow and I want you to show me something. I want you to cut loose with all you've got and I want you to get round the infield a little and show them you aren't tied in that box. I says Oh I can field my position if I want to. He says Well you better want to or I will have to ship you back to the sticks. Then he got up and left. He didn't scare me none Al. They won't ship me to no sticks after the way I showed on this trip and even if they did they couldn't get no waivers on me.

Some of the boys have begun to call me Four Sevens but it don't bother me none. Yours truly, JACK.

ST. JOE, Missouri, April 7.

FRIEND AL: It rained yesterday so I worked today instead and St. Joe done well to get three hits. They couldn't of scored if we had played all week. I give a couple of passes but I catched a guy flatfooted off of first base and I come up with a couple of bunts and throwed guys out. When the game was over Callahan says That's the way I like to see you work. You looked better today than you looked on the whole trip. Just once you wound up with a man on but otherwise you was all O. K. So I guess my job is cinched Al and I won't have to go to New York or St. Louis. I would rather be in Chi anyway because it is near home. I wouldn't care though if they traded me to Detroit. I hear from Violet right along and she says she can't hardly wait till I come to Detroit. She says she is strong for the Tigers but she will pull for me when I work against them. She is nuts over me and I guess she has saw lots of guys to.

I sent her a stickpin from Oklahoma City but I can't spend no more dough on her till after our first payday the fifteenth of the month. I had thirty bucks on me when I left home and I only got about ten left including the five spot I won in the poker game. I have to tip the waiters about thirty cents a day and I seen about twenty picture shows on the coast besides getting my cloths pressed a couple of times.

We leave here tomorrow night and arrive in Chi the next morning. The second club joins us there and then that night we go to Cleveland to open up. I asked one of the reporters if he knowed who was going to pitch the opening game and he says it would be Scott or Walsh but I guess he don't know much about it.

These reporters travel all round the country with the team all season and send in telegrams about the game every night. I ain't seen no Chi papers so I don't know what they been saying about me. But I should worry eh Al? Some of them are pretty nice fellows and some of them got the swell head. They hang round with the old fellows and play poker most of the time.

Will write you from Cleveland. You will see in the paper if I pitch the opening game. Your old pal, JACK.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 10.

OLD FRIEND AL: Well Al we are all set to open the season this afternoon. I have just ate breakfast and I am sitting in the lobby of the hotel. I eat at a little lunch counter about a block from here and I saved seventy cents on breakfast. You see Al they give us a dollar a meal and if we don't want to spend that much all right. Our rooms at the hotel are paid for.

The Cleveland papers says Walsh or Scott will work for us this afternoon. I asked Callahan if there was any chance of me getting into the first game and he says I hope not. I don't know what he meant but he may surprise these reporters and let me pitch. I will beat them Al. Lajoie and Jackson is supposed to be great batters but the bigger they are the harder they fall.

The second team joined us yesterday in Chi and we practiced a little. Poor Allen was left in Chi last night with four others of the recrut pitchers. Looks pretty good for me eh Al? I only seen Gleason for a few minutes on the train last night. He says, Well you ain't took off much weight. You're hog fat. I says Oh I ain't fat. I didn't need to take off no weight. He says One good thing about it the club don't have to engage no birth for you because you spend all your time in the dining car. We kidded along like that a while and then the trainer rubbed my arm and I went to bed. Well Al I just got time to have my suit pressed before noon. Yours truly, JACK.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 11.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you know by this time that I did not pitch and that we got licked. Scott was in there and he didn't have nothing. When they had us beat four to one in the eight inning Callahan told me to go out and warm up and he put a batter in for Scott in our ninth. But Cleveland didn't have to play their ninth so I got no chance to work. But it looks like he means to start me in one of the games here. We got three more to play. Maybe I will pitch this afternoon. I got a postcard from Violet. She says Beat them Naps. I will give them a battle Al if I get a chance.

Glad to hear you boys have fixed it up to come to Chi during the Detroit serious. I will ask Callahan when he is going to pitch me and let you know. Thanks Al for the papers. Your friend, JACK.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri, April 15.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess I showed them. I only worked one inning but I guess them Browns is glad I wasn't in there no longer than that. They had us beat seven to one in the sixth and Callahan pulls Benz out. I honestly felt sorry for him but he didn't have nothing, not a thing. They was hitting him so hard I thought they would score a hundred runs. A righthander name Bumgardner was pitching for them and he didn't look to have nothing either but we ain't got much of a batting team Al. I could hit better than some of them regulars. Anyway Callahan called Benz to the bench and sent for me. I was down in the corner warming up with Kuhn. I wasn't warmed up good but you know I got the nerve Al and I run right out there like I meant business. There was a man on second and nobody out when I come in. I didn't know who was up there but I found out afterward it was Shotten. He's the centerfielder. I was cold and I walked him. Then I got warmed up good and I made Johnston look like a boob. I give him three fast balls and he let two of them go by and missed the other one. I would of handed him a spitter but Schalk kept signing for fast ones and he knows more about them batters than me. Anyway I whiffed Johnston. Then up come Williams and I tried to make him hit at a couple of bad ones. I was in the hole with two balls and nothing and come right across the heart with my fast one. I wish you could of saw the hop on it. Williams hit it right straight up and Lord was camped under it. Then up come Pratt the best hitter on their club. You know what I done to him don't you Al? I give him one spitter and another he didn't strike at that was a ball. Then I come back with two fast ones and Mister Pratt was a dead baby. And you notice they didn't steal no bases neither.

In our half of the seventh inning Weaver and Schalk got on and I was going up there with a stick when Callahan calls me back and sends Easterly up. I don't know what kind of managing you call that. I hit good on the training trip and he must of knew they had no chance to score off me in the innings they had left while they were liable to murder his other pitchers. I come back to the bench pretty hot and I says You're making a mistake. He says If Comiskey had wanted you to manage this team he would of hired you.

Then Easterly pops out and I says Now I guess you're sorry you didn't let me hit. That sent him right up in the air and he bawled me awful. Honest Al I would of cracked him right in the jaw if we hadn't been right out where everybody could of saw us. Well he sent Cicotte in to finish and they didn't score no more and we didn't neither.

I road down in the car with Gleason. He says Boy you shouldn't ought to talk like that to Cal. Some day he will lose his temper and bust you one. I says He won't never bust me. I says He didn't have no right to talk like that to me. Gleason says I suppose you think he's going to laugh and smile when we lost four out of the first five games. He says Wait till tonight and then go up to him and let him know you are sorry you sassed him. I says I didn't sass him and I ain't sorry.

So after supper I seen Callahan sitting in the lobby and I went over and sit down by him. I says When are you going to let me work? He says I wouldn't never let you work only my pitchers are all shot to pieces. Then I told him about you boys coming up from Bedford to watch me during the Detroit serious and he says Well I will start you in the second game against Detroit. He says But I wouldn't if I had any pitchers. He says A girl could get out there and pitch better than some of them have been doing.

So you see Al I am going to pitch on the nineteenth. I hope you guys can be up there and I will show you something. I know I can beat them Tigers and I will have to do it even if they are Violet's team.

I notice that New York and Boston got trimmed today so I suppose they wish Comiskey would ask for waivers on me. No chance Al. Your old pal, JACK.

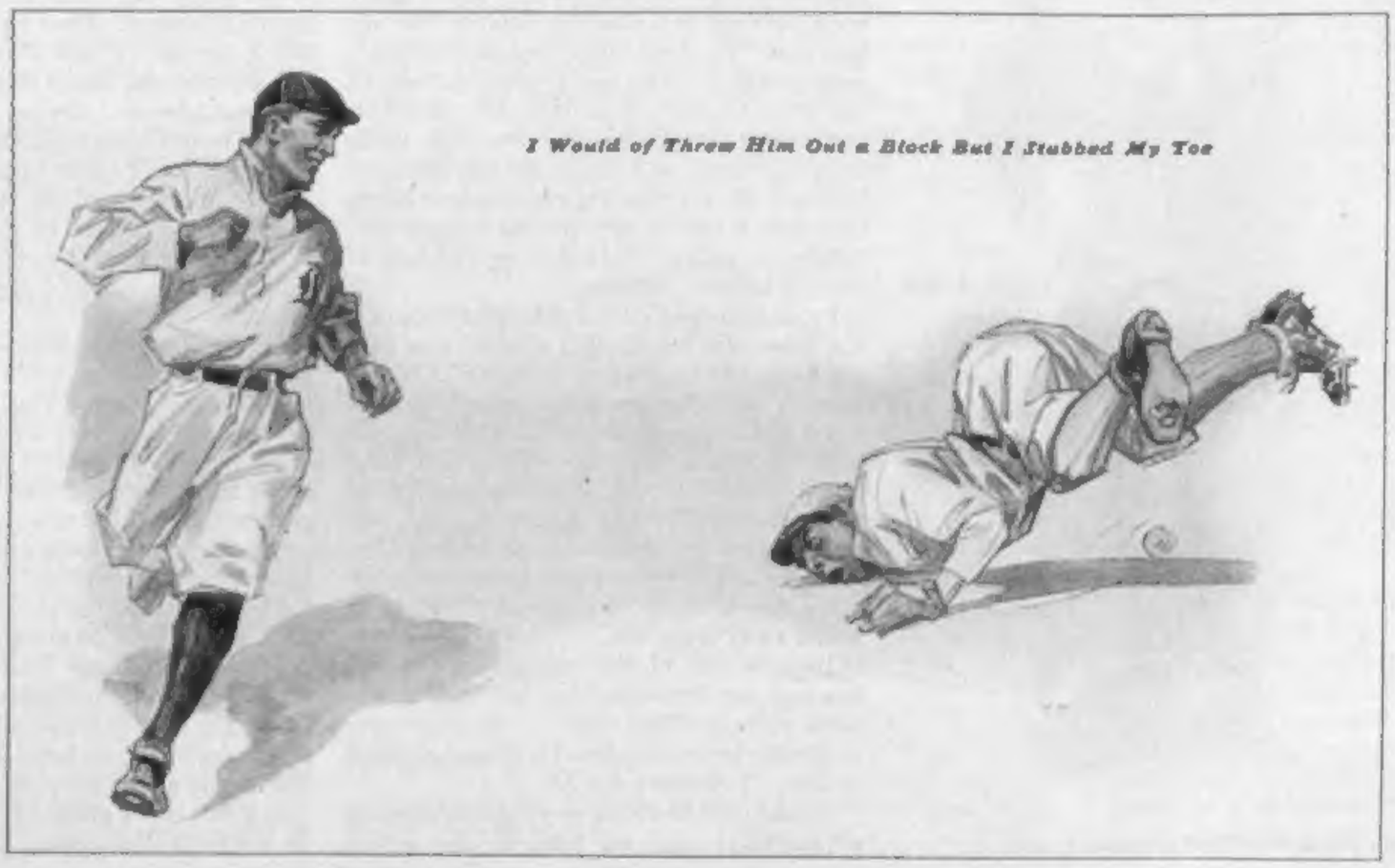
P. S.—We play eleven games in Chi and then go to Detroit. So I will see the little girl on the twenty-ninth.

Oh you Violet!

CHICAGO, Illinois, April 19.

DEAR OLD PAL: Well Al it's just as well you couldn't come. They beat me and I am writing you this so as you will know the truth about the game and not get a bum steer from what you read in the papers.

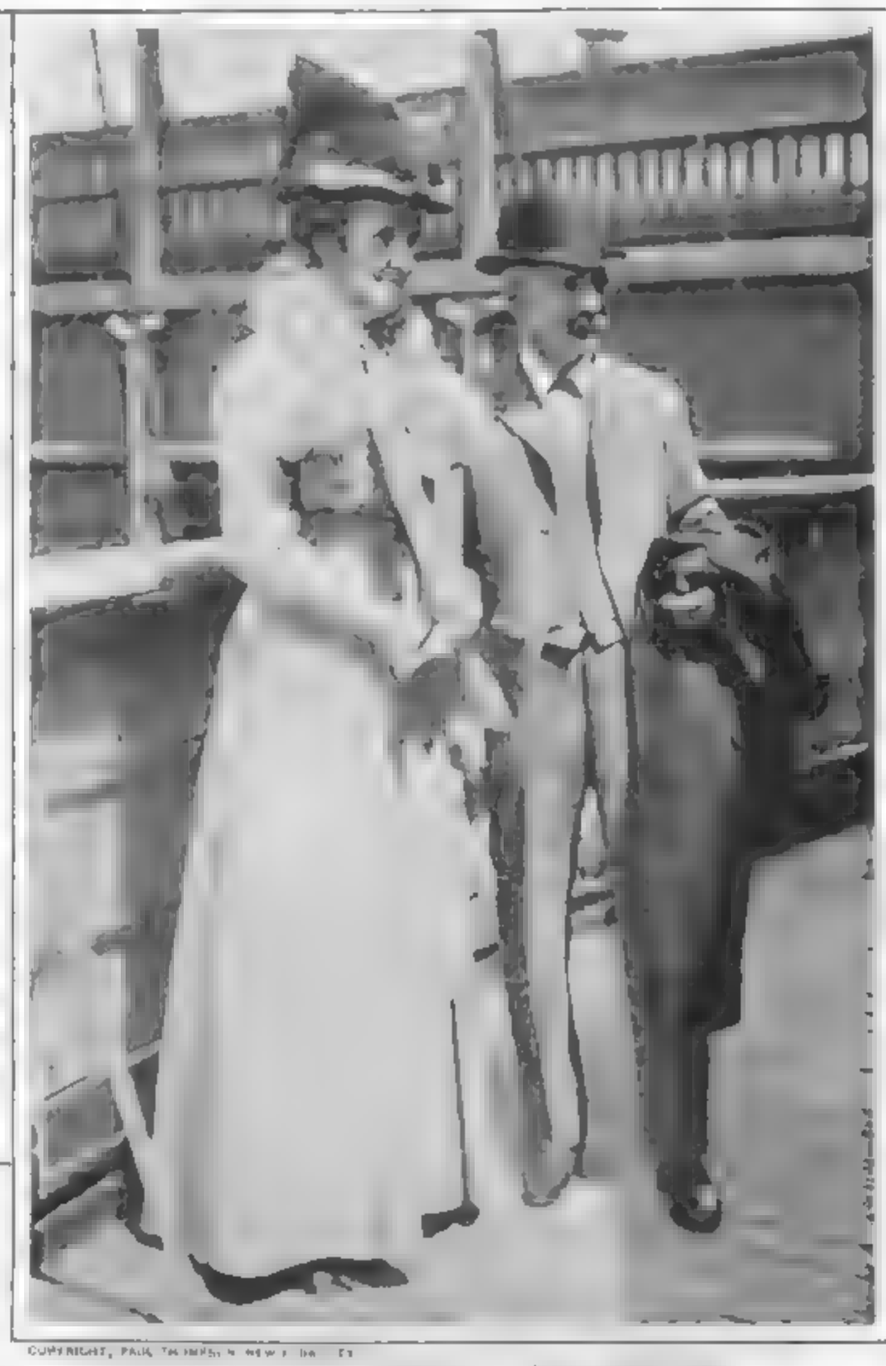
(Continued on Page 57)



I Would of Threw Him Out a Block But I Stubbed My Toe

UNWRITTEN INTERVIEWS

The Late Henry M. Flagler



The Late E. H. Harriman and Mrs. Harriman

Richard Croker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

THE interview of our fathers is out of date. It survives across the ocean, but here we now get official statements and occasionally character sketches. Publicity experts, formerly called press agents, have become part of the office furniture of the big corporations and banking houses.

In the case of the public-service corporation the publicity man has become a very important person, being, in point of fact, no less than the new-school lobbyist. Instead of the old gumshoeing, tortuous lawyer or ex-senator getting next to the legislators or the aldermen, the new lobbyist is a graduate of our best newspapers—keen, resourceful, with a wide acquaintance among the molders of public opinion and an accurate knowledge of the psychology of the newspaper-reading public.

The lobbying is done with the public—with you and me. Secretiveness is associated with crime. Publicity means nonsecretiveness and, therefore, honesty. The corporation head, the Wall Street magnate and the president of the railroad nowadays do not say theirs is not the public's business. They not only do not shun interviews but they clamor for the privilege of talking by the column.

To a great extent this new condition is responsible for the decay of the art of interviewing. The spontaneity of the oldtime talks is gone. People who posed for their written portraits now expose themselves through carefully prepared typewritten documents O. K.'d by their lawyers, business managers or impresarios.

I am inclined to think the decline in the importance of the character sketch is that we have overthrown so many popular idols that people now are less interested in the leaders than in the cause. Roosevelt is an exception; and if you will think over his case carefully, without prejudice or prepossession, you will see how he has already begun to savor of an anachronism.

Moreover to write a character sketch requires the very highest order of skill and talent; it requires accurate observation, knowledge of human nature, insight into the workings of your victim's mind, and the intuition that we men should call genius if so many women did not possess it to a remarkable degree. Those same character-sketching qualities will insure success in medicine, banking, commerce, the Stock Exchange, literature, dramatic art, the pulpit—or anything else.

Strictly speaking, nobody can write a real portrait of any living person, for sundry reasons. In the first place you can never know any one completely until years after his death. Your truthful, accurate and lifelike portrait of today will not be truthful and accurate tomorrow. Police Commissioner Roosevelt and President Roosevelt were not quite the same man. Certain traits persisted; some were accentuated; others had faded into negligible quantities.

I did a character sketch of Henry M. Flagler when he was in his eightieth year, after he had been engaged for twenty years in his work of upbuilding Florida. The Flagler I knew was a man who had been a moneyspender for a generation. The Flagler who had been a moneymaker for thirty years was a different man—and every year the difference became more marked.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell's portrait of Flagler and mine differed greatly. Our Flaglers were different men. About the only thing that both Miss Tarbell and I heard Flagler say was his opinion of his associate.

"John Rockefeller," Flagler told me, "is the biggest little man and the littlest big man I ever met." Miss Tarbell told me that Flagler said the same thing to her in trying to explain how Rockefeller could do certain things.

The Art of the Interviewer

CHARACTER sketches, contrary to a belief that seems to be widespread, do not consist of a string of anecdotes—not even of a string of characteristic anecdotes. Flagler, who, according to John D. Rockefeller's sworn testimony, was the brains of the Standard Oil Company—the man who conceived it and who did so much to make it the most successful of all moneymaking corporations in the history of the entire world—never formulated a business aphorism.

I could not see that he had a crystallized philosophy of moneymaking. He did things—essential things. So did Harriman. So did the late George G. Williams, president of the Chemical Bank, though late in life Mr. Williams permitted himself to say that politeness pays in a bank. The stock of his bank was quoted at something like four thousand dollars a share; so he must have been right.

On the other hand Norman B. Ream talks like a wise man, a student, a twentieth-century Western edition of Poor Richard. Daniel G. Reid could not coin a proverb, but he did not seem to have found it difficult at forty to have made a million dollars for each year of his life—and he started with nothing but brains.

The worst thing about all anecdotes of big men is their doubtful authenticity. There is what one might almost call a regular anecdote industry in certain newspaper offices. This will explain why good stories never die, but are made to do service for Colbert, the younger Pitt, John C. Calhoun and ex-Speaker Cannon, in turn.

My own opinion is that bits of dialogue do more in a character sketch than an anecdote on the authority of a third person. "He said to me," you say, and quote your victim's own words, and tell how he looked when he spoke. You thus convey both truth and life: a fact and a picture—truth double distilled.

The foregoing seems an overlengthy introduction to an article dealing with those parts of interviews and character sketches that could not be printed at the time. To begin with, everybody who talks at all is apt to say things that do not look well in print. This is especially true, and therefore particularly unfortunate, of men who talk frankly of their deeds, with whom you have established that curiously strong though altogether transitory intimacy which a successful interviewer must establish.

Let it be clearly understood that all men will talk, and talk more or less indiscreetly. In an experience of many years I have never found a man who would not talk unreservedly about himself.

The greater his devotion is to his life's work, the more willingly will a man talk about it.

A great deal naturally depends on circumstances of the moment, the state of mind, the surroundings and the character of your introduction to him. Editors could help their writers a great deal if they took the trouble to introduce the portrait-painter to the sitter impressively enough. "I am sending the best man in the business" is what an editor should say.

I have found that the best way to get your legitimate questions answered is not to ask them. The art of interviewing is really the art of listening very intelligently. In most so-called big men there is the absurd convention of modesty—especially of modesty in public. Moreover men who do things do not always like to talk, because they feel they cannot talk well enough to do justice to themselves or their works; but all such men love to think—and thinking is talking to yourself.

Therefore if you make your man feel that in talking to you he is but thinking aloud he will necessarily tell you everything you wish to know—and many, many things you dare not publish. Henry M. Flagler was one of the most difficult men to interview that ever lived. He did not refuse to see interviewers in his office, like John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan; nor would he talk steadily and entertainingly for twenty minutes and never answer a question, like C. P. Huntington. He simply would not talk about H. M. Flagler at all.

When I saw him he was about eighty and, therefore, my triumph was not so great; but when I told J. R. Parrott, who

was in charge of Mr. Flagler's railroad and other interests in Florida, what Flagler had told me he would not believe it.

I had not asked Mr. Flagler about it however. He told me because I gave him the habit of talking. It came easy to tell me many incidents—after he had told me the first intimate details of some unimportant matter.

My first interview with a famous man was when, as a cub reporter, I was sent to ask Richard Croker some important but impertinent political questions. Croker never talked for publication in those days—the days of his wisdom, before he became a millionaire. He had his favorites among the political writers of the newspapers, but none ever quoted him directly.

He was the most forbidding-looking man I ever talked to in my life. His eyes were particularly terrifying. When I saw him I thought he must make use of them to exact obedience from his henchmen. My paper was not friendly to him or his rule, so I asked him my questions without mentioning names.

"Don't know nothin' about it!" he snapped impatiently.

"But, Mr. Croker ——"

"That's all!"

To spare him the slight exertion involved in inducing me to leave his office, I voluntarily did so. I went back to my shop and wrote what I considered a masterpiece of sarcasm. I crowned it by quoting R. Croker verbatim. I must have thought that when the people of New York read what kind of grammar he used they would promptly swap bosses. The city editor threw away my interview. I think he made a mistake. It is no crime to use a double negative, but it would not have helped Croker. My respected chief told me then that nobody could use certain parts of interviews. That was then.

Even in Wall Street, where big men are not supposed to be suffering from irrepressible loquacity, the same big men owe an appalling debt of gratitude to the reporters and financial editors for not quoting them verbatim.

James R. Keene was one of those men. He was fearless and utterly independent, and talked with a frankness that was amazing about men and things and affairs, particularly when he was temporarily free from stock-market commitments. He was a highly imaginative man, saturnine except when he was sardonic.

I may say here, in order to explain how he could say to me what he did, that I not only had known him for years and talked to him almost daily, but in addition he had a particularly friendly feeling for me because of a short story of mine entitled The Break in Turpentine. It was founded on fact and the principal character in it, Sam Sharpe, was Jim Keene thinly disguised. The story appeared while Keene was manipulating, for J. P. Morgan & Company, the stocks of the freshly launched United States Steel Corporation.

An Instance of Keene's Foresight

ON THE day William McKinley was shot in Buffalo I was on my way home, when I met in front of J. P. Morgan & Company's offices Lincoln Markowitz, the famous Wall Street man of the Associated Press, who is respected by more big people and brags less about it than any other man in the United States. He told me his office had just received a bulletin from Buffalo saying the president had been shot and badly wounded by an anarchist, and he was on his way to J. Pierpont Morgan with the news. He also, of course, would hear what J. P. had to say about it, for you must remember that in those days, when everybody was speculating in stocks, everybody wanted to know how everything affected the stock market.

I told Markowitz that while he went into Morgan's office I would go to Keene and other big fellows, and let them get into print. I found Keene alone, after a hard day's work. He rose when he saw me, feeling that there must be good reason for a visit from me at such an hour. Mine was an afternoon paper and he knew it.

"Well?" he asked sharply.

"President McKinley has been shot!"

"Shot," he asked—"or shot at?"

"Shot—by an anarchist; badly wounded."

"Dying?"

"No details. The A. P. bulletin said he was badly hurt."

"Huh!" he muttered.

The old gray fox, they called him; but to me he was a lean maneater, with his distinctly feline face, tiger eyes and stealthy, soundless step—just like a cat hunting. I waited for an expression of opinion from him; but he walked slowly over to a window and stared out of it, up at the gray afternoon sky.

"Well, what do you say about it?" I asked him.

Keene turned and looked at me. That sardonic grin of his, so much like a sneer, came on his lips, and he said:

"Well, it just shows what luck that Roosevelt has!"

The thing that struck him was not McKinley's injury, but Roosevelt's luck. He assumed that McKinley would die. I could not quote that.

"But what about poor McKinley?" I asked.

"Poor McKinley! And poor us when that lunatic gets into the White House! Just wait! You can fight any man living, but you can't fight Roosevelt's luck. Watch him! I tell you, Lefèvre, he will ——"

He never finished what he was going to say because just at that point his desk telephone rang. He took up the receiver, listened perhaps fifteen seconds, and then he spoke with a rebuking sort of calmness that contrasted amazingly with his vehemence when speaking to me:

"Yes; I knew all about it. It was an anarchist. But thank you just the same. No effect whatever!"

It struck me at the time that the man at the other end—some friend or sycophant—must have thought the old gray fox had a private wire to Buffalo to have heard the news so promptly.

Keene turned to me and said:

"Say for me that this bad news—you might say shocking occurrence—will have no effect whatever on the market for good securities. The situation is sound and stocks are in strong hands. If he dies come and see me."

I left him, and on Broad Street I again met Lincoln Markowitz, who had just left J. Pierpont Morgan. Markowitz told me that he read the few words of the bulletin to the Old Man—and Morgan seemed to crumple up. He was terribly shocked and his face showed it plainly. Markowitz asked him whether he cared to say anything—for publication of course—and Mr. Morgan looked at him with eyes that seemed dazed.

J. P. Morgan at Cowes, England

"What can anybody say?" said Morgan. "It is terrible news. I am shocked!"

"Do you think the financial market, Mr. Morgan, will ——"

"At a time like this no American thinks of the market," interrupted Mr. Morgan decisively. "We can only pray the injury may prove less serious than your bulletin makes me fear. Shocking! Shocking!"

Later on that evening the firm gave out an official reassuring statement.

I saw Keene in his office on the day the news came that President Roosevelt had decided to interfere and would compel the striking anthracite coalminers and the operators to arbitrate. I may add that the usual rumors about the strike being financed by a Wall Street bear clique had circulated for days, and Keene was credited with having a hand in it.

"What do you think of the president's move?" I asked Keene.

"What did I tell you the day McKinley was shot? Didn't I say to look out for that man?"

I began to suspect that Roosevelt's action interfered with some stock-market plans of Mr. James R. Keene. I said:

"Well, I've got to get some coal or freeze to death. You rich fellows ——"

He interrupted me and said very slowly and impressively:

"Listen, Lefèvre! This is the beginning of an era in this country. That man will run for president and win; and he won't be bound by McKinley's policies forever. When he cuts loose I'd like to be short a million shares of stock!"

This, you must remember, was in 1902, some years before Theodore Roosevelt became the terror of the Wall Street bulls. The old gray fox was the first man to foresee the amazing revolution that was coming, engendered principally by the attitude of the executive of the United States toward big business.

I wrote a character sketch of John W. Gates for a magazine at a time when all Wall Street was down on the Western plunger. The virtuous attitude on the part of the self-styled conservative element so irritated me by its pharisaism that I decided to write not exactly an encomiastic sketch, but one showing the most interesting side of Gates.

The gambler in him was always overemphasized by people who did not know him very well; but even then he was a tremendously picturesque character—a purely American type of hustler, amazingly active, imperturbably optimistic even when things were going against him, highly imaginative, exceedingly quick gaited mentally, with a marvelous faculty for seeing only his side of a case—and that side always right, or at least defensible.

Plain Talk to Mr. Gates

I SUSPECT that Gates was impressed by two things: first, that my article did not overpraise him or unfairly attack him; and second, that the man who wrote it never asked for a tip on the stock market or for any other favor.

Some time after my article was published came the famous Louisville & Nashville coup.

The Street was dumfounded one day by the announcement that the bunch of wild Westerners headed by John W. Gates had secured the control of Louisville & Nashville. This was made the basis of all manner of prophecies of looting and disaster. Then came the news that J. P. Morgan & Company had determined to save the situation by taking the road off Gates' hands.

Negotiations were pending when I went to see Gates. I wished to do a short story—fiction—based on the deal, with Gates, thinly disguised, as the principal protagonist. Remembering how I had done him a friendly turn at a time when he needed it I went to see John W. Gates at his son's office. Charlie Gates was still playing at being a stockbroker in New York.

I told John W. what I wished and explained that the story would be fiction and no names would be mentioned but I wanted to write a fairly accurate history of the deal—of the mechanics of it, as it were. I did not doubt that he would talk, because he did not habitually hide his light under a bushel and because he owed it to me to talk frankly.

To my surprise he replied, with an utterly uncharacteristic attempt at pompous dignity, that it was out of the question. The thing was too recent and, moreover, there were many important negotiations pending—and it would not do at all!

"Enough!" I said. "I understand now why decent people don't want to associate with you. You don't seem to realize when it is absurd to put on airs, or with whom. I did something for you that made suspicious people for months ask me why I was so friendly to you—and the first chance you have to return the favor you do the peacock act for my benefit!"

Charlie Gates was standing by. He had assured me that of course his father would tell me the whole story. He chimed in:

"Yes, father. Lefèvre wrote that article about you that so many people talked about. You liked it very much at the time. This isn't a newspaper story, you know, but a magazine ——"

John W. cut his son short by saying to me, as I thought, rather condescendingly:

"I won't say a word; but if there is anything else I can do for him ——"

I have always felt it to be a sacred duty to speak very plainly to people who take themselves too seriously or their millions too respectfully.

"There is only one other thing you can do for me, Mr. Gates," I told him.

"And what is that?" he asked.

"Go to ——!" I answered, without any temper.

He was a full-blooded, stout man with a short neck, and I thought he would have a stroke; so when I spoke again it was calmly:

"When I did you a good turn Morgan's people had no use for me. Now they are jollying you and you have fallen for it; but you wait until they get you to do what they want."

Charlie Gates, who was a big boy with a mania for being a good fellow with everybody that kept him a big boy to the day of his death, loved his father devotedly, and at the same time felt I had not been fairly treated. He looked so uncomfortable that as I walked out I said to him:

"Charlie, you tell your father that on account of my friendship for you I afterward said he needn't go to hell."

It happened as I told Gates. I have always felt the incident had great fictional value. In telling it I find it necessary to go back to the boom days of 1899 and 1900.

John W. Gates was one of the pioneer trustlet makers. The success of the Federal Steel Company under the market leadership of Roswell P. Flower made Gates turn his attention to the most profitable of all industries, which was consolidating industries. The Illinois Steel Company, with which he had been identified, went into the Federal Steel, and he sold out at a large profit. He went back into business by combining several mills into the first American Steel and Wire Company. It was such a big success in the stock market that the second and larger American Steel and Wire Company was formed.

Gates' principal interest was not in the manufacturing end but in the stock-market part of it, and he made millions almost overnight by astounding maneuvers. The more millions he made, the less respect he had for millions—or for the ways of increasing their number. Pool agreements by gentlemen were broken without even going to the trouble of apologizing, dividend declarations were juggled and all manner of raw manipulative methods were employed. Accusations and counter-accusations were made by Gates and his bankers, and Wall Street heard one of the fights described as follows:

A tarantula climbed on a centipede's back
And chortled with ghoulish glee:
"I'll puncture this poisonous son-of-a-gun—
If I don't he'll puncture me!"

The name of John W. Gates became more or less associated in the public mind with reckless stock-market plunging. In 1901 J. P. Morgan organized the "hydrant-headed monster"—the United States Steel Corporation. Gates helped to make possible the successful formation and flotation of the Steel Trust, but Mr. Morgan, in the end, decided that Gates' reputation was too raw, and bluntly told the Westerner he would not be one of the directors of the new colossus of corporations. Having himself plunged so stupendously that all other deeds of high finance and capital-watering were trifling pikers' efforts by contrast Mr. Morgan wisely decided to keep other plungers out of his conservative consolidation.

The Effect of Mr. Morgan's Decision

NOBODY will accuse John W. Gates of having been of the modest violet type. Nevertheless the snub was too open and direct, and it hurt. It officially kept him out of the respectable element in Wall Street—an element that included all his erstwhile companions and his most intimate fellow buccaneers.

And the worst of it was Gates realized how he had been used in the beginning and resented the later double-crossing all the more, especially since all his millions—at that time he was accused of being at least thirty million dollars ahead of the game—could not enable him to get even with J. Pierpont Morgan, that ostracizer of plungers and himself too great a plunger to be ostracized in return!

Gates never forgot it and, though he trailed with the rest and they say he doubled his fortune in the spring of 1901, he had his turn.

That was the frame of mind at the time of the Louisville & Nashville coup, whereby the Goths from the West rudely disturbed the tranquillity of the old oligarchy. Mr. Belmont had inherited the financial management of the Louisville and consequently slept soundly in power. The Gates bunch thought they would make a bull move in the sacred stock.

To these men, enriched beyond their wildest dreams by the steel boom, pennies and dollars looked exactly alike—that is, both were round and flat, like poker chips, and made for the same purpose. When they thought well of a stock—and even when they did not think at all, but imagined the public would come into the pot—they plunged joyously; bought by tens of

Norman B. Ream (Left), Judge Gary (Right)

John D. Rockefeller and His Son

thousands with a recklessness that savored so much of utter confidence that they found followers. Courage, like cowardice, is contagious.

And so the Goths blithely bid up the price of Louisville and accumulated some vanloads of certificates. To give themselves a much-needed outward semblance of business men they gravely asserted that the dividend rate would be increased! And when a director of the Louisville permitted himself the stupidity of telling the truth, and declared that the directors had not the slightest intention of recommending an increased dividend, the Goths good-humoredly retorted that if the dividend rate was not raised it ought to be; and to prove it they bought more stock! The price naturally went up and then they naturally said the price was going higher.

Just about that time the directors of Louisville & Nashville decided to approve an issue of new stock. I think it was something like fifty thousand shares. The polished Eastern bankers saw a splendid opportunity to utilize the rude Western barbarians, who were buying Louisville stock without regard to price. The Easterners, therefore, astutely sold some large wads to the Goths, thinking that when the treasury stock came on the market the price would break.

The Goths would thus make amends for their bad manners by enabling the insiders to get a very good price for that treasury stock. It made the insiders technically short, for the treasury stock was not good delivery on the Stock Exchange. No danger was apprehended and no sympathy was expressed for the Chicagoans, who would drop a million or two as punishment for daring to bull a stock the market destinies of which had been controlled and safeguarded by two generations of Belmonts.

The Louisville & Nashville Coup

THE Goths saw no reason to discontinue their plunges. When they heard about the treasury stock they thought the Easterners were rudely stacking the cards on big-hearted, good-natured Western gentlemen who, after putting up the price of Louisville & Nashville stock to the highest level in years, were really entitled to praise and gratitude for their efforts instead of such unfair practices.

Just then it occurred to some phlegmatic member of the bunch to ascertain how much Louisville & Nashville stock had been accumulated; and, to their surprise, they discovered they had picked so much stock that the marketing of it at a profit became a problem. They also saw that by putting up a few millions more they could actually get control of the company by owning the majority of the stock. These men always plunged when in doubt, and their audacity time and again prevented their defeats from becoming disastrous routs. They now plunged again and became the owners of the majority of the stock of the great Louisville & Nashville Railroad. To all intents and purposes the stock was cornered, for the inside Street interest was large.

The bunch thereupon gleefully announced the fact that the financial pariahs and stock gamblers had reformed. They had turned respectable. They had become railroad magnates. They would do the right thing and put up the price of Louisville & Nashville stock to where it belonged as a sterling investment and conservative stock. As for the inside shorts, if people as far west as Honolulu would take the trouble to listen at two-fourteen P. M. they would hear something—not explosions, no; but squeals from the most aristocratic shorts in the East.

The Street had not yet recovered from the Blue Thursday panic precipitated by the Northern Pacific corner. Every time it heard of a corner its nerves jumped as if ten thousand tons of dynamite had gone off. When nervous, Wall Street always sells.

To talk—as Gates and his pals did—of running a railroad like the Louisville & Nashville was enough to kill any bull market. To mention, in addition, the word corner was to precipitate a panic. Thereupon, when the Louisville & Nashville bankers began to howl J. P. Morgan & Company, as self-appointed managers of the financial destiny of the Street, sought to interfere.

Do you still remember that Gates had been kept out of the United States Steel directorate by J. Pierpont Morgan himself, because Gates was not good enough for Morgan?

(Continued on Page 40)

Left to Right—James R. Keene, Trainer Rowe, Jockey Notter

SHOESTRINGS

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ON A MONDAY evening in the spring, a few weeks prior to Wall Street's famous landslide—the break in Rumelly common—the guests at Mrs. Pegram's West Side boarding house had chicken for their dinner. Ordinarily, as every Monday was a washday, the usual menu for the occasion was corned beef and cabbage—a rule, they knew, to which there was but one exception. Consequently, the news of the chicken having spread, no one was in the least astonished when presently the door opened, and Lena, the waitress, ushered in a stranger.

The gentleman was a youngish person—say, thirty-five or so—with an easy, agreeable manner and an ingratiating smile. His attire, too, was distinctive, comprising a suit of gunclub checks, such as good advertisers term individual, a striped silk shirt, and a pair of patent-leather shoes with fancy tan-colored tops. Having pulled out his chair, the newcomer bowed first to the lady at the head of the table, then to the gentleman at the foot. These were respectively Miss Kress, the back-parlor boarder, and Mr. Bugle, who occupied Mrs. Pegram's second-story front.

Miss Kress, who was a tall, amply molded young woman, garbed in a very good near-Poiret minaret, was the head feather buyer at Bomberg's, in the Avenue. Recognizing the bow with a slight inclination of her head, she then resumed her chicken, her little finger nicely stiffened as she raised the next forkful to her lips. Mr. Bugle, however, showed less aplomb. He was a hardware salesman over in Fourth Avenue, though he, indeed, dressed well enough for an uptown department store; and having received the newcomer's bow he started—then in embarrassment stared. A moment later he was heard to resume his soup.

Meantime the gentleman had seated himself and, unwrapping his napkin, was smiling frankly at the girl at Mr. Bugle's right—Miss Nellis, the pretty occupant of Mrs. Pegram's third-floor back. She was a stenographer for an uptown publishing firm, and was supposed to be engaged to Mr. Dawnley, the young law clerk at her right; in fact Mr. Dawnley, having observed the stranger's smile, was now frowning slightly.

At once dropping her eyes, Miss Nellis colored faintly—when the stranger, having glanced idly at the indignant law clerk, helped himself to bread.

The incident seemed not to have escaped the diner at his left. This was Mr. Griggs, a short, square, middle-aged person, with a prominent nose and an equally salient jaw. He was in the book and stationery trade in Pearl Street, near Wall. Having briefly eyed the newcomer, with a broad scowl, he now turned his attention to his dinner plate, which he had emptied of everything but a corporal's file of green peas and the wingbone of a chicken. The peas he had pursued with his fork to the poor shelter of the chicken bone, and he was just about to prong them when the stranger nudged his elbow, at the same time speaking.

"Pass the butter, old top!" he said.

The nudge naturally disturbed Mr. Griggs' aim, which was probably the reason why again he scowled.

"Huh?" he grunted, his tone short, and then he passed the butter, his manner deliberate. "Say," he inquired curiously, "I've seen you before, haven't I?"

The diners suddenly had become silenced. It was as if all instinctively realized that some conflict was in the air; and uneasily they waited.

"Seen who?" the stranger murmured idly. "Me?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Griggs; "I know you, don't I?"

Smiling faintly the newcomer again glanced about him.

"No," he said; and instantly a gasp ran round the table.

The snub was unmistakable. Coloring hotly Mr. Griggs for a moment seemed about to reply. Then, as a titter sounded, he grimly pressed his lips together and, pushing back his chair, rose. An instant afterward the dining-room door slammed as Mr. Griggs departed.

At once the others, in relief, broke into lively conversation. In this the stranger joined, his easy, agreeable manner now evident to them all. Even Mr. Dawnley, the law clerk, spruced up presently, admitting consciously that prejudice had misled him in his first impressions. Then, during a pause in the conversation, the newcomer found the opportunity to introduce himself to them all. It came when Mr. Piggott, the piano salesman, at his right asked interestedly:

"Say, neighbor, what line are you in, if you don't mind saying?"

The stranger did not mind in the least.

"Me? Oh, I'm in Wall Street," he answered idly.

In Wall Street! It was the first time in its history that Mrs. Pegram's board had been graced by any one so obviously important; and instantly an air of awed attention dawned on all faces. The gentleman, however, at once set them at their ease. Changing the topic, he began to talk about several friends of his in the financial district, all of whom owned motor cars, and one who owned a yacht. Ere long they sat enthralled.

Late that evening, as Mr. Griggs, still grunting, sat turning the pages of his evening newspaper, a window was opened and he heard from below the voice of a talking machine grinding out the measures of Too Much Mustard! The noise grew. Unable finally to stand it any longer, Mr. Griggs put on his hat and coat and stamped his way downstairs. Mr. Bugle, fanning himself, was leaning against the newel post.

"What's up?" inquired Mr. Griggs.

With an eloquent thumb Mr. Bugle indicated the parlor.

"It's Mr. Wigler—the new gentleman," he beamed. "He's just taught us all the grapevine, and now he's showing Miss Kress and Susie Nellis how to do the kitchen sink." Here the hardware clerk nodded sagely. "Say, he's some swell—Mr. Wigler is! He's in Wall Street, you know!"

Mr. Griggs started slightly.

"Did you say Wall Street?" he inquired; and when Mr. Bugle nodded Mr. Griggs emitted a sudden, emphatic grunt. "I knew I wasn't mistaken!" he exclaimed. "The minute I saw that fellow I was sure I'd seen him before! He hangs out in Rooker, Burke & Company's New Street margin shop!" Then Mr. Griggs gazed at Mr. Bugle, his smile sardonic. "Well," he drawled, "Wall Street's pretty hard up, of course; but I guess you needn't worry. When that stock tout finds out what a lot of pikers you all are he'll drop you like a hot potato!"

"What say?" inquired Mr. Bugle, bewildered.

"I said he was a damned grasshopper!" was Mr. Griggs' ambiguous reply; and opening the street door he let himself out, then slammed the door behind him.

A little astonished, Mr. Bugle returned to the parlor. In there it was still all life, all animation. Mr. Wigler, having performed the kitchen sink, now was doing the Castle with Susie Nellis, while Mr. Dawnley, his face shining from exertion, kept on winding the talking machine.

The fortnight that followed at Mrs. Pegram's boarding house is one that her guests are likely never to forget. Events as astonishing as they were mysterious filled it; and not the least of these was the fact that each and every one of the boarders, Mr. Griggs excepted, seemed to have flung either himself or herself into one continuous round of pleasure, such as none of them ever before had known.

Frivolity, in fact, was the last thing one would have expected to find among them, for heretofore all, without exception, had shown themselves to be as decorous as they were thrifty. Miss Kress, the lady buyer, for example, was known to be saving every cent she could in order to open a bonnet shop up in the Bronx; and then, too, there were Mr. Bugle, the hardware clerk, and Mr. Piggott, the piano salesman. Mr. Bugle had his eye on a bellhanging and electrical establishment over in Third Avenue, while Mr. Piggott aimed shortly to buy an interest in a Harlem music store.

Not one of these had ever before shown the least inclination to tread the primrose path; and as for Mr. Dawnley and Susie Nellis, they had been doing their utmost to lay by a thousand dollars. When they had that amount it was understood they meant to marry, then go to housekeeping. Now, however, like the others, they too had begun to trip from the blossom of one sweet amusement to another—it was a movie one night, then a vaudeville show the next.

Presently, with three or four of the more hilarious, they began to take in the Broadway cabarets and trotteries. From these they returned anywhere round midnight or later, and the mornings after were regularly late at breakfast.

"I'm dummed!" vowed Mrs. Pegram, with old-fashioned directness. "I wisht I knew what'd got into this house! All along it ain't only one thing, but it's getting to be another. The place is regularly on the blink!"

The occasion was Sunday morning. Half past ten had just struck; and, though breakfast was supposed to have ended at least an hour before, Miss Kress sat at her place gulping down a cup of clear coffee, very hot and very strong. A little pale, a little hollow under the eyes, she had begun to stare uncertainly at the usual Sabbath fishball set before her, when Mrs. Pegram spoke again.

"Where's Susie Nellis?" she demanded.

Suddenly averting her eyes from the fishball, with a superb gesture Miss Kress thrust it away from her.

"In bed," she answered.

"Well, my stars!" said Mrs. Pegram, with no further preface. "If she expec's any breakfast she'd better get up and get down! I'm just about sick of serving people's breakfasts for their Sunday dinner!"

"She don't wish any breakfast," Miss Kress wearily returned. "I ast her and she said she'd rather die."

For a moment Mrs. Pegram stared—a look as unaffected as it was hopeless. Mr. Griggs had just entered, having come down to get some breadcrumbs for his pet goldfish; and as Mrs. Pegram crumbed the table for him she continued to voice her feelings. In the midst of this Miss Kress was seen suddenly to thrust back her chair, her manner one of stately annoyance.

"F'r heaven's sake!" she inquired simply. "Are you going to keep on forever setting up a roar just because one or two of us gets down late on Sunday mawning?"

"And coming in at two G. M.—don't forget!" mentioned Mrs. Pegram morosely.

At once Miss Kress rose, proud resentment in her air; and never before had she so closely resembled Juno as now, when, with a regal movement, she stood up in her almost-Poiret.

"Well, thank the Lawd!" she murmured piously. "It won't be long now before a few of us will be able to have some comfort in the home!"

There was a pause. Mr. Griggs pricked up his ears. As for Mrs. Pegram, after staring momentarily she gave vent to a startled—

"Huh?"

"Oh, nothing!" Miss Kress returned, her air vague; and throwing back her shoulders she did a slow and stately Castle to the door, then disappeared.

As the door closed Mr. Griggs turned inquiringly to Mrs. Pegram.

He Began to Talk About Several Friends, All of Whom Owned Motor Cars

"Comfort in the home!" he echoed curiously. "Say, what's eating the perfect thirty-eight?"

"Don't ast me," Mrs. Pegram answered tiredly. "Was I to try putting a name to all that's going on in this house, they'd have me hickory in a week!" Then she turned to him abruptly, her hands outstretched—in one the saucer of bread crumbs, in the other the crumb brush. "Say, what do you think?" demanded Mrs. Pegram. "Yesterday there was two ottomobile agents rang her up on the phome, and in the evening another called on her in person!"

"She ain't going to elope, is she?" inquired Mr. Griggs, amazed.

"You can't prove it by me!" returned Mrs. Pegram hopelessly. "If it was Miss Kress only that was bumping the bumps I might say what was up; but there's Susie Nellis besides. A real-estate man was round seeing her, too, yesterday; and he had plans for a suburban home. It wasn't one of those patent villas, either—the kind where you pay something down, then the rest if you live long enough or can get it. Not much! The price was eleven thousand dollars; and I heard her ask him what he'd take f'r cash! Do you get me?" inquired Mrs. Pegram, her voice strange. "Cash!"

At the mention of money a queer expression had come over Mr. Griggs' face. Now he started.

"Say, you're not trying to hand me anything, are you?" he inquired, his tone incredulous.

"If I am—s' help me!" Mrs. Pegram instantly averred. "It's the Bible fac's I'm giving you; besides which, Susie Nellis and that there Kress ain't the all! There's Bugle and there's Piggott too!"

Somehow a light seemed to have dawned on Mr. Griggs' mind and his jaw fell in astonishment.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean they've all gone bug?"

"You've said it!" Mrs. Pegram promptly returned. "Bugle's laying pipes to buy out the head partner where he works, and Piggott's round telling every one there's nothing in the swell pianoforte trade. He's aiming now to open a refined wine-and-liquor trotting parlor in Broadway near Forty-second Street!"

"The darned little gump!" Mr. Griggs ejaculated. "Why, to do that, he'd need thousands!"

"Oh, sure!" Mrs. Pegram assented, her air more weary than ever. "That's the only figure they all mention nowadays—thousands. If any one of them was to see a plain, disgusting dollar bill lying round they'd kick it under the bureau, I believe, and then complain that their room wasn't being swep'."

To this Mr. Griggs made no response. It was evident, however, that he pondered something deeply. However, without revealing to Mrs. Pegram what was on his mind, he took his saucer of bread crumbs and was thoughtfully wending his way up the stairs when, at the parlor door, the sound of voices attracted him. Looking in, he saw the three gentlemen—Mr. Dawnley, Mr. Bugle and Mr. Piggott. All three were studying a large blueprint, which Mr. Dawnley had spread out on the center table; and as the law clerk saw Mr. Griggs his face wreathed itself in smiles.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Come on in!"

"What's the plot?" inquired Mr. Griggs. "You're not buying out any head partners, are you? Or opening a rum palace, or anything?"

At the speech both Mr. Bugle and Mr. Piggott were seen to start. Mr. Dawnley, however, gaped.

"Why, no," he replied, bewildered. "All I wanted was to show you the plans for a new boat I'm going to buy. It's a cabin cruiser, with a four-cycle, four-cylinder, forty-horse motor, and inventory complete. It's only going to cost eight thousand—ain't that cheap? and I thought you'd like to look at the blueprints."

A characteristic "Humph!" escaped Mr. Griggs and, abruptly entering the parlor, he set down his saucer of bread crumbs and turned and closed the door.

"Dawnley," he said, his speech as abrupt as his manner, "you fellows needn't try to fool me! You've got something up your sleeves! From all the signs I'll wager some one's going to put you on to a good thing, and you're going to clean up thousands! I'm right, ain't I? Now don't you deny it!"

Mr. Dawnley did not even try to. Instead, he paled slightly. As for the two others, they gasped with surprise.

"Why, how did you find out?" the law clerk ejaculated; and again Mr. Griggs gave a grunt.

"Never mind how I found out!" he retorted. "What I want to know is, how you fellows are going to break into the stock market when you've got nothing but a shoestring. Why, there isn't one of you that has enough to margin fifty shares!"

It was true. As Mr. Griggs had said before, they were nothing but a bunch of pikers. What is more, when the gruff gentleman made the statement he had spoken by the book; for five years before he himself had dabbled in the stock market. It was with the usual painful result—Wall Street had cleaned him out.

However, it was not this that now worried him. To margin fifty shares requires five hundred dollars, and individually not one of the lot had that much. Of course, if any bucketshops had still existed in the Street they could have dabbled there for a single ten-dollar bill; but nowadays in Wall Street there are no bucketshops. The margin shops have seen to it that their competitors are kept closed.

"Well, how about it?" demanded Mr. Griggs.

For a moment caution struggled with conscious pride in Mr. Dawnley's face; then pride got the better of him. "It's Mr. Wigler," he beamed. "Good old Wiggy, he's going to fix it for us!"

"It Won't be Long Now Before a Few of Us Will be Able to Have Some Comfort in the Home!"

Dawnley's announcement was no news to Mr. Griggs.

"Oh, sure; it's good old Wiggy," he returned; "only that don't answer my question. How's good old Wiggy going to do it?"

Then Mr. Dawnley told.

"It's a pool, you know. As we haven't enough to go in singly, Wiggy's going to let us lump our money together—us three fellows, you know; then Susie and Miss Kress. We're each going to put up three hundred and fifty dollars, seventeen hundred and fifty all together."

"I see," said Mr. Griggs; "and on this, I suppose, your friend Mr. Wigler guarantees to make you all rich, eh?"

It was so; and, filled with sudden elation, Mr. Piggott now joined the conversation.

"Say, old top," he said loquaciously, "you're in Wall Street; what do you think of it? Not so worse—eh?"

A tide of color had swept suddenly into Mr. Griggs' face and his cheeks began to puff.

"I'm not an old top, young feller," he barked suddenly; "and I don't work in Wall Street—it's Pearl! Just the same, though," Mr. Griggs added vehemently, his manner now irate, "if you want to know what I think of it I'll tell you!" Then he told them. "It's a swindle!" said Mr. Griggs. "It's just nothing else; and that friend of yours—this stockbroker's tout—he's a swindler!"

A startled silence had fallen on the three; then, as Mr. Griggs paused, Mr. Dawnley gave a little cry of alarm.

"A swindler? Oh, hush!" he exclaimed. "What if Mr. Wigler should hear you?"

Mr. Griggs immediately raised his voice a little higher.

"I wish he would!" he roared. "The fellow's a cheap bunco-steerer! He's a highwayman! Wall Street's down on its uppers, of course; but I didn't think it had fallen low enough to try to trim a bunch of store clerks out of their pennies! That's right!" shouted Mr. Griggs; "and a little girl stenographer too!"

Though it was evident Mr. Griggs had still more to say, it was never said; for at that moment Mr. Dawnley again clutched him by the arm.

"Oh, but you don't understand!" he ejaculated, his tone pained. "Good old Wiggy's no swindler! He says when we give him our money he can guarantee us ten per cent a week in profits!"

"And you're going to give it to him?" Mr. Griggs gasped.

"Why, of course," Mr. Dawnley answered; "to-morrow."

While Mr. Griggs was still spluttering in the throes of his scandalized amazement, Mr. Bugle suddenly chimed in:

"Yes; it don't do you any good, Griggs, to try and knock. Good old Wiggy warned us what you'd say if ever you got the chance. You're just sore because he wouldn't let you invest your money in Wall Street!"

That settled it! The spectacle of Wall Street refusing to let any one invest money in its keeping seemed a situation too vast in its magnitude for Mr. Griggs to comprehend. He gaped. Then, with the air of one who walks in a dream—or rather it was a nightmare—he took his saucer of bread crumbs and, opening the parlor door, stalked out into the hallway. A moment later the three financiers heard him stamp his way upstairs.

It was evident, however, that the scene Mr. Griggs made had gone far toward clouding the morning's happiness. At any rate Mr. Dawnley, for one, looked a little perturbed; and rolling up his blueprint presently he wended his way toward his room. Ere he reached it, however, some decision seemed to strike him; for,

Mr. Wigler Now Was Doing the Castle With Susie Nellis

pausing at the second floor, he knocked hesitantly on a door at the rear. Immediately a pleasant voice bade him enter.

In his stocking feet Mr. Wigler reclined on the bed. There was a bottle of beer on the chair beside him, and he was reading in a Sunday supplement how a beautiful Newport divorcée had defended her million-dollar pearl necklace from a society burglar with a jeweled dagger, given her by the Gaekwar of Baroda. At the look on Mr. Dawnley's face, however, Mr. Wigler instantly sat up.

"Hello! What's the row now?" he exclaimed.

"Say," said Mr. Dawnley, "you don't think I make any mistake, do you, in putting eight thousand into that new boat of mine?"

"No—now when you've got it," answered Mr. Wigler. Why?"

"I was just thinking," returned Mr. Dawnley. "I wondered whether it wouldn't be better for me to put in only five thousand, say, until we're sure how much our pool's going to make?"

An air of bored weariness had begun to creep over Mr. Wigler's face and, leaning over, he refreshed himself with a swallow of beer.

"Look here," he inquired, "haven't I told you when you buy that yacht it'll be as easy to pay twenty thousand! Now how many times have I got to say it?" Just as he was about to resume his paper, however, something in Mr. Dawnley's air seemed to catch his attention. "Here!" he exclaimed, looking up. "You haven't been talking to any one, have you - that fellow Griggs, for instance?"

Mr. Dawnley said no—not exactly. Mr. Griggs, he admitted, had tried to find out what was going on; but he had told him nothing definite. The fact is, Mr. Dawnley would have been ashamed to repeat what Mr. Griggs had said.

"All right," said Mr. Wigler; "you be sure not to talk. If my big Wall Street friends knew I was going to let you fellows in I don't know what they'd say! Besides, I've no use for that chap Griggs. The man's no gentleman!"

Mr. Wigler was, of course, right. Being connected with Wall Street he should know.

In his room upstairs, a few minutes later, Mr. Dawnley again unrolled his blueprints. Again he was reassured; for, after briefly studying the plans, he decided he would install in the boat amidships a commodious double cabin. This, of course, would increase the cost at least a thousand dollars; but Mr. Dawnley thought it was worth it.

The boat's name was to be Susie D.; but at this point, as he thought of it, a little shadow crept into Mr. Dawnley's eyes. The night before he and Susie Nellis had had a little tiff. It was only a lover's quarel, to be sure; but the fact is, in the midst of their first time up at Reisenwebber's, when he and Susie were trying the horse walk, she had told him he did it frightfully! "Not like a horse—like a wagon!" she had said.

Asking, then, why he could not dance like Mr. Wigler, Susie had added insult to injury by leaving him, to trip away in the Wall Street gentleman's arms.

However, it was only a small matter after all. As soon as Susie came down to dinner Mr. Dawnley meant to make it up with her. Unfortunately, though, he did not get the chance. Miss Susie was not seen that day at Mrs. Pegram's. Neither was Mr. Wigler.

Ere long the awed whisper ran about that they were lunching at the Waldorf.

Among those familiar with Wall Street's current history it will be remembered that the stocks of the Rumelly Company reached their high point some time early in the winter. Then, the insiders having arranged the concern's affairs entirely to their own satisfaction, its stock—both the common and the preferred—began immediately to fall.

In a little more than a month, by fits and starts, the price of the security had sagged fully ten points. There, for a brief interval, the price held. Meantime those who knew were getting ready to launch a fresh assault. Presently the blow fell. Cut off from any support, Rumelly again sluiced downward—often a point at a time. With the spring's coming the value of the stock had been more than cut in half. Then, after it had seesawed to and fro a little to stir up public interest, every one in sight began to take a hack at Rumelly.

Eventually there came a day when the stock burst wide open. It was a rout—a landslide! As the gong sounded on the exchange floor the timeworn jest was freely bandied about that by the morrow the Rumelly stocks would be quoted: "An eighth asked; nothing bid."

The day was Monday. It was the Monday, moreover, which followed the day of revelations at Mrs. Pegram's boarding house.

At five-thirty-five that evening Miss Kress, evidently in a towering hurry, rushed up the front steps and, having let herself in, as hastily scampered up the stairs to her bedroom. Shortly after this—or, to be exact, at five-thirty-six—she was followed by Susie Nellis. At the same furious speed Miss Kress had shown she, too, climbed the stairway to the third-floor back.

Then, two or three minutes later perhaps, down the street Mr. Wigler hove into view. Haste seemed to animate the Wall Street gentleman too. He hurried. Springing up the steps, he had just let himself in when at the curb in front appeared a couple of drygoods delivery wagons, each of which discharged a large pasteboard box and a small whistling boy.

In both cases the boys, having delivered the boxes, they departed; after which a florist's wagon, followed by a colored lad from a shoeshop and a small, pale girl from a milliner's, made Mrs. Pegram's door their objective point. However, the boy, the girl and the wagon, having left at the door what they had brought, at once went their ways, leaving the street to its accustomed dingy vacancy and silence.

Then, perhaps fifteen minutes later, Mr. Bugle and Mr. Piggott appeared. Mr. Bugle was whistling gayly the bars of a popular rag, while Mr. Piggott, it was seen, sauntered along, a huge cigar held rakishly in his mouth and both thumbs stuck eloquently into his armpits. Together they disappeared within.

Not above ten minutes had passed when out in the street in front there occurred a sudden, rousing demonstration. The immediate cause of this was a large blue-and-bottle-green limousine, from which, when it had chug-chugged up to the Pegram door, the gentlemanly chauffeur announced his arrival by a series of earsplitting snorts on the horn. Immediately, to the intense interest of all in Mrs. Pegram's upper windows, Miss Kress appeared, followed by Susie Nellis and Mr. Wigler.

At once the mystery of the delivery wagons, the errand boys and pale miss from the modiste's was solved. Each of the ladies was not only attired in a brand-new tango teagown, but each wore a new hat, new slippers and new gloves. In addition, each bore somewhat conspicuously a large lavender orchid.

In his dress Mr. Wigler also distinguished the occasion. He was attired in a natty dinner coat and trousers, and one of the new mushroom shirts—the first ever seen emerging from Mrs. Pegram's. Entering the limousine he seated himself between the two ladies, when Miss Kress, who evidently was the hostess, leaned forward and gave the chauffeur an order. The next minute, enveloped in a cloud of dust, the machine turned the corner and was gone.

"My Lordy!" said Mrs. Pegram, once it had disappeared round the corner. "Did you see that?"

"When You Buy That Yacht It'll be Easy to Pay Twenty Thousand!"

It was Mr. Bugle she addressed. He had protruded his head from a window of the second-story front, Mrs. Pegram occupying the window of the hall bedroom adjoining. Above them, in the third story, Mr. Piggott's head was to be seen, while below, at the street level, Lena, the waitress, had draped herself open-mouthed over the area railing.

"See what?" inquired Mr. Bugle.

"That there otto!" snapped Mrs. Pegram. Then, tightly pressing her lips together, she sniffed significantly. "Well," she remarked, "all I c'n say is, going on thirty year and above have I run this here house, and never before has scandal, even in the slightest, blew a breath again' it!"

In his astonishment at this Mr. Bugle very nearly toppled over the window-ledge.

"Why, Mrs. Pegram!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," she answered darkly; "only in my day, I'm bound to state, no lady that was making only twelve a week went out riding round in ottoes!"

"Yes, but in your day," Mr. Bugle protested, "they hadn't any ottoes!"

"That makes no difference!" retorted Mrs. Pegram. "Kress' envelope is only twelve per; besides which, with her swell figure, you don't know how ready folks is to talk!"

Having said this, Mrs. Pegram was going on to say still more when Mr. Piggott, overhead, was heard to speak.

"Aw, give her the facts, Wilbur!" he advised. "It ain't any one's otto she's riding round in—it belongs to the otto company, and they've only let her have it to try."

"In those clothes?" inquired Mrs. Pegram ironically, as with difficulty she craned her neck to peer up at him. "Say, she had on a low neck!"

"Sure! They're going to eat first, then trot," Mr. Piggott was explaining, when a low exclamation from Mr. Bugle interrupted.

"Oh, see who's here!" he cried, astonished.

Down the street Mr. Dawnley had just appeared, his manner curious. Evidently he was under the stress of some strong emotion, for he fairly ran. What is more, when he reached the steps and looked up they were amazed at the look on his face. It was as though all was lost.

"Where's Susie Nellis?" he called. "Has she come in?"

Startled, Mr. Bugle shouted down at him:

"Why, she's just went out!"

Mr. Dawnley was seen first to gasp, then to lean weakly against the area railing. Instantly, however, he recovered himself.

"Did Wigler go with her too?" he called up; and when the three, now wondering, nodded to him, Mr. Dawnley was again seen to make a despairing gesture.

Then, to their indescribable amazement, the law clerk turned, and at the top of his speed made off down the block. Half a minute later he turned the corner, still running, and was gone.

The landlady and her two gentleman boarders gaped in utter astonishment. Then, as before, Mrs. Pegram was the first to recover the use of her tongue.

"Huh!" she murmured, musing as if she communed with herself. "That's kind of funny!" She broke off momentarily. "Say, I wonder if it could be!" she muttered; then she shook her head. "No; it couldn't!" said Mrs. Pegram fixedly. "If it had I'd be sure it was!"

By now Mr. Bugle, who had been listening to her, was gaping widely.

"Hey! You don't know anything, do you?" he demanded, at which Mrs. Pegram stared at him, her air thoughtful.

"I dunno," she returned. "They was at the Waldorf yesterday, wasn't they?"

"Who was?" demanded Mr. Bugle, startled.

"Them," Mrs. Pegram said: "Wigler and Susie."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Bugle, his eyes rounding. "You don't suppose there's anything there, do you? Why, she's keeping comp'ny with Horace Dawnley!" Then a second exclamation left him: "Good heavens! Whatever do you mean?"

"Well, I dunno's I mean anything," Mrs. Pegram returned; "only this evening just now, when Wigler came in—I saw him hand something to Susie Nellis. It was a cardboard box from a jeweler's. What's more," Mrs. Pegram added, "I'll bet there was a ring in it!"

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THE BOOM-CURED CITY

Ninety Per Cent of All the Land Bought Was in What Came to be Known as Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle

By William Fell Smith

NEXT July, from the fourth to the eighth inclusive, the seventh annual convention of the National Association of Real-Estate Exchanges will be held in Pittsburgh. At the conclave will be real-estate men from eighty-two cities and towns throughout the United States and Canada.

All indications are that the gathering will be by far the largest and most interesting ever held by the realty fraternity; and a more appropriate meeting-place could not have been chosen, because Pittsburgh is now undergoing a physical transformation. Also it is in the midst of a big building movement and is passing through a period of land-price readjustment—a natural aftermath of a most wonderful real-estate boom.

Probably no other city in the world was so suddenly and directly enriched through industrial consolidations as was Pittsburgh. Prior to the trustmaking era the city boasted possibly a dozen millionaires and four or five multimillionaires. In the period from 1898 to 1902 the millionaire list was swelled to a hundred or more and the number of multimillionaires to over a score. Their wealth was in cash, stocks and bonds—one as quickly marketable as the other. Hence these men found themselves rich beyond their fondest dreams. They had so much money they knew not what to do with it.

For a while most of them sought diversion and excitement in the stock market; and, because of the vast volume of their trading, Wall Street dubbed them the Pittsburgh Crowd. Some of them amused themselves by building or purchasing palatial homes. Others went abroad and left long golden trails all over Europe. Others spent fortunes on jewels for their womenfolk.

There was nothing too costly for them to buy, no stakes too big for them to play for, and no games of chance that some of them did not indulge in.

An Expensive Night at Pool

THERE was one of their number who considered himself quite an expert at the game of pool. In one of the banks of which this man was a director there was a clerk who had quite a reputation as a poolplayer. One day after banking hours the bank director happened to meet the clerk in front of the club and challenged him to play ten games of pool at a dollar a game. The challenge was promptly accepted by the clerk. The match started at four o'clock. As the clerk won game after game the stakes were increased. The balls clicked almost constantly until five o'clock the next morning.

Finally, when he saw six balls where there was but one, the bank director called the match off, squatted down at a desk and wrote out a check for his losses. The check was for sixty-one thousand five hundred dollars. After pocketing it the clerk went to a near-by hotel, took a bath, ate some breakfast, and then went to the bank on which the check was drawn. He was too excited and elated to think of sleep. He knew the cashier of the bank, and that check was the first one cashed when the bank opened. Subsequently he bought an apartment house with fifty thousand dollars of his winnings and has it yet. This particular bank director never invested any of his millions in real estate. It would have been better for his family if he had. He died a few years ago a poor man.

Great as was the wealth of the Wall Street Pittsburgh Crowd, they were given such severe jolts in the stock market that the majority of them began casting about for something safer than stocks wherein to speculate. So they turned their attention to real estate.

Thus primarily it was the army of newly made multimillionaires who made and finally unmade one of the most remarkable real-estate markets in history.

Imagine a city with a population of not over half a million with yearly land purchases such as these—in 1900, $43,886,300; in 1901, $49,710,800; in 1902, $54,971,600; and in 1903, $39,278,700—or, in four years, $187,847,400. And ninety per cent of all the land bought was in what came to be known as Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle—the live business area of two hundred fifty-five acres lying between the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers and Grant Street. In that area realty prices more than trebled during the boom, and land prices throughout the city, taken as a whole, doubled.

The boom actually had its inception in 1900, just after the first strictly local industrial combines were formed. It continued, with virtually no interruption, until the fall of 1907; and during those six years and a half, according to the city records, land purchases within the city limits reached the enormous total of $292,798,100.

In 1899 the choicest business property in Pittsburgh was priced at seventy-five hundred dollars a front foot, or seventy-five dollars a square foot. In the spring of 1907 it was quoted as high as twenty-five thousand dollars a front foot, or two hundred fifty dollars a square foot. The market was virtually cornered. The salable supply of land was exhausted. Those who had paid the highest prices were the least inclined to sell. Some owners who had steadfastly refused all offers were more arbitrary than ever. Everybody seemed to think there could be no limit to the price-soaring.

Among the buyers were two men who, in truth, were wealthy before industrial consolidations made them much more so. Both of them were prominent in the landbuying movement. They were potent factors in starting prices upward. In some instances they paid higher prices than any others had the courage to pay.

One of these men was commonly reputed to have received nearly thirty million dollars from the Steel Trust for his lake ore-land holdings. He had made and lost several fortunes; so, to keep the wolf from the door for all time to come, he decided to invest a goodly portion of his newly acquired millions in real estate. He bought for permanent investment—not for speculation; and he operated systematically and with a fixed purpose—to secure entire squares in the heart of the city—which he did. In less than three years he purchased over eleven million dollars' worth of real property, and no doubt he would have bought more had he lived longer. His faith in Pittsburgh was unbounded. He meant to erect on the land he bought numerous fine store and office buildings—the kind best suited to modern needs; but he did not accomplish his aims.

In the midst of his activities in the real-estate market he was gathered to his fathers. He was one man whom Pittsburgh sincerely mourned. He had been a friend of all and an enemy of none. No class esteemed him more than did the real-estate brokers. Though he had his favorites among them, he treated all fairly; and any broker who offered him a property he thought well of was sure to be given a square deal.

He never quibbled over prices. Perhaps he believed every parcel of land well worth to him what he paid for it, for well he knew how much more desirable it would be after he had improved it with a modern building. From a dozen different individuals, estates and banking institutions he bought properties comprising a whole square. He employed several brokers in that operation, each to buy certain properties. In that way for a time he kept his identity concealed and kept prices down.

A corner lot was the first purchased. It cost him about sixty dollars a square foot. The opposite corner lot, completing the square, was bought last. It was twenty by sixty feet, with a five-story building. Its owner had learned who wanted it. He declined offer after offer. Finally he said he would sell for four hundred thousand dollars; and that was the price paid—equal to twenty thousand dollars a front foot, or three hundred thirty-three dollars a square foot. The square-foot quotation is the highest that has yet been paid for land in Pittsburgh. That lot and the other eleven are now covered with a twenty-five-story office building erected a few years ago by the capitalist's estate in accordance with his expressed wishes shortly before he died.

In the Hump District

ALL told, this capitalist acquired the ownership of three whole squares on the best business streets in Pittsburgh. He bought also a number of scattered properties whose locations seemed to insure a good future. In one instance, at least, I think sentiment prompted one of his purchases. There was a broker who had been a schoolboy chum of the capitalist. The two chanced to meet in an office-building elevator.

"Good morning, George!" said the man of millions, shaking the broker's hand warmly. "How is business with you?"

"Good enough," the realty man replied; "but, do you know, Harry, you have never bought a foot of real estate through me?"

The capitalist smiled.

"No," he admitted; "I don't believe I have, for you have never tried to sell me anything. Look something up and submit it."

The next day the broker sold him a property for three hundred sixty thousand dollars; and as the papers in the deal were being signed the capitalist looked up at the broker standing beside him and said:

"George, boyhood friendship counts for something, after all."

The other man who set an example in landbuying began his operations by securing an entire square whereon to build a twenty-story office building. The location was in what was known as the Hump District, where real estate had been dormant for years. He put up a building at a cost of over three million dollars, and in so doing inaugurated a wonderful scramble for office-building sites.

Directly across the street from this capitalist's new building was a whole square occupied by a church. The church

Probably No Other City in the World Was So Suddenly and Directly Enriched Through Industrial Consolidations as Was Pittsburgh

did not look good to the capitalist, but the ground on which it stood appealed to him; so he bought it for one million three hundred twenty-five thousand dollars. Next he bought the square directly beyond the church. In about two years he invested over ten million dollars in Pittsburgh real estate. While he was buying whole squares on one side of Grant Street, the president of a big bank, of which he was a director, was buying even more heavily on the opposite side of the street. Between them they bought nearly all the land in the neighborhood.

The bank president is still buying intermittently, but the other ceased purchasing five years or more ago. He razed the church building a year after he bought it; and all the other buildings that were in the square next to the church have been torn down, owing to the removal of the Hump whereon the properties were. They produce no income and the tax charge on them is a big item. Counting interest on the money invested in the land, ownership of those squares must be costing the capitalist close to two hundred thousand dollars a year, and he is puzzled as to how best to improve his holdings to make them pay adequately.

The same is true of the bank president. One of the uppermost questions among brokers in Pittsburgh is, What is to be done with the land holdings of these two men? The character and importance of the improvements made on the properties will have a marked influence for good or bad on land values for squares in that neighborhood.

With such heavy operators in the market, attention focused on them naturally, but all the while what Wall Street had dubbed the Pittsburgh Crowd was having its innings in the landbuying game. In that coterie buyers could be found quickly for practically any property that was for sale. By them land was bartered in just as horses and cattle usually are. The market was one big and continuous auction. Somebody would buy a property one day for one hundred fifty thousand dollars and sell it next day for two hundred thousand dollars. There would be half a dozen to a dozen such transactions reported daily and, after the three-hundred-thirty-three-dollar-a-square-foot sale, prices advanced more rapidly and generally than ever.

A Lucky Old German Investor

TO THE average landowner it mattered not that the capitalist had been forced to pay that price. The price had been paid—and who could tell but what any other property, badly wanted, would command a like figure? That was the argument landowners advanced. For a time the market ran wild. There were many more would-be buyers than would-be sellers. Brokers canvassed the business district to ascertain what properties were on the market.

A shrewd old German owned a small property next to a corner. He had bought it twenty years before for twenty-two thousand dollars. I met him one night in a street car.

"Hello!" he said in pleased surprise. "You're just the man I've been thinking about. What's the matter in Pittsburgh anyway? They're buying the whole town! Four offers I had today for my property"—holding up as many fingers—"four offers—each one bigger, one after another. You know how things look. Had I better sell?"

"What's the highest bid?" I asked.

"Two hundred thousand dollars cash; but the broker wants four thousand dollars commission," he complained.

"Give it to him," I advised as I started to leave the car.

The next day I learned he had accepted the offer; but, unfortunately for the German and for me, the buyer sold the property within two weeks for two hundred thirty thousand dollars. A few days later my German friend accosted me on the street.

"Say," he growled, "I always thought you knew something about land values! Your advice cost me thirty thousand dollars, I want you to know."

"I'm sorry," I said; "but you did not have to act on my judgment."

With a half-scowl he declared:

"You bet I'm never going to again! Know that M —— property on Diamond Street? Well, I'm going to buy it tomorrow for one hundred fifty thousand dollars."

I really pitied him. The actual value of the property was not more than one hundred thousand dollars.

"Franz," I asked him, "have you lost your mind like all the rest of them?"

"Maybe so," he answered with a grin. "It pays to be crazy these days."

It paid in his case. He bought the property and sold it within three weeks for one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. The man he sold it to borrowed a hundred thousand dollars on it. About two years ago he lost it through mortgage foreclosure.

There were many others like this German—people who sold long-owned properties at ridiculously high prices and bought anew. Some were lucky enough or wise enough to unload at still higher prices; but many retained their new holdings too long and had to sell at a loss, or are still hanging on in the hope that some day they will be able to get out even.

The millionaires and multimillionaires did not all buy wisely or sell wisely. The wealthiest of them have been able to carry their properties and will eventually get them into such shape that they will pay fair returns.

One prominent ex-speculator in business property is now the center of much wonder and admiration. He was well-to-do when the land craze caught him, and he had what many would consider a princely income from his regular business. He played the land market on the side, but plunged recklessly. By paying new high prices for all property he bought he was able to purchase on small cash payments, giving mortgages for deferred payments. He got into the game early, made numerous nice profits, and added them to his working capital. His success brought a fatal obsession. He thought the boom was destined to last indefinitely. Gradually he ceased selling for quick terms, but continued to add steadily to his ever-increasing holdings.

The panic caught him at the zenith of his operations. He held title to fully two million dollars' worth of real estate at the prices he had paid, but his actual cash investments were not half a million. In 1908 he made an assignment, but he did not lose courage. There was next to no market for real estate then, and it was a slow job to find buyers for the properties he had owned. His receiver sold them, one by one, at long intervals and at bankrupt prices.

Like a prodigal son he returned home—to his business home; and, great as his financial difficulties were, he mastered them finally and is once more on the road to wealth. To broach real-estate investments to him is like waving a red flag in the face of an enraged bull. He is proverbially affable and has a cheery smile for everybody; but he looks askance at every realty broker who approaches him. Real estate is something he will not even discuss.

Through his manliness and strict attention to business he has regained the confidence of bankers and financiers, and many of them wonder how he ever succeeded in living through the ordeal he was subjected to. They admire him for it, for they know their treatment of him in his time of trouble was none too gracious or considerate.

Soon after Andrew Carnegie's former partner began the erection of his twenty-story office building the putting up of skyscrapers became a fad. As a result Pittsburgh has a score of modern office buildings ranging in height from twelve to twenty-five stories. The buildings, exclusive of the ground they occupy, cost close to twenty-five million dollars, and fifteen of the structures have been erected since 1900.

Banks and trust companies built and occupy most of the buildings. Five are owned by individuals. The sites for nearly all these skyscrapers were bought in the midst of the land boom. This buying was another factor that aided the upward trend of land prices and helped reduce the supply of salable land.

The first office building erected by a bank was a twenty-four-story one. That blazed the trail, and as fast as possible other banks followed it. Tripping after came the trust companies, and a few venturesome individuals formed the rearguard.

They occupy the best corners in the business district and are crowded into such a limited area that they give the skyline a cramped aspect. As there is an oversupply of them rent rates in them are very low. For that reason chiefly they have depopulated old and small buildings on high-priced land and made them unremunerative. The net rent returns from the old buildings were small enough at best. Land-price inflation brought higher taxable valuations, and the resultant increased taxes completed the disastrous job the skyscrapers started.

An Epidemic of Land-Speculation

IT FOLLOWS that such a real-estate market must have been a lucrative one for brokers. Once the land-madness broke out, it overspread the city. It affected all classes. The contagion was general. The humble wage-earner, the underpaid clerk, the small shopkeeper, the physician, the attorney, the merchant and manufacturer were all emulating the banks and capitalists, so far as they were able. Everybody was dabbling in real estate.

Brokers who specialized in business property counted it a day lost if they did not each find a buyer for a fifty-thousand or a hundred-thousand dollar property between sunrise and sunset. To obtain big commissions all a man needed in those days was a real-estate brokerage license and a glib tongue. He did not have to know land or building values. Nobody bothered about them or the boom would never have occurred. Big profits were made so quickly that in some instances brokers were presented with bonuses over and above the regular rate of compensation.

Buying and selling land for others was so easy that many relinquished good and permanent positions to enter the brokerage field. Even the novices prospered amazingly. For several years in succession the older and more experienced brokers, figuratively speaking, wallowed in wealth. It was nothing to hear a real-estate man boast that he was making fifteen thousand to twenty thousand dollars a year, and the man who made but five thousand dollars a year was considered a piker.

The largest single commission ever paid to a Pittsburgh broker was sixty thousand dollars. It was for negotiating a large business property and coal-land trade. Another broker was paid forty-two thousand dollars for selling an office building in the city of New York for a Pittsburgh corporation. Still another received a fifty-thousand-dollar check for the sale of a big store, with its stock of goods, good-will, and a long lease on the property.

In some instances brokers obtained options on properties and sold them at handsome profits—often within a few days after getting control of them. It was not at all unusual for a man or a woman having five thousand or ten thousand dollars to invest to have trouble in finding a

broker who would bother with such small amounts. Of late years the average Pittsburgh broker has been only too glad to secure such customers.

With most of the fraternity it was Come easy, go easy. They spent as they made; for they, too, seemed imbued with the belief that the boom would be everlasting. They declared hard times could never recur, because the industrial trusts had business and industry under such perfect control that panics could be choked off in the making. The real-estate men, with few exceptions, were dyed-in-the-wool optimists and made no provision for the proverbial rainy day.

I have in mind one young man who used his unusual ability as a broker to the utmost advantage during the boom. In one year his commissions totaled sixty-five thousand dollars and his average yearly earnings were twenty-five thousand dollars. His was a most attractive personality. His career was meteoric and, like a falling star, he dropped from sight suddenly. His disappearance has been complete and permanent.

His name? Well, let us say it was Hitchens. Dejected and in hard luck he applied for a position with a prominent real-estate company. He gave no references other than an obscure allotment company for which he said he had been a salesman. The president of the realty company pitied him and employed him in the company's rent department at sixty dollars a month. He asked that he be paid weekly as he was without money and had an invalid wife. From time to time he would borrow a quarter or half dollar from others in the office.

One day he failed to appear. A week passed without word from him. Going to the house address Hitchens had given, his employer found the young man and his wife living in three scantily furnished attic rooms. Their larder was almost empty and Hitchens was very ill. His employer, whom we will call Brown, was a man of good heart. He gave the invalid wife fifty dollars and had Hitchens removed to a hospital. Hitchens never forgot the kindness.

His ailment proved to be typhoid fever. After two months in the hospital he returned to work. Brown paid the hospital expenses and handed Hitchens one hundred twenty dollars. Long afterward Hitchens told me that one hundred twenty dollars was like a fortune to him. Soon he repaid it, as he did the quarters and half dollars he had borrowed.

He came into the company's office an hour late one evening. Nobody was present but Brown. Producing his wallet, Hitchens counted out eleven hundred dollars. Turning to his employer he said:

"Mr. Brown, I did not cover my route today or I should have brought in over two thousand dollars. I've been at a lawyer's office since noon. Besides, I did not get home until twelve o'clock last night."

"Not in any trouble, I hope?" Brown inquired anxiously.

Hitchens smiled; and, taking a folded paper from his pocket, he handed it to Brown.

"No," he said; "I've just been closing a little real-estate deal."

When Brown unfolded the paper and glanced through it he discovered it was a duly executed agreement for the purchase of a six-hundred-thousand-dollar property.

Two weeks later, when the purchase was completed, Hitchens received a check for half of the twelve-thousand-dollar commission. Then began his career of moneymaking.

The landbuying movement was rampant and it was a dull week for Hitchens when he did not sell half a million dollars' worth of real estate. He secured as customers many of the most prominent speculators in the market. Soon they sought him instead of his seeking them. He worked early and late, joined the best clubs and hobnobbed with the wealthiest men in the city. They were all his friends and they sent their friends to him to buy or sell.

At one of the clubs Hitchens became acquainted with an up-country man of great wealth. He owned no real-estate in Pittsburgh. Hitchens decided he should. Talking glowingly about the future of a certain business property that had sold a short time before for three hundred thousand dollars, Hitchens got the old man interested in it. Earlier in the evening the old fellow had complained that he did not like the club chef's cooking; so when they were parting for the night Hitchens arranged for his new acquaintance to dine with him at a popular café the next evening.

When the two entered the café all the waiters kotowed low to Hitchens. They showed him marked attention and the old man was much impressed. Hitchens shook hands with several diners and bowed to many others. He feasted his companion lavishly. When the waiter laid the bill on the table Hitchens drew forth a big roll of banknotes, peeled a hundred-dollar one from the roll, and when the waiter returned with the change Hitchens gave him a two-dollar tip.

Lighting a cigar and handing one to his companion, Hitchens reached into his pocket and brought out a long envelope. From it he took a legal-appearing document.

"Mr. Hale," he said, "I've advised you to purchase that property. You can get it now for three hundred fifty thousand dollars. To-morrow it may cost you three hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. I want you to save that twenty-five thousand dollars. This contract of sale I have in my hand is signed by the owner of the property. It calls for one thousand dollars down, two hundred thousand dollars to be paid when the deed to you is delivered, and a mortgage for three years at five per cent for one hundred forty-nine thousand dollars. Buy the property and I'll sell it for you—by the time you get title to it—for four hundred thousand dollars."

The ex-coal operator was nonplused by the proposition.

"Why, my dear boy," he exclaimed, "I never saw that property until today! I must take time to think this matter over."

"In the real-estate market time's money these days," Hitchens told him with a laugh. "My judgment has made big profits for others. Let it make a profit for you."

(Continued on Page 69)

Confessions of an Inconstant Man

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

LADYKILLER! A woman once called me that, and the term stung terribly. I detest the characterization; and in its meaner sense I deny that I deserve it. If I heard the words applied to another man I should despise him even before I had seen him. I should expect him to wear black mustaches with waxed points, a diamond ring and flashy clothing; to use bay rum on his hair; and to carry in a convenient pocket a vial of breath-perfuming tablets.

The expression ladykiller is in itself cheap and offensive, and to me it has always implied a cheap offensiveness, not only in the killer but the killed. It suggests something quite contemptible in trousers, a cross between the Broadway masher and the cold, brutal, cigarette-smoking villain of a Drury Lane melodrama, scraping up a railroad-train acquaintance with some vapid, gum-chewing girl.

That is not my cut; I must do myself the justice to say so. And since I have volunteered to place myself before you in this guise I have a right to justice. I am no masher. I am not cheap in my tastes, my habits or my personal make-up. There is nothing of the ogler about me. Almost never have I made chance acquaintances with women. For one thing, I never have had to; for another, I am naturally backward in such matters; and for still a third, I do not enjoy the type of woman who is open to the casual advances of the strange, stray male. My attitude toward women is anything but casual. On the contrary, women—collectively and individually—have been the one passionate, absorbing interest of my life. Woman is my weakness—a confession that hurts me almost as though I wrote myself a gambler, a kleptomaniac, a drug-taker, or a drunkard.

I think of love as a game—a wonderful, changing, fascinating game; more absorbing than all the games of poker and roulette and bridge and baccarat that ever have been played; more dangerous than football, automobile racing, or flying; more engrossing than any other thing in life. It is more stimulating than champagne, and its realities may be more marvelous than the dreams induced by hashish. It is my game! The game of Love! Love and the love of Love!

I call it love; but is it that? Have I ever experienced love? Some women say I have not, but I do not believe them. I think I have loved many times. But that depends on what love is; and what love is, philosophers have never been able to determine—or, rather, each philosopher has determined for himself. If it is true that love is the permanent, fixed thing that romanticists represent it, I have never known it, for none of my loves—call them attachments if you will—have endured.

I Felt Foolish About It; But One Must Oblige a Lady

It always amuses me to hear women called variable, for no woman I have known has been so variable as myself. The woman almost always keeps on loving after the man has stopped. That is one of woman's many hardships. She does not start to love so quickly as the man; but, once started, her momentum is terrible. Man teaches her the game and she presently becomes a player more insatiable than he ever dreamed of being; or, to use another metaphor, her love, beginning like mellow moonlight, develops into cloudbursts and tornadoes. I have known but one woman who was ready to stop when I was. She was a strange, clever creature. We talked it over at the end. She denied that inconstancy was a trait of either sex, but considered it a matter of temperament. She was accustomed to tiring of men before they tired of her; but I have never met another woman who was like that. Almost always the tears shed at the death of love are a woman's tears.

I was a wholesome boy. I fought, fell out of trees, and had a deep-seated contempt for girls. The bane of my childish existence was my curly hair. I used to soak it in water every morning—then try desperately to brush it flat; but that only made it worse. It would not stop curling, and the next best thing was to keep it clipped short. I suppose no boy ever submitted to the barber so willingly as I; for, though I had the normal boy's hatred of a haircut, I had an even greater hatred of my hair. As a small boy I used to weep when teased about my curls, and even at sixteen the mention of them made me furious.

Our next-door neighbor was a widow—a young widow I should call her now, though at that time I thought her very old. I felt toward her as a boy feels toward a nice aunt who always has a stock of chocolate cake on hand. Mrs. Van Ness—that was her name—was the first person who spoke to me about my hair without

rousing me to rage. She knew I was sensitive about it and tried to console me by saying she wished her hair curled like mine. That did not console me, but I recognized the kind intention. I did not believe her when she insisted that I would be glad I had such hair some day. Nevertheless it came true.

When I wanted a piece of cake I used to climb the fence that separated our yard from hers, walk into her house by the side door, and call to her. Then she would come downstairs smiling, get the cake, cut me a great slice, and give me a footstool to sit on, while she sat on a chair beside me and watched me eat. She was always smiling, and sometimes she would run her hand through my hair in a playful sort of way. I hardly noticed it at the time, but a few years later I came to know that women like to do that. There is something about my hair that makes them want to get their fingers in it. They like to get hold of a lock and pull a little too.

Perhaps because my own hair is curly, I have never shared the common idea that curly or wavy hair is lovely on a woman's head. Curls do not captivate me. I see the beauty of them, but to me it is entirely an abstract beauty. And, on the contrary, there is something that appeals to me enormously about straight hair in slight disorder. I like to see it coming down, a little, at the sides and blowing against a cheek. Our tastes are strange things! The four women I have loved most have had straight hair which was not easily kept in place.

On the other side of our house lived the Archer family. Mrs. Archer used to complain of me to my parents, but her daughter Alice liked me. Alice was twenty-two or twenty-three when I was sixteen. She was very slim and pretty, with straight auburn hair and large gray-blue eyes, the lids of which drooped a little over the eyeballs. I have always liked lids that drooped.

Alice was a mankiller. She had an enormous train of admirers of all ages, and they all hated one another. She was the first person who ever called me a man, which pleased me much; also, she was the first girl I ever kissed, which did not please me so much.

She used to talk to me a great deal about kissing and I used to find the topic dull. There was a story she used to like to tell me—about her lying asleep in a hammock at a house party in the country, and waking up to find a man who had been attentive to her kissing her. She said she was terribly frightened, for she had never been kissed like that before. If the story was intended to suggest to me a similar form of enterprise it failed of its purpose. I recall it only because it struck me as so silly. Why should she be afraid of being kissed?

Alice must have thought me unimaginative, for I remember that at last she requested me to kiss her. I felt foolish about it; but one must oblige a lady. Finally, however, she did not have to ask me any more. I developed so much initiative in the matter of kissing Alice that my mother—who, with her woman's eyes, probably saw through the girl—began to worry because I spent so much time at the Archers' house. She used to ask me if I was sure that Alice was really a nice girl. I was sure—oh, very sure!—so sure that my mother must have doubted more than ever.

Alice was slight and I was a large boy for my age. She used to sit in my lap and kiss me. But one day her brother, two years my junior, happened to look in and see us. He immediately began to dance up and down, pointing at us and yelling a ribald song of his own invention, the words of which consisted of innumerable repetitions of the line: "Freddy's kissing Al-liss!"

I Have Said I Never Meant to Marry

Frantic with rage and mortification, I rid my lap of Alice in an instant, and in another captured the objectionable member of her family. I put him down squealing upon the floor and assured him that if he ever spoke of the matter, either to me or to any one else, his life should be the forfeit. I must have convinced him, for I heard no more about it.

The shame of this episode destroyed my taste for Alice and her kisses. When I met her she used to look at me beneath her drooping lids and charge me with inconstancy. Embarrassed, I tried the more to avoid her; but one afternoon she called me into her house and cornered me. It was my first experience of the kind. Why had I stopped coming to see her? Had I stopped caring for her? Why had I made her care for me and then neglected her? At first I stood aghast; then I tried to make it up to her with kisses. But the kisses were cold; she said they were not the same, and kept harping upon my delinquency until, becoming irritated, I cried:

"It is true! I am tired of kissing you. I am sorry I ever did kiss you! Kissing makes me sick!"

At that she stormed, wept and finally slapped my face. I left the house amazed, perplexed and ashamed. When I met her—after that—she would give me a curt nod, and the cheek she had struck would glow hot again. I was glad when, a little later, I went away to college. Alice Archer was a type. It amuses me today to think that I chanced to have a little bit the best of her. Few men did. She not only introduced the youth of our neighborhood to the art of osculation—a fact I have since discovered by comparing notes—but she jilted men right and left. She had enough fraternity pins to stock a jewelry shop.

When I came home a year later she was engaged. That was nothing unusual in itself; but it "took." She married him—a large, middle-aged man, who was in the coal business in another city and dressed appropriately in black. That was fourteen years ago. I have never seen her since; but I hear through friends that she has several children and is painfully circumspect. She is within short range of forty now, while I am thirty-one. I do not wish to see her—and probably I never shall.

As a freshman and a sophomore I saw but little of girls; but in my junior year I made the glee club and the baseball team, and began to go out a good deal. My "fussing"—that was the term we used—was, however, scattered. I knew a lot of girls and liked them all. And so it was, also, in the first half of my senior year. But I was not destined to get through my college course unscathed.

In the early spring the wife of one of the younger professors had a sister come to visit her. She was a Southern girl; I had met few girls from the South, and the type fascinated me. Later experience has taught me that Virginia—she was named for her native state—was indeed a rare example of her kind. To this day I can hear her mellow, drawling intonation as she spoke of "you-all," or of shutting the "doe," or passing the "peppah." I used to invent ways of leading her to mention doors and pepper, and other things containing r's, for the delight I took in her pronunciation.

She was a tall, slender, graceful, lazy thing, with the mellowest dark eyes I ever looked into—except, perhaps, one other pair. And I have yet to meet a better dancer. Her arrival at a ball was signaled by a rush of men to the doorway in which she appeared. While they squabbled over her card she would stand there like a glorious young princess who, unconscious of her own charm, was amazed at masculine bickerings over such little things as dances.

Virginia liked me. I used to take her to all the hops. I began by being charmed with her, presently became proud of her, and at last could not think of any one or anything else. I was fairly maudlin over her. I wrote her slushy verses, which she admired. If I saw her so much as walking along the street with one of the other fellows, whom she had chanced to encounter, I was furious. And when she went with her sister to some party to which I had not been invited I used to go and walk by the house where she was, in a torment of jealousy. All of which was very foolish, since Virginia, though a Southern girl and a beauty, was not a flirt. She was too genuinely kind to wish to make men suffer. Their performances over her caused her something like distress. She could not understand why the "big sillies" insisted on acting so absurdly.

Virginia, Though a Beauty, Was Not a Flirt

Ere long I formed the habit of walking past her house each night and whistling a few notes of the Valkyries' call, which served as our call too. Alas! I have whistled it many times, in many places, and for many girls; but never have I known again in such completeness the strange, exultant palpitations that ran through me when, at the sound of my whistling, the light would die suddenly in Virginia's bedroom windows and a shade would go up in silent answer.

Oh, Virginia! Virginia! You girl of long ago! Even today my heart beats faster at the thought of you! Others may come and go, but in my memory there is a little shrine that is yours and always will be yours; for you were my first love. . . . Have you a little shrine for me, I wonder? Do you remember, as I do, every look and word that passed between us? Do you remember the open-air dance at the Country Club on a mild May evening years ago? Do you remember the Chinese lanterns, and the music, and the moon, and the dances that—not without some slight contrition—you cut to sit with me? Do you remember the little bench in the shadow of the shrubbery? Do you remember the scent of the syringas? . . .

Virginia! I have smelled syringas many times since then, and candor compels me to admit that they have done things to me; but I have been true to you in this: the scent of the syringa never fails to bring to me a poignant picture of you as you were that night—in your soft white gown and with the strange, radiant look in your dark eyes. I had never seen a woman's eyes like that before. Could it mean—could it mean, I asked myself, what my quivering senses told me it meant? Could it be that your eyes were answering the call of mine? Could it be? . . .

Virginia! It could! We found that out together—didn't we? But for that light within your eyes I could not have made bold to kiss you! And you were going away so soon—I could not bear to lose you! Oh, Virginia! Those kisses! Were ever kisses yielded with such gentle maiden sweetness? Your arms were at your sides at first; but presently I felt your right hand creeping, creeping up along my coatsleeve. It found its way up to my shoulder, and presently I felt your soft white arm about my neck. You didn't know your arm was there, Virginia, so natural was the action; but presently, when you found out, you left it there, while we were journeying in the Elysian Fields, with the sweetness of syringas everywhere. And I remember that you laughed your low, sweet laugh, and told me that you had put your arm about my neck to hold me, lest I run away from you.

We didn't know, Virginia, that it would never be like that again!

You wore my pin when you went away. As we stood on the station platform and said good-by, I looked at it and envied it as it rose and fell with each breath. For it was going with you. Did you feel what I was feeling? I never felt like that before. Never before had I known the

tragedy of parting with a beloved woman. . . . Our hands quivered as we pressed them together. You moved into the car. We tried to smile at each other through the window as our last gaze was broken. Then you were gone, and I felt suddenly that my heart was like an urn aleak—that all which was worth while in life was running out of it like fluid, leaving it an empty shell, cracked and useless.

Then there followed burning letters—great thick ones—coming and going every day. I used to write to you on sheets of composition paper, because the broad expanse of them seemed to allow more room in which to tell you all I had to tell—the lover's all, that takes so many thousand words to say the three: "I love you!" Oh, the paper and the postage stamps we used, Virginia! Oh, the eagerness with which I waited for the morning mail! And now and then, when your letter failed to come in the first post, with what wild agitation I awaited the next delivery! Only three times, Virginia, a whole day dragged away without my having heard from you; and each of those three days was like a year of torture!

How young we were! We thought it would last forever; but nothing lasts forever! Have you found that out, Virginia? I hope you have not, for it is a truth the discovery of which—like the discovery of many other truths—brings only discontent. It is our illusions that make us happy. Love need not endure; we only need imagine it to be enduring.

Love elevates the lovers. They are creating perfect beauty, and all who create beauty experience something like genius. The closest an ordinary mortal gets to genius is when he is in love. He is, for the time, a creative artist; and the creative artist—whether he makes temples, statues, paintings, books, songs, or only love—yearns, above all, for the permanence of his work. There is something of his soul in it, and he believes in its immortality as he believes in the immortality of his soul—with infinite passion.

The walls along the Appian Way are chinked with fragments of Rome's sculptures; the greatest temples that the world has known are ruins now; the painter's wood and canvas panels rot; the paper upon which poet and musician write their songs crumbles to dust; but love—love is less enduring than the least of these. Love's beauty is made up of sighs, tears, kisses, quivering embraces, passionate whisperings—things supremely exquisite in the moment of their being, yet of less stability and permanence than mist which blows in from the sea.

For my part I believe that love, least stable of created beauties, is the most beautiful of all. There is something in its very frailty that imparts to it an added glory. What fabrics so fine as those golden gauzes the ancients called "woven air"? What bird so exquisite as the humming bird? What flower so fair as the frail morning glory?

Compared with a lover's kiss, a rose is a gross, red, permanent thing. No love, however remarkable, can attain the age of an old, thorny rosebush. . . . I try not to be sorry.

Virginia, when you found that I had ceased to care for you it hurt you for a little while. You returned my pin and other pathetic souvenirs. Yet very soon you, too, ceased to care; for within the year I had your wedding cards. Is it not well that love proved transitory?

Let me admit, Virginia, by way of belated reparation, that your successor was not worthy of you; but you were gone—and what can a man do? He cannot live on letters—even long, sweet letters, such as yours were. He must have eyes to gaze at, hands to hold and lips to kiss.

Summer came. I graduated, said good-by to college and went home. Part of the summer passed and still I thought of you. Then at a house party I met a girl named Gwendolyn. I suppose I thought I loved her. She made me curious—and a man will often mistake for love his curiosity about a woman. Or, indeed, I think his curiosity may lead to love.

I had never known a woman of her type before, yet something tells me Gwendolyn had known a lot of men like me. She was short and round and chirping, like some well-fed, saucy little bird. Even her motions were quick and jaunty, like those of a bird. She would cock her head to one side and look at me with her bright eyes, and laugh her twittering laugh, until it seemed to me that if I clapped my hands she would take wing.

It pleased her to be likened to a bird. She had cultivated fluttering, chirping ways until they had become a part of her. Her physical and mental make-up were opposed, for she had brains; but a woman cannot, as a rule, afford to let the mental part of her obtain the upper hand. She must live up or down to her appearance. Gwendolyn looked cute. But brains are not cute; so Gwendolyn suppressed her brains—unless she needed them.

From jesting with her about birdseed and chickweed I progressed to the pastime of holding up my finger like a perch; whereat she would clasp it with her little "claws" and chirp, for all the world like a canary. It was a silly summer fancy, but it brought our hands together.

I am six feet tall and Gwendolyn was under five. In her, for the first time, I realized the peculiar attraction that little women often exercise upon large men. I was charmed with her minuteness as with some fascinating little figurine—some breathing, talking, chirping doll, which one could take up and slip into a pocket. Another charm of little women is the suggestion of helplessness there is about them. Helplessness appeals to men; for men—superbly unaware of their own need of protection—have a strange desire to protect attractive little creatures of the other sex. I wished to protect Gwendolyn, and presently I did—her waist with my arm; her lips with mine. By moonlight, in the hammock, I told her that I loved her. That fact is stamped indelibly upon my memory by all that followed.

I Tried to Speak; But Something Had Happened to My Vocal Cords

Though Gwendolyn lived in the city that was my home, her house and ours were miles apart. Our home was in the older residential part of town, hers in a suburb to which the city had grown. Hence it happened that I had never met her before.

When the house party broke up we returned to the city upon the same train. Before going to my home I escorted her to hers, and on the way there she told me something of her father and mother the former was in the piano business and traveled a great deal; the latter was "sort of funny," but "a perfect dear when you understood her."

Gwendolyn's mother came rushing down the front steps to meet her, flung her arms round her and kissed her repeatedly. Then Gwendolyn introduced me. Her mother greeted me with a strange, gushing cordiality that half-stunned me. She had a large mouth, talked a great deal, laughed unnecessarily at intervals, and was always working at something with her nervous, tired-looking hands. When she mentioned her husband she referred to him as Mr. L.

The parlor of the cottage was furnished in green and mahogany. The wallpaper, rugs, portières and upholstery were all green, but of slightly different shades. The furniture was very highly polished. Everything looked very new; I had the feeling that some one had recently discovered "taste." A large, gilded metal lamp, with a shade of varicolored glass, looked like a relic of an earlier era; so did the "genuine water colors" on the walls. New carbon prints of Old Masters would have gone more suitably with the green and mahogany. A small bookcase was filled with popular novels; and on the table near the bay window reposed somewhat consciously a large Shakspere, with heavily embossed covers; Lucile, in white kid; and the Rubaiyat, in one of those "cultured" limp leather bindings that used to be fashionable.

Gwendolyn was an only child. In retrospect I realize the pathos of her mother's idolatrous devotion to the girl. They kept one colored maid, who did the housework; the mother was like a private lady's maid to Gwendolyn. She brought her her breakfast in bed every morning, sewed for her all day, arranged parties for her, made many of her gowns—and went shabby in order that her daughter might have an elaborate wardrobe.

One day my mother said she thought she ought to call on Gwendolyn's mother. Somehow I did not want her to. Nevertheless she went. I was a little nervous when I met her that evening. She did not mention the call. Finally I asked about it.

"Yes," she said; "I called there this afternoon."

"Did you like them?"

She replied that Gwendolyn was very pretty and that her mother seemed a kind, generous woman, and devoted to her daughter. That was my mother's way—to say such pleasant things as she could. I began to interrogate her further. At last, when cornered, she laid a hand upon my shoulder and asked:

"Has it struck you, Fred, that they are just the least bit—ordinary?"

I had known that would be her criticism; but, because it was the truth, I denied it vehemently. Gwendolyn, I insisted, was just as—just as—well, she was just like any of the other girls we knew. As for her mother, she was an openhearted woman! Was it her fault if she had not had all the advantages we enjoyed? Was it her fault if she was not so well-off as we were?

So, in my defense of Gwendolyn, I tried to make my mother out a snob; but all the time I knew she was far from being one, and that what she had said was merely just. . . . The justice of a parent can be so irritating though! I spoke of Gwendolyn as seldom as possible to my mother after that, but I continued to make pilgrimages several nights a week to her house.

After greeting me on my arrival, Gwendolyn's mother used to withdraw to the sitting room, back of the parlor, and settle down with her embroidery or her evening paper. There were no doors between the rooms—only the green portières. Now and then we could hear the newspaper crackle as she turned a page—and sometimes, I remember, I heard a long-drawn sigh.

The proximity of the chaperon used to embarrass me at first, but by degrees I came to understand that I might trust her; she would not go away to bed as I wished her to, but, on the other hand, neither would she descend upon us. When I had grasped this fact, the thought of Gwendolyn's mother being close at hand only contributed to my visits a spice of adventure. Gwendolyn's hair had a way of tumbling down about her shoulders on very little provocation, and her eyes would take a look that proclaimed as plainly as though the words were spoken: "I have been kissed!"

Looking back upon those days, I am struck by the fact that I remember almost nothing that Gwendolyn ever said. I only remember how she used to kiss—that we would

sit there in the dimly lighted parlor; and that oftentimes we would not speak for an hour at a time. Occasionally the newspaper would rattle in the other room. It is curious to speculate on what was in the mother's mind as she sat there and heard nothing!

In the autumn I went to work for the corporation of which my father was an officer. The salary at which I started paid for my clothing and a few cabs and flowers. The business interested me intensely; it continues to interest me today. I have been in it eleven years now and have been quite successful; but the fact remains that women have always been the foremost interest of my life. Business takes a second place.

At one of the dances to which I took Gwendolyn I met a girl I had known as a child. I remembered her as a little redhead who moved away to another city. Now she was a woman possessed of that glorious combination of lustrous white skin, green eyes and copper-colored hair, which one sees oftener in the canvases of Henner than in actuality. She wore a very simple white dress with a fichu and a sea-green scarf; and there was something exquisitely old-fashioned about her appearance, which made me think of the heroines of romantic novels of the Civil War.

She remembered me; and in recognition of our earlier acquaintance we called each other Fred and Sallie from the start. I could not keep my eyes off Sallie now. Beauty always delights me and I dread the day when it shall cease to do so. Once, when I was dancing with Gwendolyn, I called her attention to the picture Sallie made as she leaned against a column. "Yes," said Gwendolyn. "What a pity she doesn't know how to dress!"

I was surprised, for it seemed to me that Sallie's gown was perfect. Furthermore, it was quite evident that other men besides myself found Sallie very lovely.

I had two dances with her. As I went to take the first one, two men were leaning over her in adoring attitudes, one at each side; and the thought came to me that Sallie was certainly inured by this time to compliments upon a matter so obvious as her beauty. I determined not to mention it to her; and some little devil inside me laughed and said: "Talk about her brains instead!"

We talked a little of old times at first. It was very pleasant. Sallie danced well. She was not stupid; neither was she brilliant. When we sat down my little devil whispered to me again—and I obeyed him. After regarding her for a time with a look I attempted to make very deep and baffling, I said to her:

"You are a very clever woman, aren't you?"

Her face lit up at once with interest. It was not what she had expected. It was nothing about skin or eyes or hair.

"What makes you think so?" she asked.

I continued to regard her closely—it was not hard to do so. After waiting for a time she repeated her question. I paused a little longer before answering. Then I said:

"I can't be sure—I think it is something in the expression of your eyes."

Clearly Sallie had never before been charged with vast intelligence. The idea was novel to her and engaging. She wanted to hear more about it. What was it about her eyes? A look? But what kind of a look? . . . Then the orchestra struck up and another man claimed Sallie.

Later, when it came my turn to dance with her again, she suggested that we sit and talk.

"I meet so few men at dances that I can enjoy talking with—they all want to talk nonsense! Now tell me: What made you say that—about my being clever?"

"Wasn't I right?" I answered her with a question.

"Yes—I don't know—perhaps. But how did you find out?"

Quite unconsciously she took hold of my lapel. Just then I chanced to see Gwendolyn dance by. She did not look precisely pleased. I didn't care. My little devil had taught me a new game—it fascinated me. It also fascinated Sallie. I talked vaguely about eyes; about strange expressions that come into them when two sympathetic people meet—expressions the common run of people do not read at all, yet which are as clear as print to those who know. Sallie gave me rapt attention; she nodded every little while. We went out on the porch; and in pursuit of the fascinating topic of Sally's mentality, as indicated in her wonderful green eyes, we cut the dance that followed. I do not know who Sallie's partner should have been; but presently it was made extremely clear to me that I had slighted Gwendolyn.

In the carriage, going home, she wept. Even to this day, accustomed as I am to women's tears, they fairly melt me. Her tears were like a summer rain upon my shoulder. I kissed her—and presently the sun came out again.

"Will you always want to kiss me?" she whispered. "Always?"

There is but one answer to such a question. Poetic license, perhaps, excuses its untruth:

"Yes, of course, dear!"

"Even long after we are married?"

Married! The word struck me like a blow in the face! I had never spoken to Gwendolyn or any other girl of marriage! Love? Yes, of course! But marriage? I thought of marriage as some vague, distant thing—a faint possibility of the remote future—like a trip round the world in a private yacht or a love affair with a Russian princess. . . .

From my shoulder I heard Gwendolyn's cooing voice once more:

"Long, long after we are married? When we're old?"

There Was Always Something Pathetic About Maud

I do not know what I answered, but I do know what I thought. I thought two things—that I should never marry any woman; and that I should never fail to make that statement in future to the women in whom I found myself becoming interested. I have adhered to both those resolutions. No woman could be happy as my wife.

From the time that Gwendolyn spoke of marriage I began to wish to get away from her.

The habits we form in love affairs are like our other habits—easy to drift into, hard to break. It had become my custom to dine at Gwendolyn's at one o'clock each Sunday. And now there loomed ahead a Sunday when I should not wish to go. Not only had the word marriage frightened me, but Gwendolyn's cute ways and baby talk were beginning to grow tiresome. Furthermore, I had been invited to Sunday dinner at Sallie's. I was less adept then than I am now in those convenient social lies that our relations with our fellow beings make necessary; and I fear my note to Gwendolyn must have sounded vague and unsatisfactory. In it I told her I would come, instead, on Monday evening.

I remember I wore my new frock coat and silk hat the day I dined at Sallie's. In the setting of her own home she looked even lovelier than she had at the dance; her parents, too, were attractive—rather young parents, wholesome and friendly. We had a good time at table, and before long I caught myself comparing this girl and her surroundings with Gwendolyn and hers. I knew that when my mother called on Sallie's mother she would not be critical, for these were gentlefolk.

On Monday, as the time for my call on Gwendolyn drew nearer, I dreaded more and more the thought of seeing her; for I had a strong intuition that I should be called upon for explanations. Finally, at about six o'clock, I yielded to a sudden impulse and telephoned her that I had to work late at the office and could not come until the next evening. Her voice sounded sad. I cut our talk as short as I could and hung up the receiver with a feeling such as I imagine married men must have when they telephone lies to their wives and go out to amuse themselves.

Then, having nothing to do, I went again to Sallie's. We had lemonade and cake, and she played and sang for me. Some of her songs were sentimental; and when she stopped singing we talked in modulated tones about how strange it was that two people should single each other out from among a crowd and become "friends"—you know the kind of talk I mean.

Sallie's nature was one of the simplest and most genuine I have ever known. Her beauty was not merely physical. Her soft white skin seemed somehow to express a womanly tenderness she had; and I have never seen eyes that more truly reflected a sweet spirit. Green eyes are supposed to stand for jealousy and for the feline qualities in woman; but, though Sallie's were green, there was nothing in them but a calm, beautiful gentleness.

After she had sung for a while she told me about a trip she had taken the year before to Japan, and showed me an album of colored photographs she had brought home with her. It had heavy lacquered covers, and we sat close together on the window-seat, holding it on our laps as we slowly turned the pages. Sitting there beside her, I became conscious of a very faint, delicate scent about her, like the fragrance of spring flowers wafted in through an open window.

The propinquity, the scent, the charm of Sallie, drove Gwendolyn from my mind as completely as though she had never existed. I was strongly aware of only one fact—that I wished to see Sallie often. And presently I heard myself inviting her to the fortnightly dance at the club.

She accepted; then suddenly I thought of Gwendolyn and what I had taught her to expect of me. I had been taking her to all the dances. This would be awkward!

Throughout the next day I continued to reflect upon the dilemma into which I had gotten myself. I should have liked to telephone and postpone my call for the third time—but that would not do; there was nothing for it when evening came but to go.

Gwendolyn's mother opened the front door. She greeted me bruskly. Gwendolyn was not in the parlor. I sat there, very uneasy, for a quarter of an hour before she came in, looking very sweet and pretty in a new evening gown.

I spoke about the gown and she tried to answer in a natural way; but there was something strained between us. We found conversation difficult, and I remember wondering what we had ever talked about. Now and then I heard the crackle of her mother's newspaper in the next room, and that disturbed me too.

After struggling along for an hour we fell silent. Gwendolyn rose, moved over to the window and, holding back the lace curtain, gazed out abstractedly at the shadowy street. Again I felt a strong desire to comfort her. I crossed the room and standing beside her placed my hand upon her shoulder. I felt her shiver as I laid it there.

Presently she turned with a quick movement and, taking hold of both my lapels, looked up into my face with an expression that a week before I would have found irresistible.

"Tell me something ——" she began; but there she faltered.

"What, dear?" I asked uneasily.

"There's something wrong!" she brought out, watching my face intently.

"Nonsense!" I dared not tell the truth; yet my lie was not convincing—and I knew it.

"Have I done anything to offend you?" she persisted.

"Of course not!" I patted her shoulder.

"Do you still care for me?"

"Certainly."

"As much as you used to?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

She gave a deep sigh and turned away, saying:

"Oh, I don't know! I don't understand what it is ——"

I felt very guilty—guilty of what I could not help—and very sorry for her. I took her in my arms and kissed her. She drank my kisses eagerly. Then suddenly I felt her

(Continued on Page 60)

She Will Look at Me Over the Tops of the Blooms and Thank Me

TIN COWRIE DASS

The Dog's Brother—By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Swaying Forward and Forward in Silence to the North

V

THE red coal sputtered in the dark corner farthest from the door. Tin Cowrie Dass rushed headlong for it. Quick as he was, however, the young Englishman came treading on his heels. Both men stooped together. It was our friend who burned his fingers, who plucked the fuse and crushed the spark.

"Well done," said Weatherby Sahib calmly. "Bring that bomb outdoors, will you?"

They climbed from the cellar into blinding noonday. No outcry had risen, the sahib had not raised his voice, yet men by the dozen, both white and brown, appeared to spring from nowhere and surround them.

"Obsolete old contrivance," declared Weatherby Sahib.

His blue eyes cast only a glance—a cool, critical glance—at the thing our friend had brought outdoors. It was one-half of the wicker basket, containing a fat, egg-shaped bundle of tarred rags tightly bound.

"Powder. Very antique. Not our dear picric at all. Who sent this?"

Our friend gave a clear narrative in three sentences. Weatherby's blond mustache worked humorously.

"Good," said he. Turning to the excited listeners, he gave orders: "Here, you go collar Ram Deb Nath—if you can. Bhima, you know all those Beadon Square blighters. Take the big motor for Sealdah, head off Krishnamurthi—youngster they call the Angry Parrot. You, Mac, go hop into the same car, but look for a tall, pale man in gold lamps. That's the lecturing Johnny you saw last Wednesday night. Understood? Off you go! Hammond, collect the passes from the gatemen and bring 'em here, please. One was forged."

Off they went, the crowd as a whole dispersing into the shrubbery at a wave of the young man's hand.

"Now, you." His blue eyes—light blue in a sunburnt face—pierced our friend. "You're a good sort, I fancy, to pinch less than half an inch of fuse. Go toss that bomb into the tank, then wait here. I'll trust you to wait till I return."

Our friend behaved exactly as he was bid.

"This Weatherby is a man," he reflected while he stood waiting alone. "It is a queer world. Weatherby, who knows everything, will hang me for a murderer. *Achcha.* I do not move to run."

He felt none the less tempted, strongly tempted, to leave that position of trust. For a good quarter of an hour he waited there in the hot path by the cellar door. Then he saw Weatherby Sahib turn the corner of the great stone house and beckon him.

"Come along," drawled the young officer. "You have some reason to be proud. His Excel—the chief person here wishes to thank you."

They went round the house. Our friend mounted the front veranda and followed Weatherby's careless guidance through hall after shadowy hall, where red-coated servants bent to give them both salaam. At last they entered a bare cool room in which, upon a rattan lounge, dictating words to a white scrivener who wrote fast, there lay a very tired gentleman.

"Sir," said Weatherby.

The gentleman rose, tired in every limb. He had fine red cheeks, nevertheless, and wonderful, patient eyes. His clothing was plain, but as he came a step or two forward our friend knew him for a great lord indeed.

"It seems I am indebted to you."

This gentleman used the vernacular in a voice which, though pleasant and casual, carried all the deeper meaning.

"What is your name, that I may remember you?"

Our friend felt a horrid shame.

"Sir," he answered, faltering at first, then drawing up his head, "I have no name in the world as it goes now. Disgrace is common to all. Men call me nothing but Tin Cowrie Dass."

The weary gentleman smiled.

"Life is common," he answered. "I owe you nothing but a life, Tin Cowrie Dass. I can only thank you."

He turned.

"My dear Captain Weatherby, will you keep a good eye on Tin Cowrie Dass? I hope you will see that he is not overlooked."

Tin Cowrie Dass knew the audience was at an end, bowed and withdrew, following the policeman Weatherby like a captive. A proud captive, he held his head loftily.

They had not gone far when a messenger—some British underling, whose manner was stiff and crusty as gold braid—came hurrying to recall them.

"Will you come back a moment, please?"

Tin Cowrie Dass marched into the cool room again. There the great lord was lying on the rattan lounge, dictating to the scribe as before; but he looked up with eyes that twinkled gravely.

"Tin Cowrie Dass," he said, "what should be done with a murderer?"

"I, my lord?" Our friend kept his wits. "A murderer? Do you mean me?"

"Yes, you," replied the mighty one. "I mean this: What should you do with a man like your Krishnamurthi, who has tried to blow us up, along with this hospitable house?"

"Oh!" Tin Cowrie concealed a very natural relief. "Krishnamurthi? He is not a man, sir. Krishnamurthi reads too much bad news in the papers, and would believe everything that men say howling in the street. I would let Krishnamurthi go, sir. Send him home where he was born, bind him to the village tree, and hang round his neck a board declaring: 'Look, here's the boy who talked so fast he thought he could govern India.' All his friends would laugh at that, and his father stop giving money. Cowface is but a rich young fool. His brains are full of butter."

"If You Die Nobody's to Blame But Yourself"

The great lord laughed upon his couch.

"Thank you," he said. "Capital advice. You may go."

Again, making obeisance, Tin Cowrie Dass withdrew. Outdoors and round the house Weatherby took him back to the cellar door.

"Sit down," commanded the young Englishman.

They sat on the stone well of the stairs, facing each other and letting their legs hang comfortably. The sahib lighted a cigarette, flipped another across to his prisoner, and began:

"So I'm to call you Tin Cowrie Dass. Matches? Here. Sorry you have no real name. Your face is Northern; so is your way of talking—and acting. What do you do for a livelihood?"

"Sir, I have nothing to do."

Weatherby smoked in silence.

"Well," he proposed abruptly, "how'd you like the police?"

Our friend lighted his cigarette with deliberate care. It had a shining gold tip. He studied that for a time, then looked up and across, meeting his guardian openly.

"I will not lie, sir," he replied. "A great trouble came upon me. If the police find ——"

Weatherby raised a quick hand and cut off the confession. Weatherby's blue eyes pierced him again.

"Not now," said Weatherby. "I don't care a rap about your giddy old past. We're dealing in the future. Today, anyhow, you wiped the record clean. Do you want a good job—hard work, for I'll be your master, and pay according?"

Tin Cowrie Dass sat thinking deeply. The gilded cigarette went smoldering to waste between his fingers while his eyes dwelt far away. He recalled the blaze of an island in the Sundarbans, and a lone kite whistling overhead, and a lone man borrowing pieces of silver from nobody. He woke slowly out of that dream.

"Yes," came his answer, "I will do hard work for you. But first there is a debt to pay. I must have an advance of two hundred rupees."

Weatherby Sahib stood up with an angry gesture.

"You're a cool hand," he snapped. "Rather disappointing, for I liked your looks. Rather too cool a hand."

Tin Cowrie Dass rose also.

"No!" he cried. "No, no, sir! I am trying to be honest. The—what you call—the record would not be clean. I do not ask for myself."

It became Weatherby's turn to think. His sunburnt face gradually brightened. He gave an impatient grunt of decision, pulled from his breast pocket a narrow book, wrote a few lines and tore off the written page.

"Here," he said lightly. "It's a go. Carry that check to the bank in Dalhousie Square. Get your money and have your fling. But"—the blue eyes hardened suddenly and the pleasant voice altered—"be sure you report for duty afterward. Meet me at eight o'clock this evening in the billiard room of the Grand. I happen to be giving you a pretty long rope."

Tin Cowrie Dass took the paper with a profound bow. His heart swelled with pride and hope within him.

"Weatherby Sahib," he declared, "you are now my master. You speak of a rope. If ever you hang me, you would do it fairly."

"Of course I would," Weatherby laughed. "Eight o'clock sharp."

Before closing time, into a somber bank that frowned over gardens toward the Black Hole there came one of the merriest young Mohammedans alive.

"If you please, sir," he said to the clerk behind the counter and then laid down his master's check, "let me buy a draft for that amount payable to Mowatt Sahib."

The clerk scowled. "Who's Mowatt?" he inquired bitterly.

Tin Cowrie smiled at the rebuff.

"This clerk has a peevish liver," he reflected. "This clerk is not a great gentleman like—like those whom I have met today." Then aloud he gave the full explanation. "Mowatt Sahib, sir, governs the bank at Chotaganj." And he named that up-country town where he had killed the peon.

"Humph!" growled the clerk, but wrote. "Here you are."

Tin Cowrie thanked the fellow sweetly, took his draft, went to a desk, and composed a glorious letter:

Mowatt Sahib:

Herewith find Rs. 200. Money belonging to Sarkajian Brothers. Tell them the rest of their box of silver lies buried in the Sundarbans, 5000 paces from Sweet-Water Ghât due east under the forked stump of a tree all alone.

Best Regard.

Sealing this letter, he carried it out to the post office.

"There!" he sighed. "A clean start. 'Credit is better than money.' Now let us go hear brass horns play in the Eden, and see those little English children hop like sickly goats upon the lawn."

He did so with great content. When twilight fell he walked among the cool trees of the Maidan, watching the lamps begin to sparkle behind green leaves, and Outram's immortal shadow rein his horse to turn upon a grassplat under the stars.

"It is good," he thought, "to be a part of all this."

Clocks began to strike eight as he entered the appointed room and modestly ranged himself by the wall among the billiard markers. A cavernous place, this room was, full of soft low light. Bending across one of many green tables his master harried little clicking balls with a magic wand. Near by two young jute-brokers watched him enviously, forgetting their own game.

"What does the chap do?" asked one of this pair. "Continually running across him—Witherspoon, Wuthering, some such name."

"Do? Does nothing, lucky dog!" said the other. "One of those loafers—you know the kind—always on deck. Chucked up the army, I daresay. Remittance. Toils not, the gilded *suar*, and neither does he care."

Tin Cowrie smiled behind his hand.

"My master knows how to cover his footprints also," he meditated. "To be seen always, yet always hidden. Conjurer's wisdom. An excellent master."

Weatherby's yellow head rose from under the billiard lamps. He glanced about that cavern of misspent youth, saw his man, nodded approval, and came strolling past the tables, cue in hand.

"I wanted to see you, Hazrat," he called, blandly giving our friend another false name. "It wasn't eggs I ordered from you, but polo balls. The last lot cracked before we swung at 'em. Come over here to the window. Can't you find a bamboo root nowadays that will bear turning?"

By the window, where all was dark and private, he became another man.

"Ready for work?" he said in a low voice. "Thanks to you we caught the bomb crowd this afternoon. Ready?"

"For anything. You are my master."

Weatherby shook his head.

"None of that," he rejoined. "I'm no master of yours, except when we're alone. You have sold me a few polo balls, beyond which you know nothing about me. Is that understood?"

Tin Cowrie grinned with delight.

"I have it, sir."

Twirling his polished cue, Weatherby wore the aspect of a man who has never a care in the world.

"Your job will be hard," he continued. "I warned you of that. As for danger, you're not a coward or we shouldn't be talking now. It's enough to say that I'm shorthanded at present, can't spare any of my older men; and so, on the strength of your looks and the way you talk, I'm sending you north, plump first-off, to a place where you must carry your life in your own hands. The bazaar quotation for a dead man there—any dead man to order—is half a sovereign, I believe; call it eight rupees f.o.b. If you live, report to me by telegraph at this hotel. If you die nobody's to blame but yourself. Short and sweet. Now what do you say?"

"I go, sir," Tin Cowrie answered proudly.

Weatherby laid his cue over the window sill, pointing without seeming to point.

"I Had Traveled Up and Down the Land, Searching, But Never Finding"

"Very well. Do you see that *gharri?*" A horse and a cab with driver already on the box stood where the lamplight cast the shadow of a banyan bough. "Take it. Say 'Polo balls.' The driver will then hand you a letter. It contains all further information."

"Understood, sir."

The young sahib smiled, perhaps to hear his favorite word caught up so quickly.

"Hop along then," he murmured. "This will be your first case, under sealed orders. Don't allow it to be your last. Good luck. Don't sleep too much, or you'll find a knife between your ribs, old son. Be very careful what you eat and where. You know that country of old, or else your face and manner belie you. Now go as if I had been scolding."

The new member of the police bowed angrily and stalked from the window like one who had swallowed a poker.

"Perfectly rotten balls, that whole lot!" Weatherby's voice rose behind him, drawling—the voice of a silly, petulant youth. The billiard players glanced at him and were briefly entertained. "If you can't do a simple piece of work properly you needn't come back."

Tin Cowrie marched down into the night, glowing with zeal.

VI

"POLO balls."

A cabman half asleep on his box under the shadow of a banyan jumped suddenly, bent over sidewise and cocked his head.

"What did you say?"

"Polo balls. I make them very badly for one whom you know."

The driver, chuckling, drew from the folds of his turban a letter.

Tin Cowrie broke the seal of this, and by a glimmering carriage lantern read his orders. They were but thirteen words, written in a clean, bold hand.

"Go to Adampur," they commanded. "The entire family of Faiz Rasul died there today. Why?"

Our friend read carefully twice and thrice.

"Captain Weatherby knows how to write," he concluded. "And I know how to keep a secret."

He opened the carriage lantern, held the paper inside above the smoky flame, and for the second time that day allowed his fingers to be burned. The envelope, which was bare of writing, contained a railway ticket and several banknotes. These he stowed away before entering the carriage.

"Hit up your vulture bait there, *gharri-wallah!* To Howrah Station. But first through Lal Bazaar to buy old clothes."

Exceedingly old clothes they were; for after buying them, and changing inside the cab, he came forth at the railway station as a beggar, dressed in filthy cotton with an ash-colored rag of a turban. That night he traveled in a third-class pen. Huddled among ghostly sleepers, he lay watching, through the slats of the car, a black, mournful plain reel past by starlight, with forms of trees now and then rushing like thunder clouds.

"Faiz Rasul." He repeated the name over and over, it had a ring so familiar. "Faiz Rasul. I cannot remember. I was too young. The name of the place, Adampur, means nothing. This name would mean much. Did my father have a friend called Faiz Rasul?"

He dismissed that idle question.

"It will be hard enough," he thought, "to learn why Faiz Rasul is dead with all his family."

High noon blazed when he left the train at Adampur, a dreary village between the railway line and the desert frontier of some northern kingdom. Mud houses wandered and were lost among withering aloes. Behind the station hedge fawn-colored camels went swaying, dreamy and gawky. Adampur, an outpost on the boundary of silence, appeared to be giving up the fight and surrendering with a few last efforts a few last weary sounds of life.

Tin Cowrie plodded away unobserved, another dusty waif in a dusty throng. He carried a roll of soiled bedding, a pair of old sheets containing his fine English garments.

He knew what questions to ask, how to ask them, in a village full of tongues and eyes. By mid-afternoon he stood before the dead man's house. A shapeless hut of brownish mud, roofed with petroleum tins beaten flat, it leaned askew and threatened to fall upon the neighboring shops. Idlers were standing there, gaping, as men gape at every dull place where a dreadful thing has happened.

Round the doorway of the hut ran a border of scarlet handprints, like bloody symbols of a Passover.

"A neighbor put those on one night," quoth a fat Hindu baker. "They did no good to Faiz Rasul. He had daughters, both married and single. Where are they now?"

Tin Cowrie the mendicant humbly nodded.

"So all are dead?" he inquired.

"All who count," replied the baker. "One youngest boy lies in there; but he, too, is dying."

"And were they killed then?"

The fat baker snorted.

"You are a stupid fellow," he complained. "How could they have been killed when the women lay wearing all their jewelry, the children all their ornaments? Sickness took them at one blow. There was no robbery."

Tin Cowrie edged away by degrees until he stood on the mud threshold. Then quietly, as poor men move, he slid into the house. It was dark there, hot and very dark, but he descried two old women who squatted in a corner near a *charpoy*, on which a little boy lay tossing and groaning.

"A pilgrim blesses you, my mothers," he murmured. "A pilgrim's blessing on this orphan."

The old women silently acknowledged his presence. The sick boy stared.

"His brain is almost gone," grumbled one of the women. "He talks nothing but folly. Blessings come too late, for now he has only half a brain."

Tin Cowrie leaned over the bed. A Dog's brother could feel no scorn of the half-witted. And, in fact, as he quickly saw, this boy had great black eyes, feverish, dilated, but yearning with intelligence.

"What would you say, my son?"

The yearning eyes welcomed him.

"Aunty Linah!" cried the child. "Bibi Linah! It was aunty!"

"Fever," snapped the crones. "He has no aunt alive."

"Hush, women!" commanded our friend; then he spoke the boy fair and calmly: "What of Aunty Linah, my son?"

Faiz Rasul's baby rolled his aching head.

"Aunty Linah! She came before supper. She came from the south. We ate. We fell asleep, one and all."

Tin Cowrie laid his hand on the fiery little brow.

"Good, my son," said he. "That is well. Now sleep thou also."

The boy folded his hands, looked up steadily and gratefully, sighed and obeyed like a brown lamb.

"Fever!" declared the old women. "He has no aunt."

Tin Cowrie smiled, fished in his girdle, and brought forth two pieces of silver.

"Watch by this child," he ordered. "Here is a gift. I prophesy that more will follow; yea, that the Sirkar will take him into a hospital. His brains are sounder than yours or mine. I am a godly wanderer who knows that much. Nurse him."

Silently and meekly as before Tin Cowrie edged out from the house. Through the crowd of loungers he passed without importance; under an aloe bush he changed his clothes and became a young man in gray English flannels who went straight to the railway. In the station he woke a slumbering babu.

"Telegram—urgent," he called; and wrote as follows:

Captain Weatherby, Grand Hotel, Calcutta: Poison. Baby son alive. Put him into good hospital quick. I will do the rest.

T. C. D.

When he had heard this message go clicking on its way Tin Cowrie strolled forth and back to the aloe hedge.

There he became once more a tattered beggar, buried his English borrowings in the dust, and sat down to think. The village lay behind him, forlorn and still; before him the desert undulated in a pale red glow of sunset, wave on wave. Northward, dipping and swaying, a train of the fawn-colored camels passed out on a hard, beaten track and were blotted in a background of their own hue. Another small caravan followed them, vanishing likewise toward the same point of the horizon.

"They go northward all. Aunty Linah said she came from the South. Aunty Linah would lie."

The ways of the itinerant poisoner—who should know them if he did not? A dozen old stories returned to help his reasoning, tales about a stranger, a friendly man or glib, sympathetic woman who had come, like Aunty Linah, to a hospitable house at supper-time; who had gone away in the dark leaving the house rifled and a family dead on the floor. It was nothing new, this tragedy of Faiz Rasul. And yet one part in it had a sinister novelty—the neighborhood suspected nothing, for these poor bodies wore their trumpery ornaments in death.

"That is very strange. No robbery. Nevertheless *dhatura* was in the pot. I know that as though I had seen aunty placing it there, for the little boy's brain is half gone with *dhatura*. If I were Aunty Linah, now, what should I do?" He pondered. "I would say south when I came from north. Then—poison. Then I would hurry apart from all railways. Yes, indeed, north again, especially into a desert and a native kingdom."

Down went the sun far away on his left hand. A world of barren hillocks darkened before his view, glimmering and smoldering under the reddish nightfall. He rose. "There lies but a single road. I change my banknotes for gold. That is first," he thought. "Next I shall hire one of those vile camels. Aunty Linah, I follow you north."

The night, which brings counsel, brought to our friend a more mysterious thing. Mounted behind a surly driver on a surly camel, he rode out among sandhills toward the low-swung northern constellations; and as he rode, thinking of the future, suddenly with a rush overpowering his senses came the past. Memories fought vainly for their true place in his mind. What he was doing now he had done before, long ago. When? This forward roll and pitch behind a silent man; this odor of live camel's hair and padded rhythm of splay hoofs on sand: he remembered them all, dimly but poignantly as a man remembers childhood.

"Stop at every *serai*," he told the driver. "I wish to overtake a friend. Therefore stop at every inn, hovel or tent."

The camel driver, a bobbing silhouette, turned his great bound head.

"When I go to hell," he remarked, "I shall not go, sir, for being a fool. You gave me that order twice when you hired me."

Tin Cowrie laughed inwardly. The answer chimed with his own mood. This man of the desert spoke as he ought to speak, in a vein of good-humored liberty; an accent. . . . What accent was this, half known, wholly welcome, like another bit from the past?

"I do not wear my fingers in my ears," the driver added.

"No," said Tin Cowrie, "nor down your windpipe."

So far as a night shadow could appear to do anything, the driver appeared to relish this retort.

"I see you are one of us," he declared. "You have been behind the tent in your day. I thought so, brother, from your voice."

A spark of enlightenment flashed all at once in Tin Cowrie's memory. Unawares he had spoken the same dialect with his companion, the same idiom—a rude, saucy, but calm way of using language that conveyed more than met the hearing. It was no other than his native speech. "My father and I talked so!" he thought with sudden joy. His father and he had talked thus, and ridden thus, upon a camel that lumbered through the desert night. "But we were riding away from danger then."

He looked round him, wondering. It was all as on a bygone night. The same stars burned overhead, the same black waves encompassed him, with here and there a spiny, contorted thorn bush crowning the earth against the sky. And now he heard a familiar name repeated.

"Faiz Rasul is dead," observed his companion. "Faiz Rasul knew too much."

Tin Cowrie gave a bound not of the camel's making.

"Faiz Rasul?" he cried. "What did he know, then?"

The camel driver chuckled.

"More than I, brother. He's dead. I am alive, and I mean to stay so."

Nothing more would the fellow deign to utter. They traveled on, swaying forward and forward through the wilderness in silence to the north. About midnight the camel grunted and paused of its own accord, where a black, four-cornered thing loomed on their left hand.

"Here's a stop for you," growled the driver. "Here's your first *serai*, and the poorest too." He raised his voice and bellowed: "*Hai!* Who's awake?"

"I am," piped a meek little voice below, and a dim white figure came shambling to meet them.

"You, daddy? You don't know how to sleep," the driver cheerfully complained. "Here's a man behind me traveling to overtake a friend of his. What's lodging with you, daddy?"

"No one," piped the voice. "Nothing. Nothing but a lame goat that could not travel any farther and an old man looking for somebody he could not find."

The driver turned in his saddle.

"Is that your friend?—old man looking for somebody?"

"No," replied Tin Cowrie. "No man or woman under the stars would look for me—as a friend. Go on." He leaned over and tossed a few coppers toward the small, bent form. "Here, thank you. Good-night, *khansamah*."

Lightning-Quick, Straight for His Heart, She Drove

The camel driver gave a licentious whoop. "Yah! By the Lord, I carry a prince!" he bawled, "dripping money like poverty's sweat—good round annas by the jingle. Go buy yourself a couple of dozen wives, daddy, or some other horseflesh!" He drummed with his heels on the camel. "Get up, you hairy viper! I'm going to ride you straight into a fortune, just as mamma always said I would."

The desert, unbounded and austere, rebuked this nonsense. The camel went striding forward mile after mile. When next the driver spoke he was by no means playing clown.

"Look yonder," said he quite seriously, and pointed with his left arm. "Do you see that lamp?"

A dull orange light blinked far off among thorn bushes.

"That marks the second *serai*. Don't let your pockets drip so freely there, brother. Old daddy was a good poor fellow, worth giving to. But this lot ahead will cut your throat for a chew of *pān*. Go humbly and forget the word 'purse,' or I may not receive my camelfare tomorrow."

Tin Cowrie clapped him on the shoulder.

"You're an honest man," he declared; "also good company."

The other grunted, reached round and pinched Tin Cowrie's thigh.

"You're a clever one," he rejoined, "for you're the first to find that out! And by the red boar's bristles, called the Prophet's beard, you have a leg like a rock, though you do eat money! Ho, ho!" He loosed a great laugh. "Speaking of honesty, the chief priest in Delhi mosque took of my earnings once to show me four or five red pig's hairs in a glass box! What a joke it was!"

Tin Cowrie assented, but with proviso.

"The Prophet is not a joke," said he, "no matter what you or I or the priests may do."

"How of kings?" inquired the camel driver, like one who welcomes argument in philosophy. "This drunken beast up here in our pink city, who can't hold himself straight on his ivory throne, he's a king. What of him?"

Tin Cowrie thought for a while, then answered clearly and simply according to his father's precept.

"Kings and all rulers," he declared, "must act the truth and follow prophecy. If not they die the death of a common liar, which blots out the soul."

His companion's turban nodded.

"That is true. Our Fat Beast will soon drop off his throne and nobody care. He's a common liar. As for prophecy!" The driver sighed. "Where's our true king that fled away southward by night twenty years ago? Where are the two baby sons he carried on his saddle that night? All perished, no doubt. And yet the old prophecy runs current through the land, growing daily in men's belief, that as poison drove our king away, so poison will bring him home to reign once more with justice." The driver sighed again. "Women's chatter!"

While he spoke the camel uttered a bubbling snort, turned aside, wandered through a black maze of thorn clumps, halted, shuddered and incontinently began to lie down. The light of the second inn gleamed large and smoky beyond the thicket.

"I'll go have a look," said Tin Cowrie, stretching his legs.

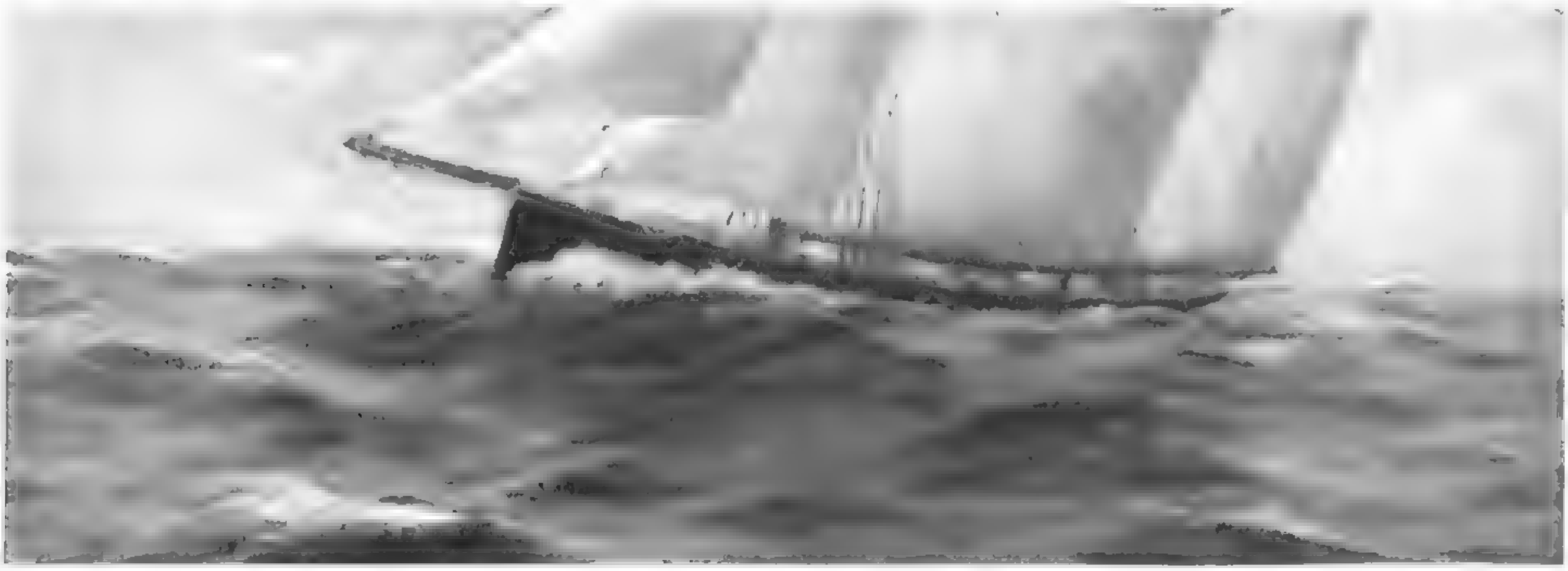
"And a sleep, I," yawned the driver. "Go humbly. If you need help, shout for Isa. I will come running to you, brother. My name is Isa."

Our friend left him snoring. The path wound but a short turn among the bushes, and opened full on the gateway of the *serai*, a broad arch in a white wall, at the base of which the lamp stood flickering. Shadows played gustily over the trampled sand, but all else remained without motion. Like uncouth rocks everywhere about lay sleeping camels, each with a white-sheeted ghost beside it, and each ghost hugging a long musket or a saber in a black scabbard.

Our friend passed through the archway. Inside the court—a robbers' cavern of bales heaped helter-skelter—more ghosts were flung in weary attitudes. Along the wall glimmered a few lighted windows, tiny square portholes of radiance. Under one of these our friend sat down.

(Continued on Page 52

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE



The Old Foxhound Racked Leisurely Down the Broad Highway

XIII

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ON REACHING St. John's, Lady Audrey, who had recovered in all but her eyebrows, eyelashes and a certain amount of front hair, put forward a practical suggestion. "I've got a plan," said she at luncheon, just after the yacht had come to anchor, "and I want all hands to agree to it. What say you to takin' stores, then turning on our heels and all going back together as far as Bar Harbor? We women will go ashore there and you men can have the boat to yourselves. Edna's asked me to go to her camp at Moosehead, and there's nothing I'd like better. Dorothy says she's got to be gettin' back to work again; so we'll put her on the train for New York. We seem to be gettin' on nicely if we are a bit crowded, but De Bernay doesn't mind bunkin' here in the saloon—do you, Paul?"

"Not a bit—more air and more room to stretch out. So long as I can get to New York in a fortnight I'd ask nothing better."

"Capital!" said Charteris.

"As for myself," said Colonel Walker, "I can only assure you, Lady Audrey, that I have never found myself amid more delightful or congenial surroundings. No doubt Mr. De Bernay and I can replenish our wardrobes here in St. John's. I fear we have so'ly taxed that of our esteemed host."

"De Bernay's taxed the shoulders of that coat, rather!" observed Lord Charteris; "but I don't mind. Excellent idea of yours, Audrey. The colonel and I were wonderin' last night how the deuce we were going to manage to get on without you all." He looked warmly at Edna and tugged at the end of his crisp mustache.

"Couldn't be done, sir!" said the colonel, stroking his white imperial and casting his benign gaze upon Dorothy, who dropped her eyes and toyed with the chicken lobster the Finn had that morning abstracted from a lobster pot, the buoy line of which had become tangled with his boathook. It was not precisely a theft, as Lord Charteris had caused to be inserted in place of the pillaged contents a pickle bottle that contained a sufficient number of shillings to pay four times over the market price of the crustaceans.

Cécile alone looked rather troubled. She was wondering whether she could hold out another week or ten days against De Bernay's quiet, forceful wooing; and she decided that she could.

The matter was accordingly thus arranged. The sojourn at St. John's was of but two days' duration, its only social features being a call at the Government House and a dinner party given there the following night to the owner and guests of the Foxhound. His Excellency and others were intensely amused at the adventures of the yacht; and Lady Audrey's dry recountal of the havoc wrought on the De Bernay seigniory, and afterward to the launch, was received with such roars of Homeric laughter as had seldom vibrated through those Colonial walls. The governor, who knew well and highly esteemed De Bernay, promised him all assistance in his power, and requested that he be called upon to offer any aid required, whether as to his rehabilitation of the island or for the conducting of his scientific operations.

Such things as were required to be done ashore completed, the Foxhound was unleashed and laid her nose again to the sea-trail.

All aboard were glad to be off—Lady Audrey, because she was sensitive about her eyebrowless face; Charteris, because Edna was being violently courted by three or four handsome soldiers and sailors; the colonel, because he wished to resume the discussion of his political and philanthropic ambitions with Dorothy; Dorothy, for the same reason; Edna, because Lord Charteris was sulky and she wished to tell him precisely what she thought of such behavior; Cécile, because she was bored with the place; and De Bernay, because he was even more bored.

The first night at sea Cécile went below at a little after ten for her usual before-retiring chat with Lady Audrey. Dorothy and Edna no longer assisted at these conferences. Lady Audrey had instructed them to keep the men out of mischief. De Bernay was evidently not considered mischievous.

"It was nice of you to keep us on," said Cécile, loosing her luxurious copper-golden hair and shaking it about the shoulders of her kimono—for the after end of the cabin was the Atrium Vestæ, where no male foot, barring that of the Finn, was ever allowed to tread—"but I must say I rather wish you hadn't. All this spooning makes me rather ill!"

"Humph! Better do a little of it yourself!" snapped Lady Audrey, her prominent eyes dwelling on the pale, lovely face with its aureole of golden hair. "Might bring a little of the color back to your cheeks, my duck."

"That's a nice way to talk," Cécile retorted, "when you asked me off for this cruise to get away from men!"

"I've turned apostate," said Lady Audrey blandly. "There's no gettin' away from the brutes when there's what they want about. I hate wasps, but if I serve tea and crumpets and jam in my garden I know jolly well I'm going to have 'em. As one gets older, my dear, one tries to make the best of what one can't help. If I'd had you peachy things aboard the boat in the Sargasso Sea or the middle of the South Pacific it would have been all the same. The men would have come crawlin' up over the side or tumblin' down from aloft. Where there's the honey pot there are sure to be flies."

Cécile nodded.

"Perhaps you're right," she answered; "but, after all, that needn't spoil the honey if you keep the lid on."

"Gammon! What's the use of keepin' honey if nobody's going to eat it?"

"Well, the bees might eat it themselves," Cécile answered. "Why shouldn't they? They made it."

Lady Audrey cocked her head toward the curtain that closed the door of the after bulkhead when this was opened to permit of a freer circulation of air.

Cécile, listening also, heard Captain Hopper breathing audibly through his nose as he laid his parallel rules on the chart of the coast.

"I say, captain!" called Lady Audrey.

"Yes, m'lady?"

"Miss Bell and I are havin' an argument about bees. What happens when they start eating their own honey? You ought to know. Your mother used to keep bees."

There was a moment of heavy-breathing silence as the ancient mariner's mind was put about on this new tack. "It's 'orrid bad for the 'ives, m'lady, when they bees get a-eatin' of their 'oney," said he. "Likely there's wax-moths habout." He drew a deep breath and gave voice to a great thought. "Bees are sommat like sailormen, m'lady. The Lord Almighty created of 'em for to make 'oney—not to eat it."

"Thanks, captain. That's precisely my argument—about the bees, I mean. And I say, Hopper—we're all of us a bit like bees."

"Werry much so, m'lady. Good night, m'lady."

"Good night."

Captain Hopper, having ascertained his course—and, oddly as it may seem, he was a navigator of much skill and deep mathematical ability—hove himself up through the companion hatch and instructed the quartermaster at the helm to shift his course "'arf a p'int to the east'ard." The quartermaster would doubtless have preferred to shift half a p'int in a due southerly direction; but, having—like all good sailormen—the nature of the bee, he did as ordered without mental or verbal comment.

Down below was Cécile, far less satisfied. She shook her perfumed hair.

"Well—and the moral?" asked Cécile.

"That your honey is made to be eaten, my little dear," said Lady Audrey gently—"but not by yourself."

Cécile pondered this for about a second, then shook her head.

"Mine's for the good of the hive," said she. "When I told you, back there at Newport, that I had definitely mapped out my life and that marriage was not included in the scheme I meant it, Lady Audrey, dear. Love and marriage are not for Cécile. My faith in the enduring quality of conjugal devotion has been too badly shattered by so many things I've seen. I don't want the yoke myself, nor do I want to hang it about the neck of a man for whom I care as much as I do for Paul de Bernay. If I did not care for the man, on the contrary, I naturally would not want to tie myself to him. For natures like De Bernay's and mine, Lady Audrey, marriage cannot possibly be a successful institution. I do not say that we should get tired of each other, but I am sure we should grow tired of being married to each other. He does not believe that now, but he will later."

Lady Audrey shook her head without answering. She was thinking of an identical decision made early in her own life—and wondering.

Cécile raised her bare, snowy arms and clasped her hands above her bright head.

"When Paul asked me the other day on the moor to marry him," said she, "he caught me in his arms and kissed me before I was able to prevent him. I did not try to prevent it. I kissed him myself. Now let me tell you something: For a number of years I used to be considered a rather heartless flirt, and no doubt it was true; but it is the truth, though not many people would believe it, that Paul de Bernay is the only man outside of my family I have ever kissed or permitted to kiss me."

"Cécile," said Lady Audrey, "you love the man!"

"Perhaps," Cécile answered wearily.

"And yet you mean to give him up?"

"As a husband, yes," Cécile replied; "but not as a friend. I shall see him as often as I can. I do not want him to go out of my life. Why should he? When he finds that my decision is not to be shaken he will accept it. Paul is not the silly sort to tear off in a rage, especially as he must

know that what I am doing is as much for his sake as my own—more perhaps. I shall lose no chance of seeing him when I can."

Lady Audrey looked at her keenly Cécile's voice was calm, but her hands moved restlessly.

"Aren't such views as yours a bit dangerous, my dear?" asked Lady Audrey.

"For some, perhaps—not for me."

Lady Audrey sighed.

"Well, I scarcely know how to advise you, my dear," said she. "Wonder how you'd feel, though, if within a year or two De Bernay was to up and marry some other woman!"

Cécile smiled faintly.

"I've taken that kind of cure already," said she. "It was a thorough one. Oh, come! We've talked enough about me. What do you think of our two renegades?"

"'Pon my word! They seem to renig without any of your qualms. Hope they'll put it through—both couples. I've always been worried about Chat, for fear he'd go and make a mess of it. He's got to marry sooner or later and Edna's just the right sort for him. She's a dear, sweet girl—good family and good prospects, and all that sort of thing. Got anything of her own?"

"Just a decent allowance from her father. But about a year ago Mr. Gillespie married his former wife's sister—a Mrs. Duane, who was a childless widow, with about thirty million dollars. She's spent a good bit of it for the Duane Memorial Home, but undoubtedly she'd give Edna a nice dot; in fact, she's sure to, as she settled two hundred thousand on Edna's younger sister, Lucia, when she married a Doctor Penfold, who is at the head of the Home—and she'd scarcely do less for Edna."

"Good!" said Lady Audrey. "Chat's not badly off, but every little helps. How rotten rich you all are over here, to be sure!"

"I'm not," Cécile answered.

"Your own silly fault!" grunted Lady Audrey. "It wouldn't surprise me, though, if Dorothy were to make us all feel like paupers. Listen to 'em in there!"

From the saloon, the door to which was discreetly closed, came the steady hum of conversation; the harsh, rumbling notes of Colonel Walker alternating with Dorothy's clear treble. Cécile smiled.

"She's helping him to frame up his philanthropic plans for emancipating the children from the mills and reënslaving the indigent negroes," said she. "The colonel confided in me that she was a wonderful woman! I'm a bit inclined to agree with him."

"Dot's not a bad sort," said Lady Audrey. "Hope she lands him! Be a jolly good thing for 'em both. That's one reason I suggested we all go back to Bar Harbor together."

"Of course! We all knew that, you dear."

Lady Audrey yawned.

"Hoity-toity!" said she. "This is a deuced funny world. Fancy me caperin' round in the rôle of matchmaker! But you could scarcely blame me for gettin' jolly well fed up on suffrage. I'd have managed somehow to burn up the yacht next!" She yawned again; whereupon Cécile said Good night! and slipped into the room she shared with Edna, who was still on deck philandering with the jovial earl.

XIV

WITH a hard, clear nor'wester blowing up the dust, the old Foxhound racked leisurely down the broad highway past Nova Scotia, inspected the lamp-post on the corner, and stalked through the muck at Fundy's mouth.

Her human fleas seemed quite content—none of them, at least, showed any desire to hop off. De Bernay may have felt such an impulse at times, but did not betray it.

Two dialogues are necessary to explain this atmosphere of fat peace. On a certain lovely afternoon, with a light land breeze ruffling the eddies, the spacious, shielded decks of the stanch old seafarer presented a spectacle of domesticity that would have made an old Kentucky home look hectic and disordered by comparison. Upforward the watch on deck was discussing the influence of sea-power on the increased cost of living while the Finn sawed wood for the cook. On the galley hatch sat Captain Hopper, laboriously perusing a copy of the War Cry. At the wheel ruminated the quartermaster. Dogs and halyards were coiled down here and there. The Prime Minister, perched on the davit-head, was cocking his head at the seagulls and wishing one would come within reach. There were also two sets of lovers.

Sitting on the transom of the main companionway, as close to his companion as conventionality and Dorothy would permit, Colonel Walker, in a brilliant suit of shepherd's plaid, stroked his white goatee and held forth upon the patriotic pleasure to be derived in seeing an American horse romp off with the Grand Prix de Steeplechase at Auteuil. Dorothy could well sympathize with such an emotion. She knew well the race course at Auteuil, having frequently studied spring models there.

From this the colonel passed gracefully to the hollowness of such a satisfaction when the proprietor of the racing stable lacked some sweet and sympathetic companion with whom to share such a triumph. Dorothy hinting demurely that her experience on French race tracks had never demonstrated any lack of sweet and sympathetic sympathizers, particularly with the triumphant owners of racing stables, the colonel had shaken his thick, snowy hair.

"Ah, my dear young lady," said he, "so few of the lovely creatures really understand horses!"

Dorothy understood horses and proceeded gently to prove it. She had visited at a house in a hunting county and listened carefully to the conversation. Her small, well-shaped ears had caught and held a great many technical terms. The delight of the colonel at her ready comprehension was marred only by the fact that this field and stable talk was delaying the expression of certain sentiments uppermost in his mind. Dorothy, seeing that he had something on his mind, dropped her eyes to the deck and stood by to help him get it off.

"It is a wonderful thing," observed the colonel, "that in wandering through this bright and interesting world of ours, and in forming such charming and congenial friendships as we do, one finds so rarely those deeper, subtler bonds of perfect mutual understanding which bind, as it were, the trailing vine of our imaginings, our ambitions I might almost say our spiritual affiliations—you understand my meaning, Miss Millar—to the same delightful hower of—of—h'm—of ——"

"Of perfect accord," Dorothy supplied limpidly. "The same thought has often occurred to me, Colonel Walker, though your metaphor is artistic and original."

"Thank you, Miss Millar. I see you have caught perfectly the idea I have been clumsily trying to express. Few people understand it. For instance, this spring I was visiting at the château of a friend whose ancestral home is in the center of France. In strolling about his park I paused to admire a red *marronnier* in full flower and the charming way in which the ivy had enlaced its sturdy trunk in a column of lustrous green. While commenting on this, my host called his gardener and instructed him to tear out the vine. 'That is a pity,' I protested—'it grows

"When I Told You That Marriage Was Not Included in the Scheme I Meant It, Lady Audrey, Dear"

so beautifully!' He shrugged. 'Quite true,' said he; 'but it is killing the tree. Ivy will grow on anything strong enough to support it—like women.' I objected to this. 'Like some women,' I replied—'or any other parasite. But look over here, on this old trellis: here are Chasselas and gamai grapes growing, as one might think, almost from the same vine. The foliage of each protects and shelters the other, and both have united to secure the trellis more strongly to the wall. Let us think of the Chasselas as man, the gamai as woman, and the insecure trellis as—as—as ——'"

"As that which helps bind together and support them both," said Dorothy, "but which must in turn be itself supported by their mutual efforts. You are a poet, colonel!"

Colonel Walker stroked his white goatee.

"Thank you, my dear young lady," said he—"less for the compliment, which is poorly deserved, than for your perfect comprehension of my sentiment."

"One would have to be very stupid not to understand you, Colonel Walker," said Dorothy earnestly. "Perhaps the trouble is that your thought, though so concise, is yet so artistically expressed that one's mind is subconsciously drawn from the concrete to the abstract." She leaned slightly toward him. "Sometimes—do you know?—I almost forget what we are talking about in the pleasure of listening to your similes. How I should love to hear you address a large audience! When you start your campaign I'm going to try to get down there sometime to listen. You know, you'll have a tremendous amount of opposition! I'd like to see you when you square your shoulders to meet the storm."

The colonel squared them unconsciously. They were straight, trim shoulders, too, for all of their burden of nearly sixty years.

"Yes," he admitted; "there will be a storm. At the first whispered hint of so startling a political project as the indenturing of our great excess population of idle and pauper negroes to their state governments—which will be looked upon as an act of reënslavement—there will be raised a cry that will echo from

(Continued on Page 73)

"Oh, Paul! Paul! How Could I Let You Go!"

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7, 1914

The Literacy Test

ALL sorts of tests to keep out the least desirable immigrants are proposed, but none of them is nearly so good as the simple literacy test that both Houses of Congress once adopted but which failed of becoming law. That test can be easily, cheaply and surely applied. It would involve only a comparatively slight extension of the present service at Ellis Island. It would not depend in the least on European agencies. It would have no loopholes for misrepresentation or forged records.

And as a means of culling out the least desirable immigrants a simple literacy test is better than any other practicable device we have seen—used, of course, in connection with the present exclusion of the professionally criminal and the mentally and physically unfit.

True, a given illiterate adult may be as virtuous, as industrious, as capable of assimilating American conditions and as likely to make a good citizen as a given literate one, but the chances are against it. If he is illiterate it means, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, that he was brought up in deep poverty and ignorance, under bad social and political conditions. It means not only that he has had no advantages but that he is incapacitated from meeting advantage halfway.

He must, as a rule, be more dependent and less self-sufficient than a man who can read. On shipboard, in passing through Ellis Island, in going to his destination, in seeking employment, concerning his work and his housing, the printed word—printed in many tongues nowadays—expresses scores of simple rules, warnings and counsels that are lost to him.

The literacy test is, of course, only a rough approximation; but a rough approximation is the best any statutory test can achieve. A man with trachoma might be promptly cured and prove a most valuable citizen; but on the general probabilities of the case we refuse him admission.

For determining general probabilities the literacy test is the best one we have heard of.

A Lesson to Congress

THE tariff law says that goods brought to this country in American vessels shall have a rebate of five per cent from the regular duties. We are delighted to see that there is much tribulation at Washington over this provision. The Treasury Department has practically set it aside; but there is still a question whether this rebate cannot lawfully be claimed for goods brought over in vessels of other nations whose treaties with us guarantee the same terms to them as to native vessels; and the further question whether the clause should not be repealed.

This clause, of course, is nothing more than an indirect ship subsidy. It is pretty definitely settled that we shall grant no more direct ship subsidies. The notion of taxing the public for the benefit of any special interest no longer appeals; but Congress cannot get over the habit of trying to grant a subsidy indirectly—as by the remission of Panama Canal tolls and this five per cent rebate.

Across the front of the pie counter we have erected a large sign: No Shipbuilder Need Apply! But Congress cannot resist the temptation to slip a few toothsome specimens of apple, pumpkin and mince pastry out of the back door. A thought of the shipping industry's unappeased hunger seems to prey continually on its mind. It says "No!" in a resonant and resolute voice; then nervously whispers to the cook: "Well—just a few sandwiches and a cup of coffee!"

The Panama subsidy got us in decidedly bad odor with Great Britain and other nations. The tariff rebate subsidy is either wholly ineffectual, as the Treasury holds, or raises embarrassing questions—which pleases us much, because it may help to cure Congress of the subsidy habit.

Short-Term Borrowing

IN 1913 there was listed on the New York Stock Exchange less than five hundred fifty million dollars of new corporation bonds; but big corporations borrowed during the year five hundred forty millions on notes running one, two and three years.

This borrowing on short-term notes instead of on long-term bonds has been resorted to more and more in recent years. For at least three years, every twelvemonth has shown an ever larger total of this form of financing. One might almost say the great corporations no longer finance themselves at all. Instead of providing for their requirements by issuing bonds running twenty, thirty or fifty years, they borrow, comparatively speaking, from hand to mouth.

It has generally been held that this resort to short-term notes is simply an effect of temporary conditions in the investment market; but it may foreshadow a permanent and important change in the fiscal policy of railroads, street-car lines, electric-light concerns, and the like. Such concerns, if they are alive, need ever more and more capital. They must be chronic borrowers and they never pay. Always they merely issue new bonds to replace the old as well as new bonds for new requirements.

Conceivably they may be always in the market—always with an open treasury till and an invitation to drop your savings there and get a certificate payable in ninety days or payable nowhen in particular.

Conceivably there might be a constant relationship between the great chronic borrowers and the investing public that would leave Wall Street out of the account and remove any excuse for domination of big corporations by big bankers, whose only legitimate function now is to act as middlemen between the big borrowers and the investing public.

As to Argentine Beef

THOUSANDS of tons of Argentine beef have arrived at the Port of New York since the new tariff law removing the duty from meat went into effect. The movement is so large that it has caused some confusion on the railroads, as the long habit of hauling meat eastward, but not westward, is thus reversed.

That the importation of Argentine beef will continue in large volume is fairly certain. Yet beef in the United States is high and in the opinion of some trade experts will go still higher—because population here increases faster than the domestic meat supply; because the supply from Argentina, though it looks large, taken separately is only a drop in the bucket of domestic demand; and because, as we draw on Argentina, the price there is sure to rise; in fact, diversion of Argentine beef to this market has already caused an advance in meat prices in England.

Less than twenty years ago we were great exporters of beef; and had a cattlegrower then been told that Argentine beef would come in here in large quantities, duty free, he would have been disturbed. Our cattlegrowers, however, are far more prosperous now with some Argentine beef coming in than they were in the nineties with their own beef going out.

In the last fifteen years our exports of raw food products have greatly declined. We now import not only beef but corn. Yet our total exports of the products of agriculture have risen from less than six hundred million dollars in 1896 to more than a thousand millions; in fact, our exports of meat and meat products are now greater in value than they were then.

Importing some raw food products, duty free, is not going to hurt American agriculture.

Handing It to Posterity

WE ARE reminded by a fiscal report from the Empire State that public financing pretty generally proceeds on a false premise. Everything in the way of permanent improvements, the report observes, should be paid for out of long-time bond issues, so that the cost may be "distributed through the future generations that will benefit by them."

That is the popular theory, but, in fact, future generations will benefit little if at all by the permanent improvements we make. Where are the permanent improvements that our fathers made whereby we benefit? Here and there may be a dilapidated and unsanitary courthouse or state capital, a patched bridge or a road, which we make usable by constant repairs and renewals; but if you look round in any American city you will find that most of the permanent improvements were made in the last thirty years—or, if they were not, are so out of date that people are thinking of replacing them.

We shall not build any more permanently than our fathers did. The courthouse, road, bridge, waterworks, sewage system, schoolhouse, or jail we build this year will, in the main, have utterly disappeared—except as replaced by constant renewals—thirty-five years hence. Meantime we are paying interest on the bonds our fathers issued, after their houses and bridges have disappeared. Our children will be paying interest on the bonds we issue, after our houses and bridges have vanished.

A public bond issue is not a debt to be paid, but a perpetual tax. In making permanent improvements by bond issues we are not lending anything to posterity, but borrowing considerable from it—not that this makes the least practical difference; but we hate to hear anybody talk buncombe to posterity. It is so superfluous.

A Logical Result

WE HAVE not noticed what this latest graft investigation in the state of New York is about, and that point is quite immaterial anyway. We suppose there has not been a time in fifty years when there was no graft in state government, and we do not suppose there will be a time in the next fifty when there will not be graft—if the government continues in its present form.

Make the all-dominant motive of state politics a struggle for power between two national parties, then turn the most important branch of the government over to a numerous body of smallbore politicians who are in good part of the pothouse variety, and how much efficiency or common honesty can you reasonably expect?

With a legislature composed of a hundred or more members who are mainly of the caliber to fit a smallbore office, and with the more responsible officers elected because they are Democrats or Republicans, graft is the logical result.

Wheat and Flour

NOT long ago we printed a miller's figures on the cost of getting a bushel of wheat from the country elevator to the consumer's kitchen in the form of flour. The Department of Labor has been investigating the same subject, and in a general way its more authoritative conclusions agree pretty well with the miller's figures.

The country elevator gets about three cents a bushel. The commission man or jobber who sells to the miller gets about a cent a bushel. The miller takes the by-products for his profit, often selling the flour itself for less than he paid for the wheat out of which it was made. The retailer makes in the neighborhood of fifteen cents on a bushel of wheat when he sells flour in quarter-barrel sacks.

It does not appear from this government report that anybody makes an unreasonable profit. That profits are not unreasonable is fairly deducible from the fact—made clear by the report—that there is keen competition all along the line. And the report shows that because of keen competition there are two or three country elevators where one would be sufficient to handle the grain, and two flour mills where one would be sufficient to grind the wheat.

In short, keen competition prevents unreasonable profits, on the one hand, and on the other produces waste—as usual. It is always a double-entry affair, with so much on the credit side and so much on the debit.

A Cloud in the Blue Sky

IF THE United States Court for the Eastern District of Michigan is right we have bumped into another of those constitutional stone walls that periodically obstruct the way. This court, by a unanimous decision of the three sitting judges, has declared Michigan's Blue Sky Law unconstitutional; and it rather looks—as counsel for the plaintiff claims—as though the Blue Sky Laws of Arkansas, California, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, North Carolina, Ohio, Vermont, Oregon, South Dakota, North Dakota and West Virginia were open to some or all of the objections the court held to be fatal in this case. On the other hand, a United States Court in Iowa held that the Blue Sky Law of that state did not conflict with the Federal Constitution.

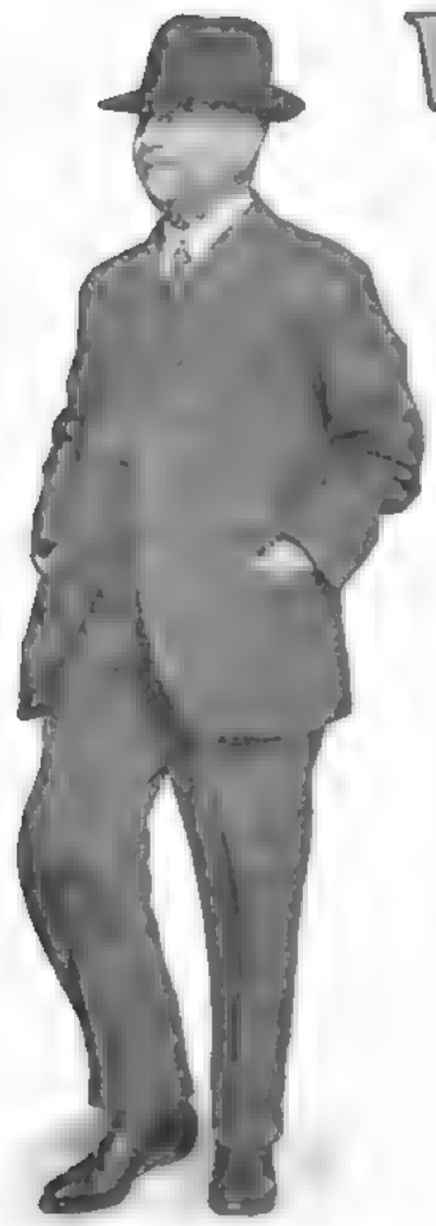
Whatever the Supreme Court may finally say, however, Blue Sky Laws are here to stay. The public conscience will accept no opinion which implies that millions of people must be exposed to daylight robbery, with no power in the state to protect them; or that we must fold our hands while the widow's life-insurance money and the unsophisticated man's lifelong savings are systematically stolen under our eyes by the meanest of all forms of theft.

If the present laws are in conflict with the Constitution legislative ingenuity must find a way to frame effective laws that will stand—or, if that is impossible as the Constitution now reads, there must be an amendment.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



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The Man Who Regards a Billion Dollars as Mere Lunch Money

OFTEN, when a superior person desires to concentrate his estimate of another's inferiority he refers to that other as a mere cog in the wheel. This is considered the ultimate in the negligible, and very crushing.

We hear the term constantly in Washington; and that is not to be wondered at, for when we come to consider the subject of wheels it is entirely within the bounds of conservatism to say that there are more wheels of various kinds in Washington than elsewhere. If I took wheels as a text—as I might—I should be confronted at the outset of my remarks with the four hundred and thirty-five varieties to be found within the four hundred and thirty-five assorted heads that are contained in the House of Representatives, to say nothing of the ninety-five—one set being absent—sorts that whirl inside the senatorial domes of intellect; rather a conglomeration of wheels, as any fair-minded person will admit, and not to be disposed of within the confines of one essay. A volume would allow brief mention and a library no more than suffice, provided the treatment was explanatory and exhaustive.

Then, too, there are the wheels of government, whereof the hubs are at the White House—all combined in one Hub, with a large and imposing H—and the cogs are elsewhere, some cogent, some cogged and some excogitated. Now the wheels of government are useful wheels, busy wheels, whirling ceaselessly to bring about the manifold blessings of the new freedom, and such other things as appertain; but the point is here: Not a wheel that whirls would be worth a hoot without its cogs.

In short, no wheel is greater than its cogs, to reverse the famous ruling of the Senate, which held that no Cabinet member can be greater than a senator, on the broad general theory that the creator is greater than the creature—now whom do you suppose the Senate had in mind, creature?

No wheel is greater than its cogs and not many wheels as great; for I lay it down as an Archimedean principle that as the cogs control so must the *cognoscenti* comport—that is, all wheels of government would give out simply a rotary or circumvolutary sound, and move no machinery, were it not for the cogs; for the biggest bluffs known to the world are the men who are pitchforked into executive positions to run complicated departmental and congressional organizations in Washington. They must depend on the cogs—must!—for without them the whole affair gets out of gear; and the quicker they find that out, the sooner they achieve fame as efficient administrators.

In every office there is the indispensable man—the chap who knows how! He does the work, and the chiefs get the glory and eat the dinners and make the speeches and pin the medals on themselves, and presently go their ways and are forgotten, while the chap inside remains on the job to coach the next world-beater who arrives, aviates, agitates, abrogates and absquatulates.

Take Jim Courts, for example. It was Mr. Tennyson's rhapsodic opinion that the brook goes on forever; but unfortunately, Mr. Tennyson, being insular and never lecturing in this country, was not apprised of the sonian qualities of Jim Courts, else he would have used Jim as his prototype for eternal action, and not a brook, which at any moment is likely to be dammed at its source—as income tax collections are in these days of trouble.

Jim Courts is a cog—but, also, he is the whole wheel, save for a few fancy spokes in the shape of various representatives who drop into Congress, are dropped into the Appropriations Committee, and drop out.

A Human Island in a Sea of Money

JIM COURTS has been clerk of the Appropriations Committee of the lower house of the Congress of the United States for thirty-seven years, and he will be said clerk of said committee for thirty-seven more years—provided he lives so long—which is the universal hope, and then some. Talk about a cog in a wheel! Jim Courts is not only one cog, but all the cogs, the spokes, tires, hub, fellies, and the rest of the paraphernalia of the wheel, including the paint, the varnish, and the nifty little stripes thereon.

For thirty-seven years he has been sitting up there at the Capitol handling appropriation bills, telling eager forayers against the Treasury what they can do and what they cannot do. His brain is a mine of statistics; his memory exact to pennies; his knowledge correct to the most dwindled decimal; his integrity unimpeachable, and his industry enormous. For thirty-seven years he has added and subtracted and divided and multiplied; known precedents and known the law; known the effects and the defects of the supply bills, has guided chairmen and counseled members, and recast bills so they would be protest-proof; and has smiled a sort of slow smile when the watchdogs of the Treasury bayed at the majority. And he has grinned a little grin when the chesty chairmen have told, for public consumption, how they—each one a prudent person—have saved the country millions and millions of dollars.

At the close of every session of Congress the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations steps out pompously on the floor and, holding a few papers in his hand, details, amid the cheers of his party associates and the jeers of the minority, how he—he!—and incidentally his committee, working under his direction—has handled the great budget of the government in a wise and patriotic manner as set forth in the figures he is about to present. And Jim Courts listens and goes back to work—for Jim fixed up the figures; and he has for thirty-seven years.

There will be no denial of the statement that a billion dollars is a neat bit of money—sizable, capable of buying a lot of almost anything, including radium.

But what is a billion to Jim Courts? Nothing—positively nothing but an incident—a detail! Jim Courts has been dealing with billion dollarses so long that he looks on that amount as mere small change. When you think back and consider that this Congress began to appropriate approximately a billion dollars a year away yonder in Tom Reed's time, thus enabling Tom to enunciate the defense which has been the bulwark of every harassed majority leader when reproached by the economical minority—economical because they cannot get any of the pork—that this is a billion-dollar country—and recall that Jim Courts has done all the figuring—you will see how insignificant a billion must appear to him.

Billions and billions have passed under the review of his wise eye, and the details and applications thereof have been fixed in his marvelous mind. He knows all the details how much, for whom, by whose request and to what end all these incomprehensible sums have been allotted.

He has served committee chairmen for thirty-seven years—Holman, Cannon, Tawney, Hemenway, Fitzgerald, and a dozen more who, as chairmen, have held this most laborious and most consequential post of chairman, and have had to do with the preparation of the supply bills.

Speakers have taken his advice and listened to his counsel. Majority leaders have visited this grave, studious, tremendously able man, and have been told what has been done and what can be done. The indispensable man is not numerous; but, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, Jim Courts is numbers one to four, inclusive, on the list.

He was born in Huntingdon, Tennessee, and may be a Democrat or may be a Republican. No one asks when a majority shifts. No politics can affect his position. He is too useful. He served a term as an enrolling clerk in the Tennessee legislature, and studied law before that. On December 27, 1875, Representative J. D. Atkin appointed Courts as clerk of the Committee on Enrolled Bills in the House. Two years later he went to the Appropriations Committee, and he has been there ever since.

And, speaking about cogs, I desire to conclude these remarks by repeating that in this cog capacity Mr. James C. Courts comes mighty close not only to being the whole wheel of the Appropriations Committee of the House, but is likewise pretty much the entire running gear of the same.

Anxious Moments

Rudolph Where Have You Been

THE VIENNESE KNOCKOUT OF TWO CONTINENTS

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"If I Would Want a Separation I Don't Need to Come to a Lawyer, Mr. Bienenflug"

ALL that J. Montgomery Fieldstone had done to make his name a theatrical boarding-household word from the Pacific Coast to Forty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue was to exercise as a producing manager nearly one-tenth of the judgment he had displayed as Jacob M. Fieldstone, of Fieldstone & Gips, waist manufacturers; and he voiced his business creed in the following words:

"Now listen to me, kid," he said: "my idea has always been that, no matter how much value you give for the money, goods don't sell themselves. Ain't I right?"

Miss Goldie Raymond nodded, though she was wholly absorbed in a full-length enlarged photograph which hung framed and glazed on the wall behind Fieldstone's desk. She looked at it as a millionaire collector might look at a Van Dyck he had recently acquired from an impoverished duke, against a meeting of protest held in Trafalgar Square. Her head was on one side. Her lips were parted. It was a portrait of Miss Goldie Raymond as Mitzi in the Viennese knockout of two continents—Rudolph Where Have You Been.

"Now this new show will stay on Broadway a year and a half, kid," Mr. Fieldstone proceeded, "in case I get the right people to push it. Therefore I'm offering you the part before I speak to any one else."

"Any one else!" Miss Raymond exclaimed. "Well, you've got a nerve, after all I've done for you in Rudolph!"

"Sure, I know," Fieldstone said; "but you've got to hand something to Sidney Rossmore."

"Him?" Miss Raymond cried. "Say, Mont, if I had to play opposite him another season I'd go back into vaudeville."

Fieldstone began to perspire freely. As a matter of fact he had signed Rossmore for the new show that very morning after an all-night discussion in Sam's, the only restaurant enjoying the confidence of the last municipal administration.

"Then how about the guy that wrote the music, Oskar Schottlaender?" he protested weakly. "That poor come-on don't draw down only ten thousand dollars a week royalties from England, France and America alone!"

"Of course if you ain't going to give me any credit for what I've done ——" Miss Raymond began.

"Ain't I telling you you're the first one I spoke to about this?" Fieldstone interrupted.

"Oh, is that so?" Miss Raymond said. "I wonder you didn't offer that Vivian Haig the part, which before I called myself after a highball I'd use my real name, even if it was Katzberger."

"I told you before, kid, Vivian Haig goes with the Rudolph Number Two Company next month to play the same part as she does now; and you know as well as I do it ain't no better than walking on and off in the second act—that's all."

"Then you'd oughter learn her to walk, Mont," Miss Raymond said as she rose from her chair. "She fell all over herself last night."

"I know it," Fieldstone said, without shifting from his desk. "She ain't got nothing to do and she can't do that!"

Miss Raymond attempted what a professional producer had told her was a bitter laugh. It turned out to be a snort.

"Well, I can't stay here all day talking about people like Haig," she announced. "I got a date with my dressmaker in a quarter of an hour."

"All right, Goldie," Fieldstone said, still seated. "Take care of yourself, kid, and I'll see you after the show tonight."

He watched her as she disappeared through the doorway and sighed heavily—but not for love, because the domestic habits of a lifetime in the waist business are not to be so easily overcome. Indeed, theatrical beauty, with all its allurements, reposed in Fieldstone's office as free from temptation to the occupant as thousand-dollar bills in a paying-teller's cage.

What if he did call Miss Goldie Raymond "kid"? He meant nothing by it. In common with all other theatrical managers he meant nothing by anything he ever said to actors or playwrights, unless it appeared afterward that he ought to have meant it and would stand to lose money by not meaning it.

The telephone bell rang and he lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Who d'ye say?" he said after a pause. "Well, see if Raymond is gone down the elevator, and if it's all right tell her I'll see her."

A moment later a side door opened—not the door by which Miss Raymond had departed—and a young woman of determined though graceful and alluring deportment entered.

"Well," she said, "how about it, Mont? Do I get it or don't I?"

"Sit down, kid," Fieldstone said, himself seated; for he had not risen at his visitor's entrance. "How goes it, sweetheart?"

It is to be understood that "sweetheart" in this behalf had no more significance than "kid." It was a synonym for "kid" and nothing else.

"Rossmore says you're going to play Raymond in the new piece," she went on, ignoring his question; "and you know you told me ——"

"Now listen here, kid," he said, "you ain't got no kick coming. In Rudolph you've got a part that's really the meaty part of the whole piece. I watched your performance from behind last night, kid, and I hope I may die if I didn't say to Raymond that it was immense and you were running her out of the business. I thought she'd throw a fit!"

"Then I do get the part in the new piece?" Miss Vivian Haig insisted—for it was none other than herself.

"Well, it's like this," Fieldstone explained: "If you play another season with Rudolph, and ——"

Miss Haig waited to hear no more, however. She bowed her head in her hands and burst into sobs; and she might well have saved herself the trouble, for to J. Montgomery Fieldstone the tears of an actress on or off were only "bus. of weeping." He lit a fresh cigar, and it might have been supposed that he blew the smoke in Miss Haig's direction as a substitute for smelling salts or aromatic spirits of ammonia. As a matter of fact he just happened to be facing that way.

"Now don't do that, kid," he said, "because you know as well as I do that if there was anything I could do for the daughter of Morris Katzberger I'd do it. Him and me worked as cutters together in the old days when I didn't know no more about the show business than Morris does today; but I jumped you right from the chorus into the part of Sonia in Rudolph, and you got to rest easy for a while, kid."

"I g-got notices above the star," Miss Haig sobbed; "and you told popper the night after we opened in Atlantic City that you were planning to give me a b-better part next season."

"Ain't your father got diabetes?" Fieldstone demanded. "What else would I tell him?"

"But you said to Sidney Rossmore that if I could dance as well as I sang I'd be worth two hundred and fifty a week to you."

"I said a hundred and fifty," Fieldstone corrected; "and anyhow, kid, you ain't had no experience dancing."

"Ain't I?" Miss Haig said. She flung down her pocketbook and handkerchief, and jumped from her seat. "Well, just you watch this!"

For more than ten minutes she postured, leaped and pranced by turns, while Fieldstone puffed great clouds of smoke to obscure his admiration.

"How's that?" she panted at last, sinking into a chair.

"Where did you get it?" Fieldstone asked.

"I got it for money—that's where I got it," Miss Haig replied; "and I got to get money for it—if not by you by some other concern."

Fieldstone shrugged his shoulders with apparent indifference.

"You know your own book, kid," he said; "but, you can take it from me, you'll be making the mistake of your life if you quit me."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't!" Miss Haig said as she gathered up her handkerchief and pocketbook. "I ain't going to do nothing in a hurry; but if you want to give me my two weeks' notice now go ahead and do it!"

"Think it over, kid," Fieldstone said calmly as Miss Haig started for the door. "Anything can happen in this business. Raymond might drop dead or something."

Miss Haig slammed the door behind her, but in the moment of doing it Fieldstone caught the unspoken wish in her flashing eyes.

"So do I!" he said half aloud.

II

LYMAN J. BIENENFLUG, of the firm of Bienenflug & Krimp, Rooms 6000 to 6020 Algonquin Theater Building, was a theatrical lawyer in the broadest sense of the term; and it was entirely unnecessary for Mrs. Ray Fieldstone to preface every new sentence with "Listen, Mr. Bienenflug!" because Mr. Bienenflug was listening as a theatrical lawyer ought to listen, with legs crossed and biting the end of a penholder, while his heavy brows were knotted in a frown of deep consideration, borrowed from Sir J. Forbes Robertson in Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1.

"Listen, Mr. Bienenflug! I considered why should I stand for it any longer?" Mrs. Fieldstone went on. "He usen't anyhow to come home till two—three o'clock. Now he don't come home at all sometimes. Am I right or wrong?"

"Quite right," Mr. Bienenflug said. "You have ample grounds for a limited divorce."

While retaining or, rather, as a dramatic producer would say, registering the posture of listening, Mr. Bienenflug mentally reviewed all J. Montgomery Fieldstone's successes of the past year, which included the Head of the Family, a drama, and Miss Goldie Raymond in the Viennese knockout of two continents, Rudolph Where Have You Been. He therefore estimated the alimony at two hundred dollars a week and a two-thousand-dollar counsel fee; and he was proceeding logically though subconsciously to a contrasting of the respective motor-car refinement displayed by a ninety-horse-power J. C. B. and the new 1914 model Samsoun—both six cylinders—when Mrs. Fieldstone spoke again.

"Listen, Mr. Bienenflug!" she protested. "I don't want no divorce. I should get a divorce at my time of life, with four children already! What for?"

"Not an absolute divorce," Mr. Bienenflug explained; "just a separation."

"A separation!" Mrs. Fieldstone exclaimed in a manner so agitated that she forgot to say, "Listen, Mr. Bienenflug!" "If I would want a separation I don't need to come to a lawyer, Mr. Bienenflug. Any married woman if she is crazy in the head could go home to her folks to live, Mr. Bienenflug, without paying money to a lawyer he should advise her to do so, Mr. Bienenflug; which I got six married sisters, Mr. Bienenflug—and before I would go and live with any of them, Mr. Bienenflug, my husband could make me every day fresh a blue eye—and still I wouldn't leave him. No, Mr. Bienenflug, I ain't asking you you should get me a separation. What I want is you should get him to come home and stay home."

"But a lawyer can't do that, Mrs. Fieldstone."

"I thought a lawyer could do anything," Mrs. Fieldstone said, "if he was paid for it, Mr. Bienenflug, which I got laying in savings bank over six hundred dollars; and ——"

Mr. Bienenflug desired to hear no more. He uncrossed his legs and dropped the penholder abruptly. At the same time he struck a handbell on his desk to summon an office boy, who up to the opening night of the Head of the Family, six months before, had responded to an ordinary electric pushbutton. But any one who has ever seen the Head of the Family—and, in fact, any one who knows anything about dramatic values—will appreciate how much more effective from a theatrical standpoint the handbell is than the pushbutton. There is something about the imperative Bing! of the handbell that holds an audience. It is, in short, drama—though drama has its disadvantages in real life; for Mr. Bienenflug, after striking the handbell six times without response, was obliged to go to the door and shout "Ralph!" in a wholly untheatrical voice.

"What's the matter with you?" he said when the office boy appeared. "Can't you hear when you're rung for?"

Ralph murmured that he thought it was a—now—Polyclinic ambulance out in the street.

"Get me a stenographer," Mr. Bienenflug said.

In the use of the indefinite article before stenographer he was once again the theatrical lawyer, because Bienenflug & Krimp kept but one stenographer, and at that particular moment she was in earnest conversation with a young lady whose face bore traces of recent tears.

It was this face and not a Polyclinic ambulance that had delayed Ralph Binswanger's response to his employer's bell; and after he had retired from Mr. Bienenflug's room he straightway forgot his message in listening to a very moving narrative indeed.

"And after I left his office who should I run into but Sidney Rossmore," said the young lady with the tear-stained face, whom you will now discover to be Miss Vivian Haig; "and he says that he just saw Raymond and she's going to sign up with Fieldstone for the new piece tonight yet."

She began to weep anew and Ralph could have wept with her, or done anything else to comfort her, such as taking her in his arms and allowing her head to rest on his shoulder—and but for the presence of the stenographer he would have tried it too.

"Well," Miss Schwartz, the stenographer, said, "he'll get his come-uppings all right! His wife is in with Mr. Bienenflug now, and I guess she's going in for a little alimony."

Miss Haig dried her eyes and sat up straight.

"What for?" she said.

"You should ask what for!" Miss Schwartz commented. "I guess you know what theatrical managers are."

"Not Fieldstone ain't!" Miss Haig declared with conviction. "I'll say anything else about him, from petty larceny up; but otherwise he's a perfect gentleman."

At this juncture Mr. Bienenflug's door burst open.

"Ralph!" he roared.

"Oh, Mr. Bienenflug," Miss Haig said, "I want to see you for a minute."

She smiled on him with the same smile she had employed nightly in the second act of Rudolph and Mr. Bienenflug immediately regained his composure.

"Come into Mr. Krimp's room," he said.

And he closed the door of Room 6000, which was his own room, and ushered Miss Haig through Room 6010, which was the outer office, occupied by the stenographer and the office boy, into Mr. Krimp's room, or Room 6020; for it was by the simple expedient of numbering rooms in tens and not in units that the owner of the Algonquin Theater Building had provided his tenants with such commodious suites of offices—on their letterheads at least.

"By jinks! I clean forgot all about it, Miss Schwartz," Ralph said after Mr. Bienenflug had become closeted with his more recent client. "He told me to tell you to come in and take some dictation."

"I'll go in, all right," Miss Schwartz said; and she entered Mr. Bienenflug's room determined to pluck out the heart of Mrs. Fieldstone's mystery.

It needed no effort on the stenographer's part, however; for as soon as she said "How do you do, Mrs. Fieldstone?" Mrs. Fieldstone forthwith unbosomed herself.

"Listen, Miss Schwartz," she said. "I've been here about buying houses, and I've been here about putting out tenants—and all them things; but I never thought I would come here about Jake."

Out of consideration for Ralph, Miss Schwartz had left the door ajar, and Ralph discreetly seated himself on one side where he might hear unobserved.

"Why, what's the trouble now, Mrs. Fieldstone?" Miss Schwartz asked.

"Former times he usen't to come home till two—three o'clock," Mrs. Fieldstone repeated; "and last week twice already he didn't come home at all; but he telephoned—I will say that for him." Here she burst into tears, which in a woman of Mrs. Fieldstone's weight and style of beauty—for she was by no means unhandsome—left Ralph entirely unmoved. "Last night," she sobbed, "he ain't even telephoned!"

"Well," Miss Schwartz said soothingly, "you've got to expect that in the show business. Believe me, Mrs. Fieldstone, you should ought to jump right in with a motion for alimony before he spends it all on them others."

"That's where you make a big mistake, Miss Schwartz," Mrs. Fieldstone said indignantly. "My Jake ain't got no eyes for no other woman but me! It ain't that, I know! If it was I wouldn't stick at nothing. I'd divorce him like a dawg! The thing is—now—I consider should I sue him in the courts for a separation or shouldn't I wait to see if he wouldn't quit staying out all night. Mr. Bienenflug wants me I should do it—but I don't know."

She sighed tremulously and opened wide the flap of her handbag, which was fitted with a mirror and a powder puff; and after she had made good the emotional ravages to her complexion she rose to her feet.

"Listen, Miss Schwartz. I think I'll think it over and come back tomorrow," she said.

"But, Mrs. Fieldstone," Miss Schwartz protested, "won't you wait till Mr. Bienenflug gets through? He'll be out in a minute."

"He didn't have no business to leave me stay here," Mrs. Fieldstone replied. "I was here first; but, anyhow, I'll be back tomorrow or so." Here she put on her gloves. "Furthermore, I ain't in no hurry," she said. "When you've been married to a man sixteen years, twenty-four hours more or less about getting a divorce don't make no difference one way or the other." She opened the door leading into the hall. "And, anyhow," she declared finally, "I ain't going to get no divorce anyway."

Miss Schwartz shrugged her shoulders.

"My *taxis* if you get a divorce or not!" she said as she heard the elevator door close behind Mrs. Fieldstone.

"I hope she does!" Ralph said fervently. "He's nothing but a dawg—that fellow Fieldstone ain't!"

"Most of 'em are dawgs—those big managers," Miss Schwartz said; "and, what with their wives and their actors, they lead a dawg's life too."

Further discussion was prevented by the appearance of Miss Haig and Mr. Bienenflug from Room 6020.

"I can throw the bluff all right," Mr. Bienenflug was saying; "though I tell you right now, Miss Haig, you haven't any cause of action; and if you did have one there wouldn't be much use in suing on it."

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"A producing manager has to get a couple of judgments entered against him every week, otherwise every one'd think he was an easy mark," he commented; "and that's why I say there ain't any money in the show business for the plaintiff's attorney—unless it's an action for divorce." Here he snapped his fingers as he realized that he had completely forgotten Mrs. Fieldstone during his twenty-minute consultation with Miss Haig. "Well, good-by, Miss Haig," he said, pressing her hand warmly. "I've got some one in there waiting to see me."

"No, you ain't," Ralph blurted out. "Mrs. Fieldstone went away a few minutes ago; and she said ——"

"Went away!" Mr. Bienenflug exclaimed. "Went away! And you let her?"

"He ain't no cop, Mr. Bienenflug," Miss Schwartz said, coming to Ralph's defense. "What did you want him to do—put handcuffs on her?"

"So," Bienenflug said bitterly, "you let Mrs. Fieldstone go out of this office with a counsel fee of two thousand dollars and a rake-off on two hundred a week alimony!"

"Alimony!" Miss Haig cried, with an excellent assumption of surprise. "Is Mrs. Fieldstone suing Mont for divorce?"

She was attempting a diversion in Ralph's favor, but it was no use.

"Excuse me, Miss Haig," Bienenflug said raspingly, for in the light of his vanished counsel fee and alimony he knew now that Miss Haig was a siren, a vampire and altogether a dangerous female. "I don't discuss one client's affairs with another!"

"Oh, all right!" Miss Haig said, and she walked out into the hallway and slammed the door behind her.

"Now you get out of here!" Bienenflug shouted, and Ralph barely had time to grab his hat when he found himself in front of the elevators with Miss Haig.

"What's the matter?" she said. "Did Mr. Bienenflug fire you?"

Ralph could not trust himself to words; he was too busy trying to prevent his lower lip from wagging.

"Well," Miss Haig went on, "I guess you wouldn't have no trouble finding another job. What did he do it for?"

"I couldn't help her skipping out," Ralph said huskily; "and besides, she ain't going to sue for no divorce anyway. She said so before she went."

Miss Haig nodded and her rosebud mouth straightened into as thin a line as one could expect of a *rouge-à-lèvre* rosebud.

"She did, eh?" she rejoined. "Well, if she was to change her mind do you suppose Bienenflug would give you back your job?"

"Maybe!" Ralph said.

"Then here's your chance!" Miss Haig said. "You're a smart kid, Ralph; so all you've got to do is to get Mrs. Fieldstone round to Sam's at half past eleven tonight—and if she don't change her mind I miss my guess."

"Why will she?" Ralph asked.

"Because," Miss Haig replied, as she made ready to descend in the elevator, "just about that time Fieldstone'll be pretty near kissing her to make her take fifty dollars a week less than she'll ask."

"Kissing who?" Ralph demanded.

"Be there at half past eleven," Miss Haig said, "and you'll see!"

III

THOUGH Ralph Binswanger had performed the functions of an office boy in Rooms 6000 to 6020 he was, in fact, "over and above the age of eighteen years," as prescribed by that section of the Code of Civil Procedure dealing with the service of process. Indeed he was so manly for his age that Mr. Bienenflug in moments of enthusiasm had occasionally referred to him as "our managing clerk, Mr. Binswanger," and it was in this assumed capacity

"I Guess She's Going In for a Little Alimony"

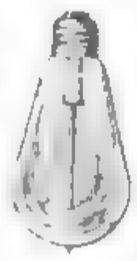
She Postured, Leaped and Pranced by Turns

The Long Journey of Science in Search of Perfect Light

Talks about MAZDA
No 3

Not the name of a thing
but the mark of a Service

"Call me the link boy to light my way"
—Old Play

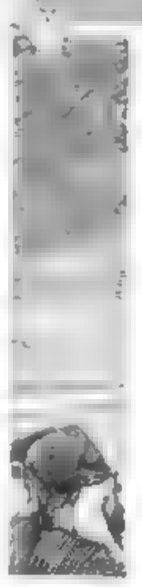


The MAZDA Lamp of today which gives three times as much light as carbon lamps. It embodies the results of MAZDA Service to the manufacturer.

TURN the button—flash! Many lifetimes' study of electricity is summed up for you in that quick and splendid radiance.

Your forefathers had more trouble in getting the light of a single, dim candle. Yet we take this modern miracle for granted—this cheerful light summoned by the fingers, that is so many times more helpful, so many times cheaper per candle power than the cheapest candles.

Think of the ancient men conjuring the flame from the sapling, the pineknot, the grease from animal bodies, the oil of the earth. Think of the world's long struggle for more light and cheaper light, unguided in earlier days by an adequate knowledge or by any systematic method of reaching the goal that was sought.



Franklin's early experiment in harnessing electricity.

Think of the joy of the Dutch burgomaster, von Guericke, more than two centuries ago, when he proved to scientists of his time that electricity had the power to give forth light. Think of these isolated experimenters turning cranks to produce light-flashes by friction, and of their endless groping to capture that light.

Von Guericke's electrical machine for producing electricity by friction.

Think of Franklin (one hundred and sixty years ago this past summer) flushed with excitement on discovering that the electricity of the sky could be conducted by a kite string.

Think of the tremendous obstacles overcome in the production of Edison's first carbon incandescent lamp. Electrical science was now to settle itself to the systematic study of this vast problem which in earlier days had been left to slow, blind, accidental advance. And manufacture had begun to feel the impetus of help communicated by organized research, experiment and selection.

Think of that next big step—this time the use of filaments of *metal*, such as tantalum and tungsten.

But obstacles were still to be overcome. For example, the tungsten paste filament was fragile. The first MAZDA lamp gave more light and cheaper light, yet left something still to be added—greater sturdiness fully to meet the strain of *every* day usage.

Then the triumph of the *drawn wire* filament in the MAZDA lamp of today—*three times as much light* as the old style carbon lamps, with the same amount of electric current, and rugged enough in elements and construction to round out the full wonder of its practical efficiency.

The plodding scientists had climbed a step higher in the great world-journey between the humble candle and the ideal light.

Will they stop here?

Will that group of scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady be satisfied with these selected methods of construction revealed by the lamp marked MAZDA?

The mark MAZDA itself answers that question.

MAZDA is the mark of a Service and it designates the great plan by which the MAZDA Lamp *shall continue to mean* the highest achievement in incandescent lighting.

MAZDA Service means that the Research Laboratories are not only assembling the results of their own incessant and exhaustive investigations, and those of their associates in the active developing and manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, but are keeping in close touch with great experimental lamp laboratories in Europe.

Even the shape of glass bulbs is a subject for constant experimentation.

MAZDA Service means also the furnishing to the General Electric Company factories, and to the factories of other Companies entitled to receive this Service, every new fragment of knowledge, from whatever source derived, which shall be selected in the course of this Service to the manufacturers for embodiment in the MAZDA lamp.

In other words, the mark MAZDA on a lamp means that this world-wide MAZDA Service has been received by the makers of that lamp.

This is your assurance when you buy a MAZDA lamp—whether you buy it today, tomorrow, next month or at any future time—that you have the incandescent electric lamp that sums up the latest efforts of the broadest lamp service in the world.

In one of the testing rooms of the Research Laboratories MAZDA Service involves unceasing tests and experiments with the aim that MAZDA will always mean the highest advance in metal filament lighting.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

that he had sought Mrs. Fieldstone and had at length persuaded her to go down to Sam's with him.

"A young man of your age ought to be home and in bed long before this," she said as they turned the corner of Sixth Avenue precisely at half past eleven.

"I got my duties to perform the same as anybody else, Mrs. Fieldstone; and what Mr. Bienenflug tells me to do I must do," he retorted. "Also, you should remember what I told you about not eating nothing on me except oysters and a glass of beer, maybe, as I forgot to bring much money with me from the office."

"I didn't come down here to eat," Mrs. Fieldstone said, with a catch in her voice.

"Even so, Mrs. Fieldstone, don't you try to start nothing with this woman, as you never know what you're stacking up against in cafés," Ralph warned her. "Young Hartigan, the featherweight champion of the world, used to be a—now—coat boy in Sam's; and they got several waiters working there who has also graduated from the preliminary class."

"I wouldn't open my head at all," Mrs. Fieldstone promised; and with this assurance they entered the most southerly of the three doors to Sam's.

One of the penalties of being one of the few restaurants in New York permitted to do business between one A. M. and six A. M. was that Sam's Café and Restaurant did a light business between six P. M. and one A. M.; and consequently at eleven-thirty P. M. J. Montgomery Fieldstone and Miss Goldie Raymond were the only occupants of the south dining room.

It is true there were other customers seated in the middle and north dining rooms—conspicuously Mr. Sidney Rossmore and Miss Vivian Haig; and it was this young lady who, though hidden from J. Montgomery Fieldstone's view, formed one of the subsidiary heads of his discourse with Miss Raymond.

"Well, I wish you could 'a' seen her, kid!" he said to Miss Raymond. "My little girl seven years old has took of Professor Rheinberger plain and fancy dancing for three weeks only, and she's a regular Pavlowa already alongside of Haig. She's heavy on her feet like an elephant!"

"You should tell me that!" Miss Raymond exclaimed. "Ain't I seen her?"

"And yet you claim I considered giving her this part in the new piece," Fieldstone said indignantly. "I'm honestly surprised at you, kid!"

"Oh, you'd do anything to save fifty dollars a week on your salary list," she retorted.

"About that fifty dollars, listen to me, Goldie!" Fieldstone began, just as Ralph and Mrs. Fieldstone came through the revolving doors. "I don't want you to think I'm small, see? And if you say you must have it, why, I'll give it to you." He leaned forward and smiled affably at her. "After the thirtieth week!" he concluded in seductive tones.

"Right from the day we open!" Miss Raymond said, tapping the tablecloth with her fingertips.

"Now, sweetheart," Fieldstone began, as he seized her hand and squeezed it affectionately, "you know as well as I do when I say a thing I mean it, because ——"

And it was here that Mrs. Fieldstone, losing all control of herself and all remembrance of Ralph's admonition, took the aisle in as few leaps as her fashionable skirt permitted and brought up heavily against her husband's table.

"Jake!" she cried hysterically. "Jake, what is this?"

Fieldstone dropped Miss Raymond's hand and jumped out of his chair.

"Why, mommer!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? Is the children sick?"

He caught her by the arm, but she shook him off and turned threateningly to Miss Raymond.

"You hussy, you!" she said. "What do you mean by it?"

Miss Goldie Raymond stood up and glared at Mrs. Fieldstone.

"Hussy yourself!" she said. "Who are you calling a hussy? Mont, are you going to stand there and hear me called a hussy?"

Fieldstone paid no attention to this demand. He was clawing affectionately at his wife's arm and repeating, "Listen, mommer! Listen!" in anguished protest.

"I would call you what I please!" Mrs. Fieldstone panted. "I would call you worser yet; and ——"

Miss Raymond, however, decided to wait no longer for a champion; and, as the sporting writers would say, she headed a left swing for Mrs. Fieldstone's chin. But it never landed, because two vigorous arms, newly whitened with an emulsion of zinc oxide, were thrown round her waist and she was dragged back into her chair.

"Don't you dare touch that lady, Goldie Raymond!" said a voice that can only be described as clear and vibrant, despite the speaker's recent exhausting solo in the second act of Rudolph Where Have You Been. "Don't you dare touch that lady or I'll lift the face off you!"

Miss Raymond was no sooner seated, however, than she sprang up again and with one begemmed hand secured a firm hold on the bird of paradise in Miss Vivian Haig's hat.

"No one can make a mum out of me!" she proclaimed, and at once closed with her adversary.

Simultaneously Mrs. Fieldstone shrieked aloud and sank swooning into the arms of her husband. As for Sidney Rossmore and Ralph Binswanger, they lingered to see no more; but at the first outcry they fled through a doorway at the end of the room. In the upper part it was fitted with a ground-glass panel that, as if in derision, bore the legend: Café for Men Only.

When they emerged a few minutes later Miss Goldie Raymond had been spirited away by the management with the mysterious rapidity of a suicide at Monte Carlo, and Miss Vivian Haig, hatless and dishevelled, was laving Mrs. Fieldstone's forehead with brandy, supplied by the management at forty cents a pony.

"You know me, don't you, Mrs. Fieldstone?" Miss Vivian Haig said. "I'm Hattie Katzberger."

Mrs. Fieldstone had now been laved with upward of two dollars and forty cents' worth of brandy, and she opened her eyes and nodded weakly.

"And you know that other woman, too, mommer," Fieldstone protested. "That was Goldie Raymond that plays Mitzi in Rudolph. I was only trying to get her to sign up for the new show, mommer. What do you think?—I would do anything otherwise at my time of life! Foolish woman, you!"

He pinched Mrs. Fieldstone's pale cheek and she smiled at him in complete understanding.

"But you ain't going to give her the new part now, are you, Jake?" she murmured.

"Certainly he ain't!" Miss Vivian Haig said. "I'm going to get that part myself, ain't I, Mr. Fieldstone?"

Fieldstone made a gesture of complete surrender.

"Sure you are!" he said, with the earnestness of a waist manufacturer and not a producing manager. "And a good dancer like you," he concluded, "I would pay the same figure as Goldie Raymond."

The following morning Lyman J. Bienenflug dispatched to Mrs. J. Montgomery Fieldstone a bill for professional services, consultation and advice in and about settlement of action for a separation—Fieldstone versus Fieldstone—six hundred dollars. He also dispatched to Miss Vivian Haig another bill for professional services, consultation and advice in and about settlement of action for breach of contract of employment—Haig versus Fieldstone—two hundred and fifty dollars.

Later in the day Ralph Binswanger, managing clerk in the office of Bienenflug & Krimp, and over and above the age of eighteen years as prescribed by the Code, served a copy of the summons and complaint on each of the joint tort-feasors in the ten-thousand-dollar assault action of Goldie Raymond, plaintiff, against J. Montgomery Fieldstone and others, defendants. There were important changes that evening in the cast of Rudolph Where Have You Been.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

YOU shall have plenty of investments to pick from during this year—1914. Railroad bonds and notes that mature during the year foot up three hundred ninety million dollars. Bonds and notes of public-utility companies—street-railroad, gas, electric-light, and so on—maturing during the year come to one hundred nineteen million dollars; while the bonds and notes of large manufacturing, mining and like concerns that fall due in 1914 amount to over fifty million dollars.

Practically all these obligations will have to be refunded by new bond or note issues. Probably a good many smaller companies have been overlooked in the above compilation, and maturing municipal obligations are not included.

Therefore—to say nothing of capital required for new extensions and improvements or to fund floating indebtedness—railroad and other companies will be in the market to borrow about six hundred million dollars between now and next Christmas. Probably they will borrow a part of this sum on short-term notes—obligations running from one to three years; in fact out of three hundred ninety millions of railroad obligations maturing in 1914, over three hundred thirty millions consist of one, two and three year notes. Out of one hundred nineteen millions of public-utility obligations that fall due this year, ninety-seven millions are in the form of short-term notes; and considerably more than half of the industrial obligations maturing in the year are in that form.

Adding those three items you have, in round numbers, four hundred sixty million dollars of short-term notes maturing this year, which is practically four-fifths of all the maturities included in the tabulation. Not long ago the Journal of Commerce printed a list of all the more important railroad, traction and industrial funded debts that will mature between January 1, 1914, and December 31, 1916. It amounted to nine hundred fifty million dollars, of which six hundred forty millions—or more than two-thirds of the total—consisted of short-term notes.

Short-Term Financing

This shows the enormous extent to which big borrowers have resorted to short-term notes of late instead of to bond issues but probably small investors are not so familiar with that form of funded obligation as they should be.

The motive for issuing short-term notes instead of long-term bonds is, of course, simply to beat the investment market. For virtually all of the six hundred forty million dollars that has been borrowed on short-term notes maturing in the next three years the borrowers paid more than five per cent—and from a shade over five per cent all the way to something over seven per cent; but they would rather pay six per cent for two years than pay five per cent for forty years.

They are hoping, of course, for a fall in interest rates that will enable them to refund the notes in long-term bonds at four and a half or better.

The New York Central, for example, has seventy million dollars of notes maturing this year and next that were issued for various purposes in the past two years. It could have borrowed the money on twenty-year debentures and so had the matter out of the way for a long time to come; but it would have had to pay about five per cent interest for the whole period.

Last April it had to raise ten million dollars to pay floating debts; so it issued that amount of one-year five per cent notes and sold them to Morgan & Company, the First National Bank and the National City Bank at a price that enabled the bankers to sell them to the public at ninety-nine and a half, netting the investor a trifle better than five and a half per cent.

The money obviously cost the railroad company well toward six per cent; but it would rather pay that rate for a year—with the chance that somewhat later on it may borrow on long time for considerably less than five per cent—than pay five for twenty years.

Take another typical instance of about the same date: The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, in 1910, executed a consolidated mortgage to secure an issue of five per cent thirty-year bonds. Last summer fifty-four million dollars of bonds were authorized to be issued under this mortgage; but in the conditions then obtaining on the bond market it was doubtful whether any considerable amount of bonds could be sold at par while seventeen million dollars of short-term notes were about to mature.

The railroad, therefore, issued twenty-four million five hundred thousand dollars of the consolidated bonds and deposited them with the Central Trust Company as trustee; and against the bonds so deposited it issued nineteen million dollars of two-year five per cent gold notes, which were sold at ninety-eight, netting the investor six and an eighth per cent interest.

No doubt the expectation is that when the notes mature the consolidated bonds can be marketed on more favorable terms than could have been obtained last summer; so, though the railroad paid at least six and a quarter per cent on the money, it expects to gain in the long run.

Besides a higher rate of interest, investors in short-term notes—in many cases—get a larger margin of security than if they bought bonds outright. In this Missouri, Kansas & Texas case, for instance, the notes amount to only seventy-seven per cent of the face of the bonds that are deposited to secure them. In other words, every thousand-dollar note has nearly thirteen hundred dollars in bonds behind it.

Chances for Small Investors

This financing of big concerns by short-term notes is a comparatively new invention. It is only in very recent years that it has been resorted to on anything like the present scale. Formerly the large corporation would worry through a period of tight money by borrowing from the banks; but the load has got too big for the banks to carry. By issuing short-term notes investors are brought in; but, generally speaking, they are large investors rather than small ones.

The New York Central notes mentioned above were issued in denominations of five thousand, ten thousand, twenty-five thousand, a hundred thousand dollars, though thousand-dollar notes are the rule. I doubt whether they get to small investors to the same extent that long-term bonds would.

The proposition to the investor, in a nutshell, is that the company will pay you six per cent for your money now in the expectation of getting it at four or four and a half a couple of years hence.

Small investors should by no means overlook this proposition—that is, in searching for an investment they should keep short-term notes in mind. With money as stringent as it has been during the last six months, and with almost no speculation in stocks and bonds, some short-term notes have dropped to a price that yields the purchaser extraordinary interest rates.

In this category the Wall Street Journal recently mentioned Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad notes, yielding twenty per cent; Missouri Pacific, yielding fifteen per cent; Chicago Elevated Railroad, yielding twelve per cent; Boston & Maine, yielding from twelve to thirteen per cent.

Contrasted with those figures, you have New York Central notes, holding pretty steady on a five-and-a-half per cent basis. The difference, of course, represents current opinion as to the relative soundness and desirability of the issues; but current opinion is most always right.

As with a bond, the desirability of a short-term note hinges upon both the financial strength of the company that issues it and the value of the specific security behind it—for in nearly all cases short-term notes are backed by the pledge of specific securities as collateral. An unsecured Pennsylvania Railroad note, for instance, might be much better than the note of some wobbly irrigation company with a cartload of depreciated and dubious bonds behind it.

On the other hand the wobbly irrigation company might put up specific security that would make its notes good; but, when from two-thirds to four-fifths of all maturing funded obligations consist of short-term

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The tremendous extent to which corporations have of late resorted to short-term notes raises, of course, a question of great interest to all investors. In a number of cases, it is true, a corporation has been able to borrow on short-term notes when it would have been well-nigh impossible to raise the same amount of capital by marketing long-term bonds—that is, if the company had forced an issue of long-term bonds on the market it would have been obliged to accept a price that would have been fairly ruinous to its credit.

Broadly speaking, however, this resort to short-term notes means that big borrowers confidently expect to see an easier bond market and lower interest rates within a year or two. In this expectation they are probably right.

As I mentioned above—to say nothing of capital needed for extensions and improvements—big borrowers will require six hundred million dollars this year and a thousand million between now and the end of 1916 to meet maturing obligations.

For some time to come they will get little help from Europe. Without regard to railroad and industrial needs over there, Government loans aggregating a billion five hundred million dollars are in prospect; and for a good while money has been quite as tight on that side of the water as on this.

At first blush it looks as though these enormous requirements would absorb all the capital that will be available and prevent any decline in interest rates.

Business, however, is slackening the world over; and any broad reaction in business releases capital with astonishing rapidity. For example, money was excessively tight through the summer and fall of 1907. The next June money at New York was loaned at one and a half per cent on call, at two and a half per cent for four months on collateral, and at three and a half per cent on commercial paper. I do not mean to suggest that a smash like that of October, 1907, impends, or a business reaction so sharp and violent as of that winter. Nevertheless the reaction has been very evident and, if it continues, money will become cheaper.

That a slackening of business was inevitable has been apparent for some time. No tree ever quite reaches the sky. As yet, business cannot strike twelve continually—though I believe that, in the fullness of time, the world will learn to use credit so intelligently that it will always be high noon. The tremendous pace of a year ago was bound, under present conditions, to put a strain on credit that would finally force a reaction.

The more fluid business, of course, responds first. To illustrate: Take the issues of new securities in the first half of 1913 as compared with the corresponding period in the preceding year. The bonds, notes and stock issued by railroad companies in 1912 exceeded by only ten per cent the amount of securities issued by industrial and utility companies; but in the first half of 1913 new securities issued by railroad companies exceeded by more than thirty per cent the issues by industrial and utility companies.

A railroad, of course, is a comparatively inflexible concern. It must plan a long way ahead and it responds with relative slowness to changed money conditions; but the more flexible concerns began shortening sail.

Of the slackening of business here and abroad there are many evidences, and business generally moves in broad curves an extended upslant followed by a decline covering a considerable period. There is no good reason to suppose that money will go begging for a long while to come; but that it will be cheaper in the last half of this year than it was in the last half of 1913 is very probable.

And before the curve turns strongly upward again big borrowers may get an opportunity to fund their obligations in long-term bonds on conditions that will pay them for having deferred the operation. Of course all this mass of notes means long-term bonds finally. A part of the notes falling due this year may be met by issuing other short-term paper; but finally they will practically all be converted into bonds.

The Grizzly Bear

By ENOS A. MILLS

ONE day in North Park, Colorado, I came on the carcass of a cow that wolves had recently killed. Knowing that bears were about I climbed into the substantial top of a stocky pine near by, hoping that a bear would come to feast. A grizzly came at sundown.

The carcass lay in a grassy opening surrounded by willow clumps, grassy spaces and a sprinkling of low-growing, round-topped pines. When about one hundred feet from the carcass the bear stopped. Standing erect, with his forepaws hanging loosely, he looked, listened and carefully examined the air with his nose. As the air was not stirring I felt that he had not and probably would not scent me in the treetop perch.

After scouting for a minute or two with all his keen senses he dropped on all fours and slowly, without a sound, advanced toward the carcass. He circled as he advanced; and when within thirty feet of the waiting feast he redoubled his precautions against surprise and ambush. My scent by the carcass probably had nothing to do with these precautions. A grizzly is ever on guard and in places of possible ambush is extremely cautious. He is not a coward; but he does not propose to blunder into trouble.

Slipping cautiously to the edge of a thick willow clump he suddenly flung himself into it with a fearful roar—then instantly leaped out on the other side. Evidently he planned to start something if there was anything to start.

Standing fully erect, tense at every point, he waited a moment in ferocious attitude, ready to charge anything that might start from the willows; but nothing started. After a brief pause he charged, roaring, through another willow clump. It was a satisfaction to know that the tree-limb on which I sat was substantial. That a grizzly bear cannot climb a tree is a fact in natural history which gave me immense satisfaction. Every willow clump near the carcass was charged, with a roar.

Not finding an enemy he at last went to the carcass. After feasting for a few minutes he rose and snarled. Then, sniffing along my trail a few yards, he stopped to mutter a few growling threats and then returned to the feast.

After eating contentedly for half an hour he moved round the carcass, raking and scraping grass and trash on it. Then, pausing for a minute or two in apparently peaceful contemplation, he doubled back on the trail over which he had come and faded into the twilight.

Alertness—brain power—is a characteristic of the grizzly bear. He is eternally vigilant. He has the genius for taking pains. He is watchful even in seclusion; and when traveling his amazingly developed senses appear never to rest, but are constantly on scout and sentinel duty—except on rare occasions when he is temporarily hypnotized by curiosity. I believe his intelligence to be greater than that of the dog, the horse or the elephant. Apparently he assumes that some one is ever stealthily in pursuit.

In repeatedly following the grizzly with photographic intentions I was almost invariably outwitted. On one occasion I followed one almost constantly for eight days and nights; and, though many times I almost had him, yet I never succeeded. Now and then he climbed a rocky crag to look round; or he doubled back a short distance on his trail to some point of vantage. Here he rose on his hind legs, sniffed the air, looked and listened. At other times he turned at right angles to his general course, went a short distance to a point favorable for seeing, hearing or smelling his possible pursuer, and there remained for a few minutes. If all was well he commonly returned to his trail and again went forward.

Usually he traveled in the face of the wind; commonly he promptly changed his course if the wind changed. In crossing a grassy opening in the woods he sometimes went boldly across; but on the farther side, concealed by the trees, he waited to see

whether a pursuer appeared across the opening. Sometimes he went round an opening to the right or to the left. Apparently there lay a plan behind his every move.

The third day he was well started diagonally down the wall of a cañon. I naturally concluded that he would on this course descend to the bottom and there continue downstream. Instead of doing this, he stopped at a point about midway down for a long stay. Then from this place he pointed his nose upstream and descended diagonally to the bottom of the cañon. At the bottom he again made an acute angle and ascended to the top of the opposite wall.

The last three days of this pursuit he knew that I was following him. Apparently there was no change in his tactics. He simply moved a little more rapidly. Though well acquainted with grizzly habits, I was unable to anticipate his next important move; while he defeated every plan I put into operation.

For several years an outlaw or cattle-killing grizzly terrorized an extensive cattle-grazing section in the mountains of Utah. For months at a stretch he killed a cow or steer at least every other day. He would make a kill one day and the following one would appear across the mountains, forty or more miles distant.

Organized expeditions, made up of from thirty to fifty men, with packs of dogs, pursued him day and night for a week or longer; but each time he escaped. Large rewards were offered for his capture. Old trappers and hunters came from afar, but after weeks of trial gave up the pursuit.

The grizzly has a well-developed bump of curiosity. This sometimes betrays him into forgetfulness. On a few occasions I have come on one—and twice one unwittingly came close to me—while intent on solving something that had struck his curiosity.

While watching a forest fire, I once climbed a mountain to a point above the treeline in order to reach a safe and commanding spot from which to view the flames on a near-by slope. At the summit I came on a grizzly. Within a few yards of me he was squatted on his haunches like a dog, and was intently watching the fire-fount below. A deep roar at one place, high-leaping flames at another, or a vast smoke-cloud at another point—each in turn, caught his attention.

None of his keen senses warned him of my presence, though I stood near him for two or three minutes. When I yelled at him he slowly turned his head and stared at me in a half-dazed manner. Then he angrily showed his teeth for a second or two, and finally—much to my relief—fled like a frightened rabbit.

Curious Grizzlies

On another occasion I saw a grizzly on the opposite side of a narrow cañon, with his forepaws on a boulder, watching with the greatest interest the actions of a fisherman on the stream below. Every cast of the fly was followed by the head of the bear. The pulling up of a trout caused him almost excited interest. For some minutes he concentrated all his faculties on the fisherman; but suddenly, with no apparent reason that I could discern, the bear came to his senses and broke away in a most frightened manner—apparently condemning himself for briefly relapsing into dullness.

Two pet grizzlies that I raised always showed marked curiosity. An unusual near-by sound or a glimpse of some distant object brought them to tiptoe height, roused their complete attention and held it until the mystery was solved.

The grizzly is not ferocious. On the contrary, he uses his wits to keep far away from man. He will not make a wanton attack. He will fight in self-defense; or if surprised, and he thinks himself cornered, he at once becomes the aggressor. If a mother grizzly feels that her cubs are in danger she will face any danger for their defense; but the grizzly does not fight unless he thinks a fight cannot be avoided.

He is a masterful fighter. He has strength, endurance, powerful jaws, deadly claws, courage and brains. Before the white man and the repeating rifle came, he boldly wandered over his domain as absolute master; there was nothing to fear—not an aggressive foe existed. I doubt whether toward man the grizzly was ever ferociously aggressive.

That he has changed on account of contact with the white man and the repeating rifle there can be no doubt. Formerly the rightful monarch of the wilds through capability, he roamed freely about, indifferent as to where he went or whether he was seen. He feared no foe and knew no master. The bow and arrow, or the spear, he held in contempt; for the powerful repeating rifle he has a profound respect. He has been wise enough to adjust himself to this influential factor of environment or evolutionary force. He has thus become less inquisitive and aggressive, and more retiring and wary. He has learned to keep out of sight and out of man's way.

A grizzly acts so promptly in emergencies that he has often been misunderstood. He fights because he thinks he has to do so, not because of desire.

On one occasion in Wyoming I was running down a mountainside, leaping fallen fire-killed timber. In the midst of this I surprised a grizzly by landing within a few feet of him. He leaped to his feet and struck at me with sufficient force to have almost cut me in two had the blow landed. Then he instantly fled.

On other occasions I have seen grizzlies surprised; and, though not cornered, they thought they were and instantly commenced a fierce and effective fight. Dogs, horses and men were charged in rapid succession and either knocked down or put to flight; yet in these fights he was not the aggressor. He does not belong to the criminal class.

Almost every one is interested in bears: a child, the tenderfoot or a Westerner is ever glad to have a good bear story. Countless thousands of bear stories have been written—and apparently written, too, by people unacquainted with the character of grizzly bears. Most of these stories are founded on one or another of three fundamental errors:

Bears That Refuse to Die

One of these is that the grizzly has a bad temper—"As cross as a bear" is an exceedingly common expression; another is that bears are ferocious, watchful and aggressive, always ready to make an attack or to do wanton killing; and, third, that it is almost impossible to kill him.

After a desperate fight—in the story—the grizzly at last succumbs, but not, as a rule, until his body is numerously perforated or changed into a lead mine. As a matter of fact, a shot in the brain, in the upper part of the heart or properly placed in the spine instantly ends the life of a grizzly. Most hunters when facing a grizzly do not shoot accurately.

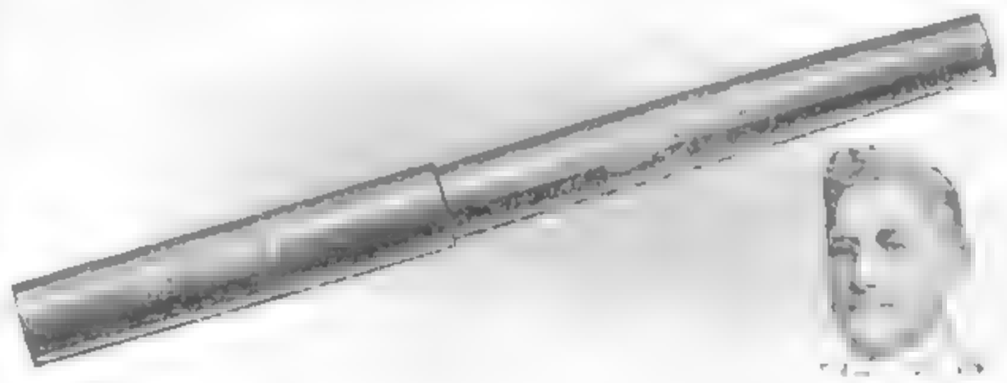
One day I saw three men fire from twelve to sixteen shots at a small grizzly bear on a mountainside only a short distance away. That evening these men sincerely asserted that he must have weighed at least a ton—when the grizzly probably did not weigh more than five hundred pounds—and that, though they shot him full of lead, he refused to die. I doubt whether a single one of their shots hit the grizzly. Most of the shots went wild, and more than a dozen of them hit a rocky cliff about two hundred yards distant and fifty or sixty feet higher than the bear.

Once I saw a hunter kill four huge grizzly bears with just four successive shots. Of course he knew the vital point at which to aim, was a good shot, and had perfect self-control during the few seconds of shooting.

For complete, interesting and accurate information concerning this great animal—surely the greatest in North America, or, indeed, in the world—there are two books to be recommended. These are The Grizzly Bear, by W. H. Wright, and Adventures of James Capen Adams, by T. H. Hittell.

As a rule the grizzly does not kill cattle or big game. There were buffalo-killing grizzlies and an occasional one kills cattle. These killers commonly slay right and left, often killing a dozen head in a short time; but they do not often kill big game. I have a number of times seen elk, deer and mountain sheep feeding near a grizzly without showing the slightest concern.

The grizzly is an omnivorous feeder. He will eat anything that is edible—fresh meat or carrion, bark, grass, grasshoppers, ants, fruit, grubs and leaves. He is fond of honey and with it will consume rotten wood, trash and bees—stings and all. He is a destroyer of many pests that afflict man, and in the realm of biology should be rated high for work in this connection. I doubt whether any dozen cats, hawks or owls annually catch as many mice as he. In some localities the grizzly is almost a vegetarian.



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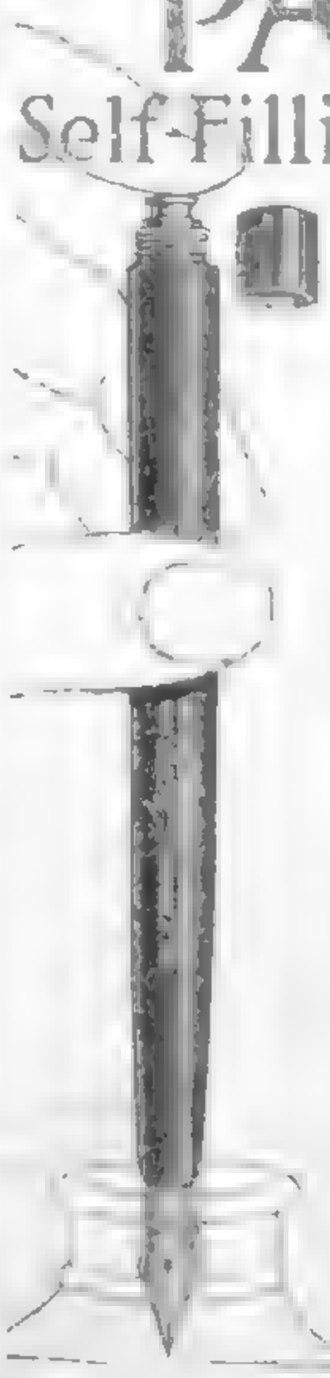

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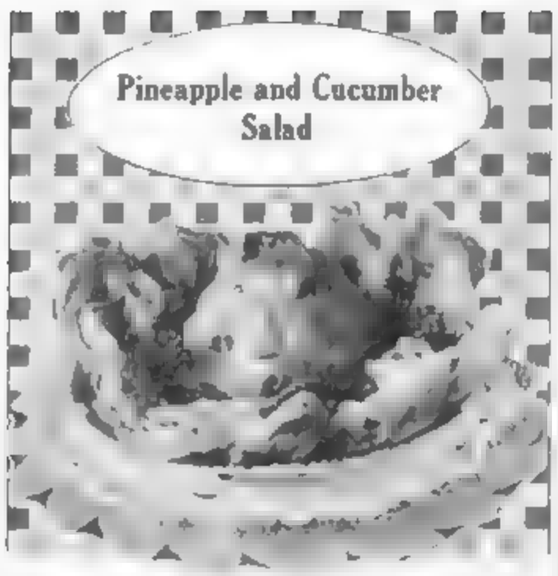

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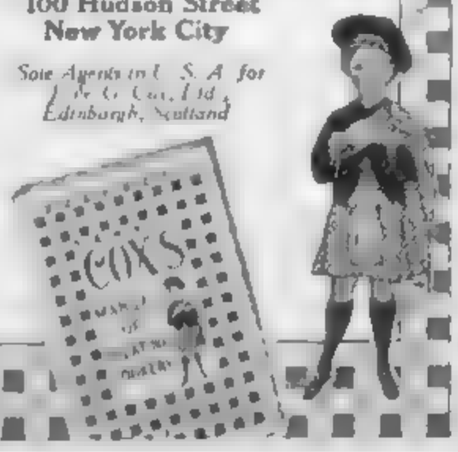


The grizzly in Western Montana and in the southern Selkirks of Canada lives almost exclusively on plants and plant-roots, together with berries and bark.

All grizzlies are fond of fish and in some sections they become successful fishermen. Sometimes they capture fish by wading along a brook and catching, with claws or teeth, the fish that conceal themselves beneath banks or roots.

Commonly the bear makes a stand in driftwood on a bank, or on a log that has fallen into or across a stream. From this stand he knocks fish entirely out of the water with a lightninglike stroke of his paw. The bears that range along the watersheds of the Columbia and its tributaries feed largely on fish—mostly salmon.

I saw a grizzly make a stand in the ripples of an Idaho stream, where he was partly concealed by a willow clump. In about half an hour he knocked five large salmon out of the water. With a single stroke of his forepaw they were flung on the shore, fifteen or twenty feet away. He made only one miss. These salmon weighed between five and twenty pounds each.

One autumn, along the timberline in the Rocky Mountains, wild folks were feeding on the last of the season's berries. Birds were present in such numbers that it appeared like a cosmopolitan bird picnic. There were flocks of grouse and robins, numerous jays and campbirds; and noisiest and liveliest of all were the Clark crows. I watched the scene from the top of a tall spruce.

This annual autumn feast is common to both bears and birds. In this region, and in the heights above, the bears sometimes fatten themselves before retiring for their long winter's sleep.

While up in the tree, out of the woods below a mother grizzly and her two cubs ambled into an opening and made their way slowly up the slope toward me. Mother Grizzly stopped near my tree to dig out some mice. Just after this operation she evidently caught a faint scent of me and instantly stood on tiptoe, all concentration. Motionless as a statue, she looked, listened and gathered information with her nostrils; but just one whiff of danger was all that came to her through the calm air.

How to Live on Nothing

Presently she relaxed and stood for a moment on all fours before moving on. One of the cubs concluded to suckle. This either violated an ancient grizzly custom or else it was something that in the face of danger was too thoughtless to be excused. Anyway the mother knocked the cub headlong with a side swing of her left forepaw. He landed heavily some yards away and tumbled heels over head. The instant he rolled on his feet he sniffed the earth eagerly, as though a remarkable discovery had been made; and immediately he started to dig rapidly with his forepaws, as though some good thing was buried just beneath. He may have been only pretending, however. Without uncovering a thing, he presently raced forward to overtake Mother Grizzly.

The hibernating habits of the grizzly are not completely understood. However, this habit probably originated, as did the hibernating habits of other animals, from the scarcity of food. In a long study of the grizzly my watchfulness of him in this connection brought scanty returns, though all that I actually saw was of the greatest interest.

The grizzly hibernates each winter—"dens up" from three to four months. The length of time apparently is determined by latitude and altitude, by the snowfall, weather conditions—whether severe or mild—and the length of the winter; and perhaps, also, by the peculiarities or the condition of the individual animal. Commonly he hibernates in high altitudes, many going to sleep near or above the timberline.

The place where he hibernates preferably is a natural cave or a semi-cave—a large opening beneath rocks. If completely sheltered in a cave he commonly is satisfied to lie down between rocks, with nothing over him. In other places, where the snow might come in contact with him, he commonly crawls into a huge pile of trash, leaves, sticks and roots. Snow had drifted deeply over each hibernating place I have found.

That his winter sleep is more or less restless is shown in the spring by his hairless hips and sides, the hair having been worn off during the winter. This probably is due to frequent turnings from side to side.

Among the interesting points concerning his hibernating are these: Commonly he is fat when he turns in for his winter's sleep; but usually he does not eat anything for a few days before going in. On the few occasions on which I was able to keep track of a bear for several days before he went to sleep he did not eat a single thing during the four or five days that immediately preceded retiring.

I have examined a number of grizzlies that were killed while hibernating, and in every instance the stomach and intestines were absolutely empty and clean. These facts lead me to think that bears do not eat just prior to hibernating.

Baby Bears as Pets

Nor do they at once eat heartily on emerging. The instances in which I was able to watch them for the first few days after they emerged from winter quarters showed each time almost a fast. Those observed ate only a few ounces of food each during the four or five days immediately after emerging. Each drank a little water. The first thing each ate was a few willow twigs. Apparently they do not eat heartily until a number of days elapse.

On one occasion in Nevada I carefully watched a grizzly for six days after he emerged from his hibernating cave. His winter quarters were at timberline on Battle Mountain, at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet. The winter had been of average temperature but scanty snowfall. I saw him by chance just as he was emerging. It was the first day of March. I watched him with a field-glass. He walked about aimlessly for an hour or more—then returned to his sleeping place without eating or drinking anything.

The following morning he came forth and wandered about until afternoon; then he broke his fast with a mouthful of willow twigs. Shortly after eating these he had a drink of water. After this he walked easily about until nearly sundown—then made himself a nest at the foot of a cliff in the woods. Here he remained until late the following afternoon—he appeared to be asleep. Just before sundown he walked a short distance from his nest, smelled of a number of things, licked the snow a few times, and then returned to his nest.

The following morning he went early for a drink of water and ate more willow twigs. In the afternoon of this day he came on a dead bird—apparently a junco—which he ate. Another drink and he lay down at the foot of a tree for the night. The next morning he drank freely of water, surprised a rabbit, which he entirely devoured, and then lay down and probably slept until noon the following day. On this day he found a dead grouse, and toward evening he caught another rabbit.

The following day he started off with more spirit than on any of the preceding ones. Evidently he was hungry, and he covered more distance that day than in all those preceding. He caught another rabbit, apparently picked up three or four dead birds, and captured a mouse or two.

Grizzlies are born about midwinter, while the mother is in the hibernating cave. The number at birth commonly is two, though sometimes there is only one, and occasionally there are as many as four. The period between births commonly is two years. Generally the young bears run with their mother a year and sleep in the cave with her the winter following their birth.

At the time of birth the grizzly is a small, blind, almost hairless, ugly little fellow, about the size of a chipmunk. Rarely does he weigh more than one pound! During the first two months he grows but little. When the mother emerges from the cave the cubs ofttimes are no larger than cottontail rabbits; but from the time of emergence their appetites increase and their development is very rapid.

They are exceedingly bright and playful youngsters. I have never seen a collie that learned so easily or took training so readily as grizzly bearcubs. My experience, however, is confined to five cubs. The loyalty of a dog to his master is in every respect equaled by the loyalty of a grizzly cub to his master.

A grizzly, young or old, is an exceedingly sensitive animal. He is what may be called highstrung. He does unto you as you do unto him. If you are invariably kind, gentle and playful, he always responds in the same manner; but tease him, and he resents it. Punish him or treat him unfairly and he will become permanently cross and even cruel.

Grizzly bears show great variations in color. Two grizzlies of a like shade are not common unless they are aged ones that have become grizzled and whitish. Among their colors are almost jet black, dark brown, buff, cinnamon, gray, whitish, cream and golden yellow.

I have no way of accounting for the irregularity of color. This variation commonly shows in the same litter of cubs; in fact it is the exception and not the rule for cubs of the same litter to be of one color. In the Bitter Root Mountains, Montana, I saw four cubs and their mother. Each cub and the mother was of a different color.

The Vanishing Grizzly

The color of the grizzly has been and still is the source of much confusion among hunters and others who think all grizzlies are grayish. Other names besides grizzly are frequently used in descriptions of this animal. Such names as silvertip, baldface, cinnamon and range bear are quite common.

The life of a grizzly appears to be from fifteen to forty years. Formerly he ranged over the western part of North America. Within the bounds of the United States there are just two kinds of bears—the grizzly and the black; these, of course, show a number of local variations. The number of grizzly species in North America probably is eight or more.

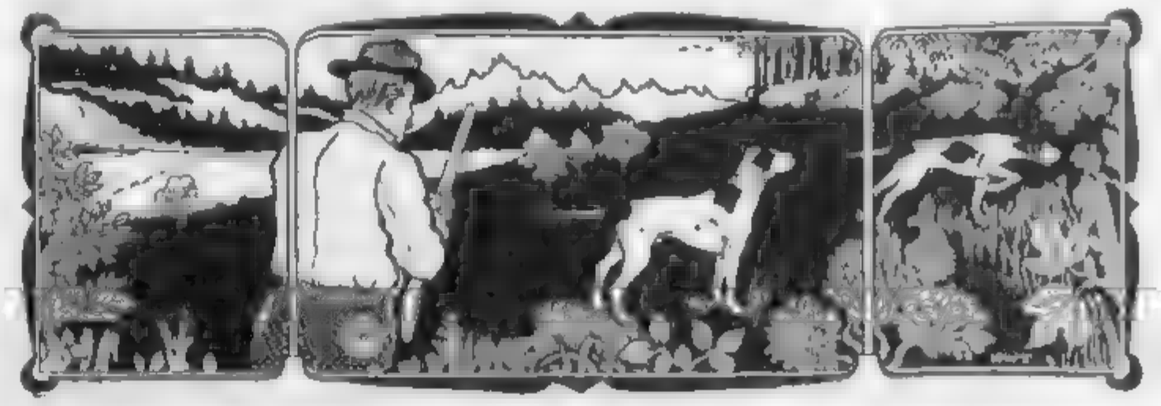
The Alaskan bears are closely allied to the grizzly. The grizzly found in the United States is smaller than most people imagine. Though a few have been killed that weighed a thousand pounds or a trifle more, the majority of grizzlies weigh less than seven hundred pounds.

Most of his movements appear lumbering and awkward; but, despite appearances, the grizzly is a swift runner. He is agile, strikes like lightning with his forepaws, and when fighting in close quarters he is anything but slow.

In only a few localities is there any closed season to protect him. Outside the national parks and a few game preserves he is without refuge from the hunter throughout the year. It is not surprising that over the greater portion of his old territory he rarely is seen.

The grizzly bear is rapidly verging on extermination. The lion and the tiger ofttimes are rapacious, cruel, sneaking, bloodthirsty and cowardly, and it may be better for other wild folks if they are exterminated; but the grizzly deserves a better fate.

Mr. Wright dedicated his book to "The noblest animal in America—the grizzly bear!" He is an animal of high type; and for strength, mentality, alertness, prowess, superiority and sheer force of character he is the king of the wilderness. It is unfortunate that the Fates have conspired to end the reign of this royal monarch. How dull would be the forest primeval without the grizzly bear! The spell of the wilderness would be gone. Without their chief, the cañon and the heights might cease to call and the red gods would lose their magic eloquence.



the new aluminum El Perco electric percolator

Hotpoint

—economical
—quick and handy
—splendid coffee

These three expressions rise involuntarily to the lips of the woman who has used aluminum El Perco, even only once or twice, so quickly does it endear itself to the feminine heart.

Economical — because it uses very little current (400 watts). At a 10c rate the cost is less than 1c for brewing 6 cups.

Quick — because it starts percolation in less than 30 seconds, and in a few minutes your coffee is ready to pour.

Handy — because you simply put the cold water into the pot, ground coffee into the basket, and insert the switch plug. Yes, it is as easy as that.

Splendid Coffee — because the water is percolated through the ground coffee and the grounds are never boiled. The full flavor, aroma and enjoyable properties of the coffee berry are extracted, without the least caffein bitterness. Which is the only way to make perfect coffee. "To boil it is to spoil it."

(One-half Actual Size)

Why Aluminum El Perco is Best

Body is of seamless aluminum with cast aluminum spout.

Cool, ebonite handle permanently attached.

No soldered joints to fall apart, if overheated.

Weighs only 1¾ lbs. Can be attached to any electric light socket.

No floats, valves or traps to get out of order.

It is not an ordinary percolator with an electric heater clamped to it, but the element is inside the pot and surrounded by the water. Hence the high economy and cool base.

Hotpoint

—aluminum
—guaranteed
—popular price

Aluminum and German silver are the only metals used in this percolator. This effectually overcomes the common objection that percolators impart a copper or "brassy" taste to the coffee.

Guaranteed for five years. Should the heating element prove defective during that period, simply return it and a new one will be furnished. Any one can easily remove and replace it.

Price — Notwithstanding our liberal guarantee and the large size (6 cups) — notwithstanding the aluminum in place of brass or copper, we follow the Hotpoint policy and market this aluminum El Perco at the popular price of $7.50. (Canada $9.75)

Let others of the popular "El" Family work for you

If your dealer can not supply, we will ship prepaid from our nearest office. Be sure to give voltage.

Hotpoint Iron—guaranteed 10 years, $3.50. Can. $4.50.
Cooking Set—converts Hotpoint into stove, $2. Can. $2.50.
Utility—traveler's iron and stove, $5.00. Can. $6.50.
El Grillo—boils, broils, fries, toasts, $5.00. Can. $6.50.
El Toste—toasts two slices at once, $4.00. Can. $5.00.
El Tostovo—toasts and cooks, $3.50. Can. $4.50.
El Stovo—4" for travelers, $3.50. Can. $4.50.
El Stovo—6" with 3-heat control, $7.00. Can. $9.25.
El Chafo—dishes, to use on El Stovo, $5.00. Can. $6.50
El Chafo—No. 5 with element, $12.00. Can. $15.75.
El Chafo—Mission style. Extra heavy, $15. Can. $19.50
El Eggo—steams, poaches, scrambles, $9. Can. $11.75.
El Teballo—7 cup pot style, $8.00. Can. $10.50.
El Teballo—7 cup machine style, $10.00. Can. $13.00.
El Cooko—electric fireless cooker, $30.00. Can. $40.00.
El Bako—lamp socket oven, $12.00. Can. $15.50.
El Boilo—immersion heater, small, $3.00. Can. $4.00
El Boilo—large size for kitchen, $4.00. Can. $5.00.
El Warmo—foot warmer, $6.00. Can. $8.00.

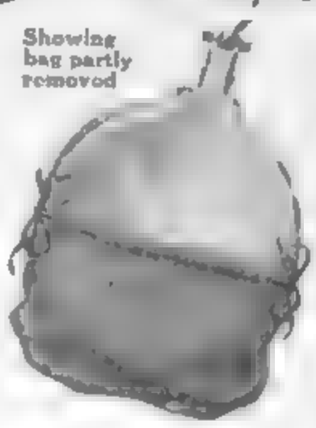
Aluminum El Comfo supersedes the hot water bottle and far surpasses the flexible electric pad.

The temperature can be regulated with one hand, in the dark or under the bedclothes. Simply move a little lever to any point from 100 to 200 degrees and this temperature will be maintained until changed.

Attaches to any light socket.

Curved, to comfortably fit body.

A soft, eiderdown removable cover is supplied. Wrap pad in damp flannel, for steam pack.



A ten foot flexible cord is connected to El Comfo by a switch plug, easy to detach.

At a 10c rate it costs only 1c to operate El Comfo for five hours.

8 in. diameter, and ¾ in. thick.

Entirely of metal, hence fireproof.

Guaranteed 5 years. Should it prove unsatisfactory, for any cause, return it and a new one will be furnished FREE. $4.50 (Canada $6.00)

Look for this sign

in the window of "The Store That Sells Hotpoint Appliances"

Homebook, FREE

Our nearest office will send you free a book of valuable electrical instruction for all householders—write today

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Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

TORONTO, 25 Brant Street VANCOUVER, 365 Cordova Street

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the World

"Do it the Hotpoint way — let the El family turn work into play"

HUDSON Six-40

The Six of Tomorrow

Hudson engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, won fame for the Hudson by looking ahead. They see your trends first, and meet them. You find them always—as in this Six-40—building the cars of tomorrow.

WHEN you wanted a Four under $3,000, Howard E. Coffin first built it.

When you wanted a quality Four under $2,000, Howard E. Coffin was first to supply it.

When you turned to Sixes, and wanted a Six under $3,000, last year's HUDSON Six-54 was the first to give it to you.

And now, when Sixes are the vogue—when you want a light Six, an economical Six, a Six under $2,000—here it comes for $1,750 in this new-type HUDSON Six-40.

Tomorrow's Wants

Tomorrow, men who pay over $1,500 will not be content without Sixes. Note the present overwhelming trend.

Five miles in a Six will win any man—by its smoothness, its lack of vibration, its flexibility, its reduction of gear-shifting. The men who don't crave Sixes now simply never drove one.

But men of tomorrow will demand quality Sixes, for low-grade cars are not worth having long.

They will demand low operative cost. And that means a Six with our new-type motor—the small-bore, long-stroke motor found in the HUDSON Six-40. It is breaking all economy records, size and power considered.

They will demand the utmost in beauty and equipment. And they will, above all, demand lightness.

What Lightness Means

The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds, certified railroad weight. Suppose a car of like size and power weighs 1,000 pounds more. That is equal to six extra passengers. Suppose it weighs only 450 pounds more. You might as well carry three extra passengers for every mile you drive. There is the same extra fuel cost, the small extra wear on tires.

HUDSON engineers have given you here super-strength with lightness. All by better materials, better designing, and by this new-type motor. And they give you that modesty in size to which men of tomorrow are coming. Yet with ample room and two extra tonneau seats.

Tomorrow's Beauty

Tomorrow the streamline body—now European vogue—will be the only acceptable body. And here it is in the most distinguished type.

Tomorrow all the new ideas in equipment which we cite below will be required in high-grade cars. Yet some of the best are found today in HUDSON cars alone.

Tomorrow's Price

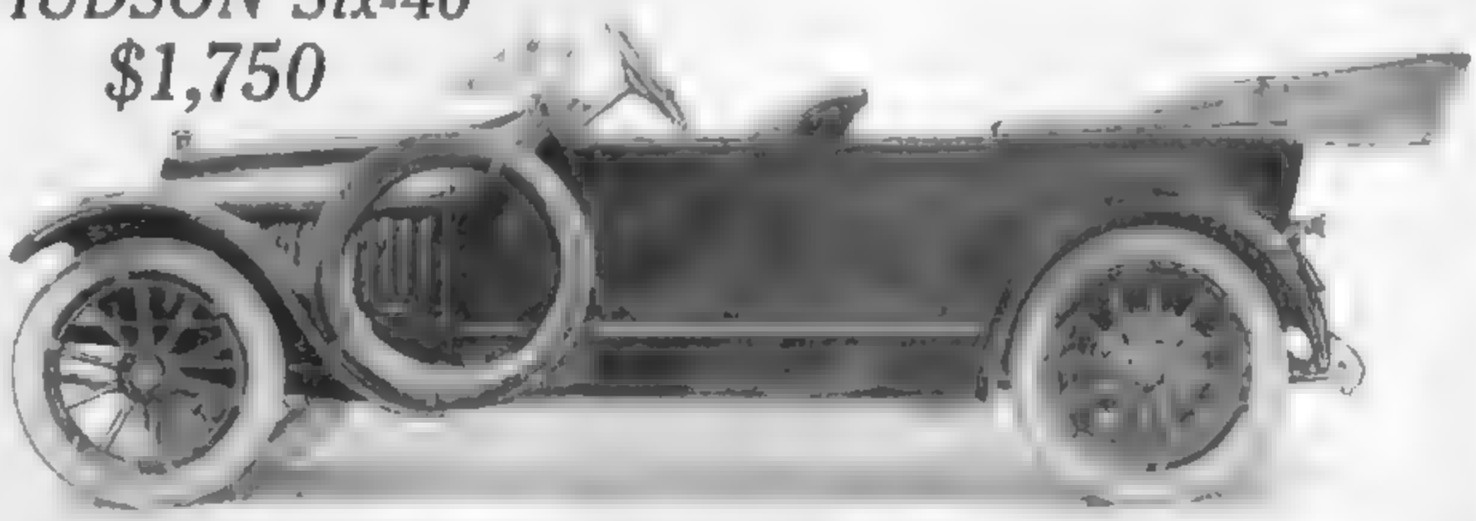
And tomorrow men won't pay the HUDSON price for a lesser type of car. If we can give so much for $1,750, others must. Here, in every detail, is the best that we can give. Here is the car which leads this year in the main things that you seek. And the price is below any quality car, whatever the type, in this class.

Our Larger Six-54

We build on the same lines the new HUDSON Six-54. In design, finish and equipment these two cars are almost identical. But the Six-54 has a 135-inch wheelbase and more power. The price is $2,250.

Your local Hudson dealer shows this new-type Six. Go see it early, for even now we are far behind on orders. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book will be mailed to you on request.

HUDSON Six-40
$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top, made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.
Dimming searchlights.
Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, $1,750 F. O. B. Detroit
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, $75 extra
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, $1,950.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7815 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 5

price and could afford the time was ordered to attend the St. Louis Convention of 1888.

Tammany, with Croker at its head and a dozen bands, marched into St. Louis, to be received with open arms. What a change from the first reception it got in 1876 - only twelve years before! Croker was cheered in and out of the convention.

Returning home, the braves—as they loved to be called—found that they unmistakably owned "little old New York." The state convention met in the following October to nominate David B. Hill for governor; Tammany's representation in the convention was increased and that of the County Democracy decreased. Croker refused to carry on any negotiations with the County Democracy and decided to go it alone. The County Democracy renominated Mr. Hewitt; and Hugh J. Grant, whose term for sheriff was about to expire, was the Tammany candidate for mayor. The whole Tammany ticket was easily elected. This was a new beginning of Croker's real power.

Croker always was more approachable to some one in a humble walk of life than he was to people of high position. He also enjoyed mixing with people and going into gatherings. At the racetracks he mixed in the crowd, and he attended most of the big baseball games and football matches that were held in New York.

Though Tammany affairs seemed to be serene on the surface, there was friction on the inside. Cockran, Gilroy, James J. Martin, and a number of others, Tammany potentates, were ambitious and would have liked to shove Croker aside. Grant himself was believed at that time to have been personally more friendly to Cockran and Martin than he was to Croker. However, he immediately acknowledged his great obligation to the Tammany chief by making him city chamberlain, which was then the best-paying office within the gift of the mayor.

Grant, however, refused to do everything that Croker asked him. Croker had his heart set on Grant's appointing John J. Scannell fire commissioner and Thomas F. Grady police commissioner. Grant refused to make these two appointments.

Over these appointments there was some feeling between Grant and Croker; certainly Croker's rivals in the organization made the most of it and tried to cause a rupture. They would no doubt have succeeded and Croker's leadership would have come to an early end, but for the intercession of Edward Murphy, then chairman of the Democratic State Committee. Mr. Croker was fonder of Murphy than of anybody else outside his own family, and Mayor Grant was then engaged to be married to one of Mr. Murphy's daughters.

Croker did not keep the office of city chamberlain very long, but resigned to spend some time in Europe. During his absence there was a great deal of talk in the newspapers that Bourke Cockran was plotting to make either James J. Martin or Thomas F. Grady leader in place of Croker. Meantime Tammany was in clover and Grant was making a popular mayor. It was during this administration that William C. Whitney and the Philadelphia traction chiefs—Thomas Dolan, William Elkins and P. A. B. Widener—began to acquire the New York street railroads.

Croker's Rise to Wealth

The great growth of New York, which continues to the present moment, had just set in in full away. Edward Murphy, who was born rich and was a good business man, first pointed out to Croker his great opportunity to make a fortune. At this time both Chairman Murphy and Croker were grooming Roswell P. Flower, then a great power in Wall Street, for governor, to succeed Hill, who, in turn, was planning to be elected United States senator.

Until now Croker had lived modestly in a small house in Harlem and was far from being rich. If I am not mistaken the house was owned by Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Croker's mother. From what Croker has said since then, I do not suppose he was worth twenty-five thousand dollars at the beginning of Grant's administration as mayor. He seemed to be perfectly contented then with being a devoted husband and father.

I remember visiting the house once and finding Mr. Croker on all fours on the carpet, with his two boys on his back. He explained that he was playing horse. In those days everybody who knew him well addressed him as Richard. I do not remember ever hearing anybody address him to his face as Dick.

In suggesting to Croker that he should seize the opportunity to improve his financial condition Senator Murphy's words were something like this:

"Richard, you have a hundred times more power than Whitney, and you ought to look out for yourself and your family. All Whitney has put into this traction proposition is four hundred and fifty dollars, and that was to pay the fees for filing the papers."

If Senator Murphy had told Croker he could jump to the moon Croker could not have seemed more astonished. Soon after this Croker showed unmistakable signs of prosperity. In a modest way his colors appeared on the horse-racing tracks and he acquired a country estate.

About the same time Croker became intimate with Whitney he engaged in the real-estate business with Peter F. Meyer. Through advance information Croker was able to secure, the firm became the most prosperous in the business. Croker also got well acquainted with leaders of Wall Street, such as C. P. Huntingdon and James R. Keene.

A Kind-Hearted Boss

However, the boss showed no change in his habits of life. He went regularly to his desk at Tammany Hall and was accessible to all. He could always see the humorous side of things, but was easily bored. Mr. Croker told me years afterward that, but for his saving sense of humor, he did not believe he could have stayed in politics. He took delight in giving every one an official title. He got much of his fun out of playing horse with the politicians round him.

He guyed the Tammany leaders unmercifully and constantly played practical jokes on them. The majority of his visitors he addressed as either Judge or Commissioner. Lawyers who had not held office he called Counselor. Croker's ability to discover the weak spot in any one amounted almost to genius. Any one he considered a character, and who was smart enough to let Croker have fun with him, was sure of success in Tammany Hall.

It was also a fad of Croker's in those days to pick out the under-dogs of life and push them to the front. If any one developed the big head Croker was through with him.

A leader was sure of making a hit with the boss by hunting up some boyhood friend of Croker's who was in need of help, particularly if the person had ever done the Tammany leader even a slight favor. Such a person would either be given an office or put in a position to make money.

I remember one old fellow who had been a machinist in the New York Central Railroad shops. Croker had been his helper when a boy. He had grown poor. Croker heard of this and put him in the contracting business. The man became rich. His son is one of the rich men of New York today.

"Gratitude is the finest word I know," said Croker. "I would much prefer a man to steal from me than to display ingratitude. All there is in life is loyalty to one's family and friends."

This was at once Croker's strength and weakness. By a supposed friend he was easily imposed on. Those who had a great personal affection for him were in the vast majority, and to them Croker's word was law.

Mayor Grant's personal popularity was so great that Croker was compelled to renominate him in 1890. Grant was reelected without difficulty. During the campaign some of the leading Democrats of the country were asked by Croker to make speeches. The newspapers supposed that Croker's effort was to bring Governor Hill out as a candidate for president. As a matter of fact Croker wanted Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, to be nominee for president in 1892.

By this time Croker was one of the conspicuous figures on the American turf. Governor Hill said at that time: "Tammany is racing-mad!" Croker also plunged into national politics. A bitter fight over the speakership of the national House of Representatives was on. The Cleveland Democrats were supporting Roger Q. Mills, of Texas. Croker, allied with Senator Gorman, was for Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, who was elected.

Roswell P. Flower had become governor and David B. Hill was a United States senator. Though he could have done so Croker made no effort to interfere with upstate matters. The only thing he asked for was the election of William Sulzer as speaker of the Assembly.

A railroad company—then called the Huckleberry Road—was organized to build street railroads in the Bronx—the northern part of the city of New York—which was developing rapidly. Croker held a large block of stock. The company sought a franchise from the legislature, the first in several years that had contained a Democratic majority. The franchise meant a monopoly. The margin of the Democratic vote in the lower house was very small, and it required considerable ingenuity on the part of Speaker Sulzer to get the franchise bill through.

Speaker Sulzer, I was told, refused a block of the stock offered him. This was regarded as a test of Sulzer's integrity and gave him a strong grip on Croker's friendship. As a reward Sulzer was sent to Congress two years afterward and stayed there until he was elected governor of the state.

Some years after this the company was absorbed by the Metropolitan Traction Company and the original stockholders realized fortunes.

Toward the end of Grant's second term Tammany had probably the best organization in its history. It was social as well as political. In each of the thirty districts the Tammany organization owned a substantial clubhouse. Nearly all these clubs bore the names of Indian tribes. Meetings were held once or twice a week and were well attended. Croker insisted that the small storekeepers in the different districts be given prominence in these organizations and that every courtesy be shown them. They were made to feel that they were an important part of Tammany. This policy pleased them and gave Tammany strength and respectability.

Everybody connected with Tammany appeared prosperous. The street railroads were now spending millions in changing from horse to cable cars, and there were plenty of contracts to go round. Croker was a firm believer in distributing the money and not centralizing it in a few hands, as has been done under Charles F. Murphy's leadership. From talks I had with Croker I really believe he thought there was nothing wrong in milking a corporation. I do not think he understood—at that time—that the money eventually came out of the pockets of the people. He had always denounced anybody who would take from the taxpayer.

Croker was always a believer in utilizing the names of old New York families in order to give respectability to Tammany.

A Bitter Pill

Early in 1892, Croker was called on to swallow a most bitter political pill in supporting David B. Hill for president. No one but Edward Murphy could have gotten him to do so. Croker personally liked Mr. Cleveland, who was again a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. His only objection to the former president was that he was so much of a Mugwump and was opposed to the spoils system. Mr. Hill, who had taken his seat in the Senate, believed he would receive the support of the delegations from several of the Southern States, as the senators from the South were generally opposed to Mr. Cleveland.

Croker was finally made to believe that Hill would be strong enough to prevent Cleveland's nomination, while the Cleveland men, who still claimed that Hill had traded off Cleveland in the election of 1888, were certain they could easily prevent the New York senator from being nominated. In the deadlock Croker thought he saw a chance for the nomination of Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, who was his real choice.

At the Chicago convention of 1892 Tammany turned out the finest-appearing body of uniformed men in the history of the organization.

The County Democracy was only a shell of its former self, and Mr. Cleveland and

Preachments on Tailoring by KAHN of Indianapolis

SPORTSMANLIKE ease, "the English idea," is one of the phases of fashion in men's clothes for Spring. It has changed corners into curves and rectangles into ripples. Such suits should be so *soft* and *supple* that you could, as the saying runs, "almost pull them through a keyhole."

That's the way we're tailoring English clothes this season—full of "*give-and-take*" and as soft as a handkerchief.

Another thing—the military figure is in vogue. All men, notably young men, who want to look *compact-and-erect* and *slim-and-trim*, are very indulgent to this fashion, with its hint of waist-hug and hip-arch.

Kahn Tailored Clothes

$20 to $45

will faithfully interpret for you all these tendencies of fashion or any other nicety and novelty of confessedly "*custom*" style.

In these to-your-order clothes you can command every detail—fabric, pattern, color, cut and finish, thus getting *precisely what you want* in any combination you want it.

Sketched here is the fashionable English Suit for Spring and Summer. We tailor it or any other style to your measure of any of 500 "*custom*" materials that our Authorized Representative in your town will be proud to show you. Go to him *to-day*. Our seal reproduced below is in his window.

Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis

Why be Satisfied With Only a Half?

IF I could bring you in contact with my wonderfully developed physical and mental energy, and show you what I have done and am doing daily for others, I know that I could easily and quickly prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is, that no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may, speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development, and a higher realization of life, success, and yourself.

The Originator of personal mail instructions in Physiological Exercise

THE SWOBODA SYSTEM

with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money and with no Inconvenience, Builds [illegible] to their highest power. When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational, effective, and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

The Swoboda System is no Experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics, and laborers and almost an equal number of women.

The Swoboda System [illegible] It energizes, develops, [illegible] for greater success in promoting the [illegible]

Most people know only of the primary effect of exercise. If my system were limited to the primary effect alone it would be no different from ordinary exercise, but **the Swoboda System** is based upon a fundamental evolutionary principle. It creates, by its secondary and tertiary reactions, results which are impossible for other exercise—results, too, which seem impossible to those who do not understand.

The Swoboda System *is the Result of a discovery I made in the human body which has absolutely revolutionized the possibilities and effect of exercise.* **The results are startling in their extent, and are noticeable from the first day. You never will know what it is to be really well and vigorous, or to comprehend what the *SWOBODA-KIND of health and energy* of body and mind actually is until you give the SWOBODA SYSTEM a trial.**

The reason **the Swoboda System** is in advance of any other method is because it energizes, develops, and vibrates at a high rate the cells, which are the units of every tissue and organ, internal and external, and thus fundamentally builds up the body as no form of superficial exercise can. No other form of culture acts upon the cells so directly, consciously, and positively. The improvement is noticeable from the first day.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."
"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
"I have been enabled [illegible] to do work of mental [illegible]
[illegible] with results [illegible]
[illegible] began to work magic. In my gratitude I [illegible] doubting and complaining friends, 'Try [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my [illegible] both physically and mentally is increasing daily. Your system develops the will as much as the muscle.
"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."
"Your system developed me most wonderfully."
"I believe it will do all you claim for it. It has certainly made me feel ten years younger."
"I consider your system the finest thing a man can take, and would not take anything for the benefit I have received."
[illegible]
Effect was almost beyond belief."
"Chest measurement increases 5½ inches in 30 days.
"All your promises have been fulfilled.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

400,000 Women Do This Every Day

Every day, on the average, 400,000 housewives buy and serve a Van Camp delicacy.

Some dish that's cooked in our kitchens, and prepared by the Van Camp chefs.

And they come back day after day for those dishes—130,000,000 times a year.

How We Won Them

The vogue of Van Camp's started years ago with a wonderful dish of Baked Beans.

We specialized on this dish.

A laboratory was opened and chemists brought in to pick out our Beans by analysis. Sample bakings were made of every lot to prove that the Beans baked mellow.

A solid, rich tomato was specially grown for the sauce. (Last year 7,500 acres were planted.)

A famous Parisian chef was secured to perfect our recipe.

Steam ovens were invented and installed. Ovens where the Beans could be baked in small parcels—baked without crisping or bursting. Ovens from which the Beans came out nut-like and mellow and whole.

And in these kitchens, for the first time, the Tomato Sauce was baked with the Beans.

A National Welcome

This dish, when perfected, received a national welcome. Nobody had ever tasted anything like it. In millions of homes it has given to people a new idea of Baked Beans.

Restaurants, hotels and lunch rooms adopted it, because their cooks could not match it. Thousands of these places, by serving Van Camp's, have become famous for their Baked Beans.

This dish taught people what our chefs could do. And there came a want for other foods cooked by them.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

Our Priceless Recipes

One by one we found or worked out ideal recipes. We brought here chefs who became locally famous for some food or condiment. And we paid them for the secrets of their art.

In time we thus perfected two dozen priceless recipes. Each has some flavor, some tang, some zest, which you never find elsewhere.

We buy for each the costliest materials. Food experts pick them out. Chemists make analyses to insure the quality.

Now we have 15 kitchens. In each, day after day, master chefs are specializing on some Van Camp delicacy.

For the Lovers of Good Things

These foods are for folks who love good things. Yet most of them come in 10-cent cans. Everyone can afford them.

Two million people daily, probably, enjoy these matchless dishes. And every day more people find them out.

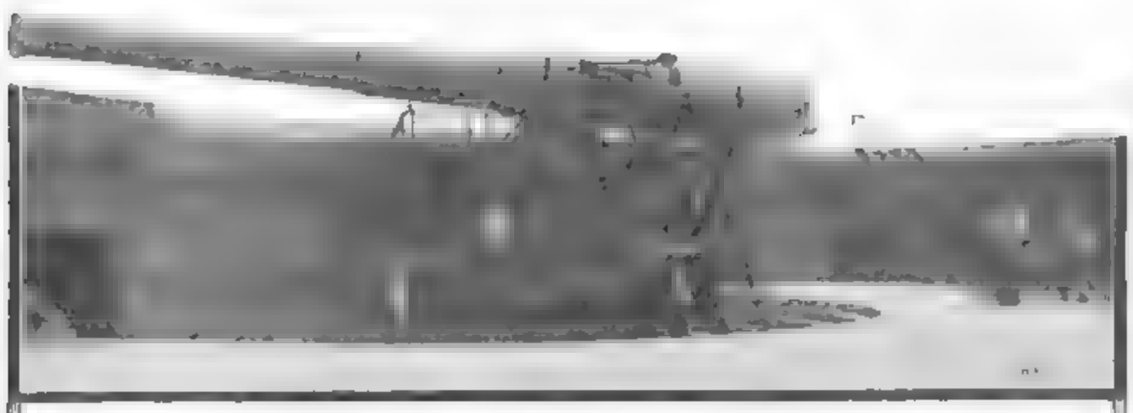
Get one at your grocer's and let it tell its own story. Begin with Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans Cost 10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Some Other Van Camp Delicacies

Prepared by the same Rare Chefs

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds
Van Camp's Tomato Catsup
Van Camp's Chili Con Carne
Van Camp's Spaghetti à l'Italienne



Robbins & Myers Motors Uncle Sam's Choice for These Sea-Coast Defenses

Seventy-eight 8-horsepower Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors were ordered and specially built for the United States Government to operate 12-inch disappearing guns used in various fortifications along the sea coast.

Such motors must be exceedingly rugged and staunch to withstand the terrific shock due to the discharge of the guns. Since they are exposed to all the elements of the weather, they must be rendered waterproof and non-corroding, especially so on account of the action of salt water and air. In short, they must operate perfectly under conditions far more severe than ordinary motors are ever subjected to.

That these Robbins & Myers Motors have served with unqualified satisfaction for five years at these fortifications, indicates their premier reliability for extraordinary as well as ordinary power uses.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

Helping 50,000 Power Users to Greater Efficiency

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors are made from 1-60 to 20 horsepower. Over 50,000 factories, offices, shops, stores and homes have adopted them for their cool, cleanly, efficient operation, their utter dependability, and the fact that their installation usually results in increased output at lowered cost.

Put Your Small-Power Problems Up to Us

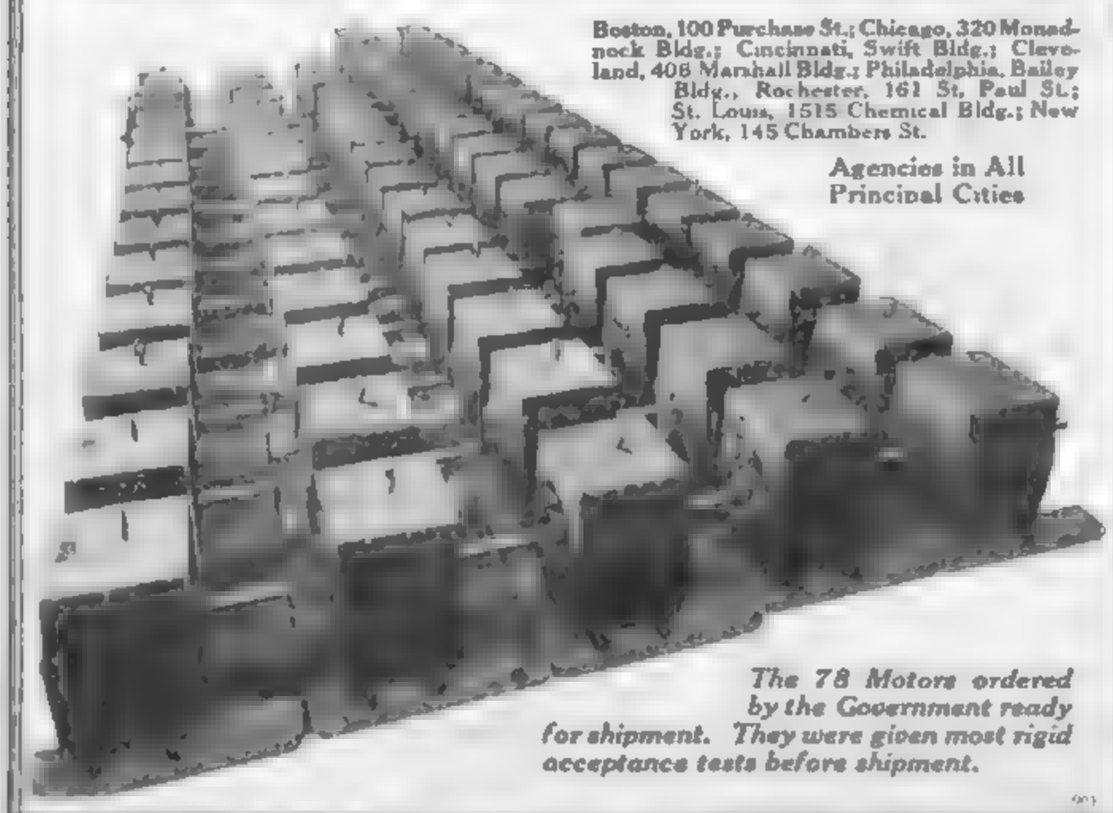
We invite the opportunity of aiding *you* in your power-problems as we are now aiding thousands of others.

Branches in all the larger cities enable us to give prompt service and quick deliveries. Your request for information and advice will place you under no obligation. Write today.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., Main Office and Factory **Springfield, Ohio**

Boston, 100 Purchase St.; Chicago, 320 Monadnock Bldg.; Cincinnati, Swift Bldg.; Cleveland, 406 Marshall Bldg.; Philadelphia, Bailey Bldg., Rochester, 161 St. Paul St.; St. Louis, 1515 Chemical Bldg.; New York, 145 Chambers St.

Agencies in All Principal Cities



The 78 Motors ordered by the Government ready for shipment. They were given most rigid acceptance tests before shipment.

UNWRITTEN INTERVIEWS

(Continued from Page 11)

The irresponsible plunger was now in a position to get even. Rumors of John W.'s intentions reached Wall Street by special courier from the Waldorf.

Wherever John W. Gates happened to be his first act was to secure an audience, and his second, to inform that same audience what he proposed to do. He and his friends were legally in control of the Louisville & Nashville. They had seen what a wonderfully good property it was and from the very first planned to acquire it. They would operate the road for the benefit of the stockholders.

Since they did not need financial accommodations the conservative banking interests—blanketty-blank 'em!—could go hang.

The price of the stock would go up and the dividend rate would be increased as the controlling interests had maintained all along—and a good deal more.

Altogether it was a disquieting situation. A battle of financial giants—and the Street now acknowledged that John W. Gates was no puny pygmy—was a bad thing, for the Street as well as for the giants. Then, if the Gates crowd began—unhindered a series of sensational stockjobbing stunts in Louisville, what would the effect be on the general market?

For example, the Gates bunch could go short of the general market—say, half a million shares—and all of a sudden, as owners and directors of the Louisville & Nashville, precipitate a disastrous rate war and generally disturb the balance of power in the railroad world. Then what? Ouch!

Ten million dollars, under the aggressive leadership of Gates, could keep on the defensive one billion of conservative capital. J. P. Morgan & Company, acting in the interests of peace and the general welfare—their own included, of course—made overtures to the Goths. They probably told somebody to tell Gates they would like to see him. Gates laughed loudly; then gritted his teeth and, boylike, talked about getting even.

Then George W. Perkins sought Schwab, and Schwab approached Gates. The then head of the Steel Trust, young Mr. Schwab, was a very likable chap, a friend and admirer of Gates, and the very best man that could have been picked out for the job. He pointed out to Gates the desirability and undoubted wisdom of being decent at this critical juncture.

Here was a splendid opportunity to get into the best society by acting magnanimously in his triumph. It was silly to talk of revenge; and, besides, to fight all Wall Street could have but one result in the end. Mr. Gates could settle at a handsome profit and must cease all ungentlemanly talk of reprisals.

There was good sense in the talk of the envoy, and Gates, who was not a fool and, moreover, thought he could regain the prestige of which the big bankers had deprived him, consented to be nice. The control of the Louisville & Nashville was turned over to J. P. Morgan & Company and by them to the Atlantic Coast Line—at a good profit, of course, to all concerned.

A Question of Motive

Gates always said he did it to prevent innocent people from getting hurt in the fight; but a great many of us at the time thought otherwise and still do. And I recall, after my talk with him when he refused to give me the details of the Louisville & Nashville coup, that I used to see him going in and out of J. P. Morgan & Company's offices with an ostentatious frequency, as though he would show the world that he had become the boon companion and trusted lieutenant of the Old Man.

The bankers must have been very nice to the Goth, for they succeeded in inducing him—or so it looked—to undertake a bull campaign in Southern Railroad common stock, which, not even during the biggest and craziest stock boom in our history, had Morgan & Company been able to move. There was one hundred twenty million dollars of common stock and a corresponding inertia.

Gates did his best, and he and his pals put their Louisville profits into the Southern Railroad pool; but it was in vain. They jacked up the price all right, but they could not dispose of the stock, for good and sufficient reasons.

Also, Gates ceased to call at J. P. Morgan & Company's offices with the ostentatious frequency of yore.

The incident was closed. The East had won over the West.

I expect that well-intentioned people will write me letters contradicting some of my assertions and correcting others. It makes a great difference, when you accuse a man of stealing a horse on Tuesday morning, to have it proved by official records that it was not a horse but a mare, and that it was not on Tuesday morning but late Monday night—that the beast was borrowed and never returned. Inaccuracy is a crime in a writer of history.

I thought at the time, as I still believe, that the situation was rich in fictional possibilities, knowing Gates as I did—his courage, his fertile and quick-gaited mind, his strong likes and dislikes, his contempt for smug respectability, and his utter fearlessness of financial consequences. To a man who has not earned twenty-five or thirty millions the loss of two or three of them does not seem calamitous.

I did not speak to John W. Gates again until the summer of 1907, when I ran across him and his son, Charles G. Gates, in Paris, in front of the Grand Hotel. They were just climbing into an automobile. Charlie hailed me in his usual friendly, boy-on-vacation way, and his father said, "Well! Well!" and held out his hand.

With John W. Gates in Paris

I think John W. remembered me well enough and knew me for the man who at our last meeting had told him to go to hell. At all events Charlie invited me to get in and go with them wherever it was they were going. I declined, and Charlie asked:

"What's the matter? Are you still mad at father?"

"What about?" interjected John W., looking innocent.

"Oh, no," I told him. "I imagine my banking friends avenged me—as I told you they would."

"I don't seem to recall the circumstances," said Mr. Gates.

I promptly recalled them to him, omitting nothing. I could see that John W. was annoyed, either by the recollection or by my manner of speaking; but he smiled and said:

"Well, if it is any satisfaction to you, I will say that for a while it was a case of 'Boy, bring that armchair here for Mr. Gates!' And after a few weeks it was: 'Damn you! Didn't I tell you if that fellow from Chicago came here again to say I was out?' Now will you go along with us?"

"No, I can't," I said. "But remember that you will be doing business with J. P. again—on Morgan's terms."

"If I go there again it will be to pay them for taking my wad away from me," he retorted—half seriously, half jocularly.

That fall the panic of 1907 occurred. Gates was one of the Tennessee Coal and Iron pool. Their holdings were bought by the United States Steel Corporation by J. P. Morgan's orders, and Gates took a big loss. I happened to meet him going into the Waldorf one evening and recalled his own prophecy to him; he swore a streak of not at all picturesque profanity, but the plain swearing of a man too badly hurt to be artistic.

For a long time various magazine editors had asked me to do a character sketch of E. H. Harriman, but I always refused. To the best of my knowledge and belief I was the only man who, in the accounts of the panic of May 9, 1901, played up Harriman as the principal character in the drama. I did it in my correspondence for the Philadelphia Inquirer of May tenth, and Joseph M. Rogers, without consulting me, signed my name and sent me a telegram of congratulation in the name of Mr. Elverson and the entire staff.

To me the most picturesque incident of it was the rise of E. H. Harriman to the highest rank—the peer, thenceforth, of the best—or worst. I saw something of him in the course of my newspaper work, but never did I—or anybody else—have one of those frank talks that enables one to judge various phases of a man's character. He was not communicative. Though he was not taciturn like Flagler, he was far too busy doing to waste time in telling you

about his deeds. Years before, when he was fighting the ruthless Erie reorganization by J. P. Morgan and needed the aid of the newspapers, he was more than willing to talk; and the older newspaper men often told me how they used to run away when they saw little Harriman coming to pour his tale of woe into their unwilling ears.

There is a tradition that in those days of relative obscurity he went into Morgan's office and disapproved of certain features of the Erie plan. The bankers sarcastically inquired whom he represented and Harriman replied: "Myself!" The story is that the Morgan people laughed at the audacious little chap.

The time came when Harriman, in Erie, said: "I won't allow this to be done!" And the great firm of Morgan, whose paramount influence in Erie was undisputed, did not unload the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton—or Columbus & Hocking Valley—on the Erie. Harriman still represented himself—but the fifteen years had made a difference!

Of course, when Harriman became the head of the Union Pacific and his genius was recognized by Kuhn, Loeb & Company and other associates, he plunged headforemost into what was for him both a sea of liquid gold and a turmoil of feverish activity. He was literally too busy to talk. In the ten years beginning with 1898 and ending with 1908 Edward Henry Harriman made a bigger sum total of money for himself and his business associates than any other man ever made in any other decade—and I do not except John D. Rockefeller, when one considers what both started with and what Harriman ended with in the way of bank accounts. To be sure, he took advantage of the biggest boom in history; but, for all that, I regard him as one of the greatest moneymakers in the world. Of course he was more than that. He was a man in whom the passion for efficiency rose almost to a mania and to that extent seemed to dehumanize him in the most efficient decade of his own life. Naturally, as Harriman's position as chief moneymaker for a highly intelligent aggregation of capitalists became more firmly established, he had less need of observing the amenities of social intercourse. He was not so much ruthless as indifferent to others' feelings. He himself was not emotional—why should others be? His insatiable thirst for knowledge he had gratified in learning all about the railroad business. Nothing else mattered—and, indeed, it did not seem to.

The ablest and keenest of all his associates once told me he greatly doubted whether Mr. Harriman could have done the great things he did had he possessed what is called tact. But, as I say, I think with Harriman it was a case of carelessness about amenities rather than blindness to human rights, always bearing in mind that in all highly individualistic persons the desire of possession is irresistibly strong. They are born with it and they naturally die with it—indeed, they usually die because of it!

The Policy of a Dazzling Decade

Among the financial editors he had no intimates or confidants, as all other captains of industry had. I suspect he was too busy during that dazzling decade of his to take the time to realize how unintelligent such an attitude was. How could you convince a man whose net personal profits were ten millions a year for ten years that his was not a profitable policy?

It was inevitable that such a man at such a time should have only business associates and not personal friends. To them he was a moneymaking machine—just as to his subordinates he was merely a dislikable, unfeeling live-wire. There were some newspaper men to whom he talked freely—for him—of some of his railroad policies, but never of his personal affairs and never of what he did not wish to talk. He had his work, but he never gloried in it in irrepressible speech. His railroad never quite was his child. It was always his work—nothing more.

Men like C. M. Keys, then of the Wall Street Journal and later of World's Work, had keen, quick-gaited minds that could follow his most technical explanations. They saw him often enough to know him; but he never gave them any of those indispensable other clews to character. He always was Harriman, the assimilator and reorganizer and manager and financier of railroads, and never indulged in autobiographical outbursts. And the friends of his youth knew Ned Harriman, the schoolboy or the thirty-year-old broker; but not the great Harriman.

Men—associates of his later period—powerful capitalists and bankers associated with him in scores of deals, who saw him daily for years and talked to him familiarly, never were invited to Arden for a week-end. He was their leader or their associate or their boss—never their host!

I asked him pointblank once whether this or that banker—big men all, mind you—had ever visited him at his famous country place. He answered: "No!" I asked him why not, and he replied: "I never invited them!" And then I asked why he had never invited them and he told me: "I never talk business in my own house."

This anecdote would have more point if I gave the names of the uninvited—but I will not.

Two or three times men for whom he had a very high regard, like Mr. Otto H. Kahn, had gone to the trouble, for my sake, of asking him to consent to have me talk to him with a view to publishing a character sketch. He consented—my friends must have said very nice things about me—but it always happened that he was too busy to keep the appointment.

Harriman's Master and His Foe

On one occasion he himself came out to apologize for an entirely unexpected visitor who took up the time he had proposed to give me. The minute or so he spent in apologizing was no trifle to a man who was accused of being shaved on the train on his way to his office in order to save time.

Time was, indeed, Harriman's master and Harriman's foe. I have always dramatized him as a man whose last ten wonderful years were spent chiefly in fighting time for more time—more time in which to finish all he wished to finish. He did not dread death, but lack of time; and therefore loss of time was the tragedy of life.

If somebody had shown him how he could make all his working minutes last sixty-five seconds I think he would gladly have given up his entire fortune—and made a far greater one in another ten years! In some of his talks with me about operating costs he often spoke of the saving of seconds of time as though they were millions of money—which, indeed, they were to him and his railroad system.

At length one afternoon, after the close of the stock market, I went to his office in the old Equitable Building. I did not know what he intended to say, but I was determined that he should talk to me about Edward Henry Harriman. I knew he knew me as one of the men attached to the Wall Street bureau of one of the daily newspapers.

I had to startle him into attention—to shock him, as it were, into far greater respect than he habitually felt for the usual newspaper interrogator. If I give my talk in full it is with the hopes of helping my fellow craftsmen.

"Well?" he said, neither amiably nor unfriendlily.

"Mr. Harriman," I said, "listen to me carefully: For years the magazines have been urging me to write a character sketch of you; but I refused to do it because I didn't think it was fair to you before I had a heart-to-heart talk with you. Now I know a hell of a lot about you"—the expression was intentionally strong, that he might realize the man who spoke was no favor-seeker—"but it doesn't help me, because it is all material obtained at second hand; and, moreover, it has come chiefly from your enemies. Do you know why this is so?"

"No."

"Because for every friend you have two hundred enemies. You know that much, don't you?"

"I know nothing of the kind!" he retorted angrily

"Well, you know it now!" I said as firmly as I could. "And when a trained observer like myself, who has for you neither fear nor affection, tells you such a thing you ought to be mighty grateful. Just assume you have more enemies than friends, will you?"

"Wall Street isn't the place to look for friends," he began defensively.

"Listen some more!" I cut in. "Do you know what the result of the disproportion between your friends and your enemies has been? This: That when the average wide-awake American who reads his newspapers,

(Continued on Page 44)

Jeffery

1. Vidi 2. Veni 3. Vici

Cæsar's famous message has been changed to make a heading for this short story of an automobile manufacturer who saw, who came, who conquered.

1

Last year The Thomas B. Jeffery Company decided that the one big need in this country was a really high-grade, economical car at a moderate price; $1550 seemed to them to strike the exact average between prices too low for quality, too high for economy. In other words, they "saw." They picked out the mark and "went to it."

2

Here are some of the things they did. They had been identified with a line of successful cars from the beginning of the industry, yet they pushed this all aside and began from the ground up. They eliminated everything but their knowledge and their experience.

They put every ounce of energy in their immense organization, every cent of the five million dollars capital, back of this big idea. Engineers went to Europe and studied every successful idea in continental motor car building.

The best men in this country were called in. It is literally true that eating and sleeping were almost forgotten for months of 1913 by the men who had determined to put it over, to *come through.* An $18,000 press was bought for the sole purpose of stamping out the new Jeffery bodies.

Hundreds of other big things were done, obstacles were swept aside, every scientific resource of this day and hour was employed to create the perfect result—the $1550 car *that could not be better in any detail.*

This was how the Jeffery Company "came."

3

Now the final word—"Vici." They "conquered." It began when the car was announced in the Fall. "A high-grade, economical car of quality for $1550." The dealers pricked up their ears. "Impossible." "But the Jeffery Company says they've done it." The name inspired confidence; every one of them knew the Jeffery Company. They asked to be "shown," *and they were shown.* Some of the biggest dealers placed large orders, the smaller ones followed.

Then came the two big shows. The new Jeffery with its European bloc-type, high efficiency motor, its high-grade quality throughout, its Rothschild body, its extraordinary "class," was the big feature at New York and Chicago.

Now the whole automobile world knows the final result. 7,000 cars have been sold to the dealers in ninety days.

Such is the brief account of a big achievement. It isn't printed here in a spirit of boastfulness. It is news, and news of the most vital interest to everyone in America.

It means a great deal to you that the final stamp of approval has been put on this new car—America's high-grade, economical car at a moderate price.

FOUR			SIX		
5 Pass. Touring	$1550		5 Pass. Touring	$2250	
2 " Roadster	1550		2 " Roadster	2250	
2 " All Weather	1950		6 " Touring	2300	
4 " Sedan	2350		5 " Sedan	3250	
5 " Limousine	3000		5 " Limousine	3700	

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Works: Kenosha, Wisconsin

"— and

King might envy Royal

Royal Tailor Service, please note you, is a service in *made-to-measure* clothes—a service that has universalized and purse-popularized the finest in New York and Chicago custom-tailoring—a "Long-Arm" service that has reached out, over all distances, and brought the utmost in metropolitan Designing, Cutting and Draping to good dressers everywhere.

Just as the phonograph has carried the voice of Caruso into the homes and hearths of Everywhere; just as the telegraph has connected the remotest village with all the world's happenings, so Royal Service has

"Get that Roy

The Roya

Chicago

Over 10,000 Royal Dealers

Joseph

even a
al clothes like these!"

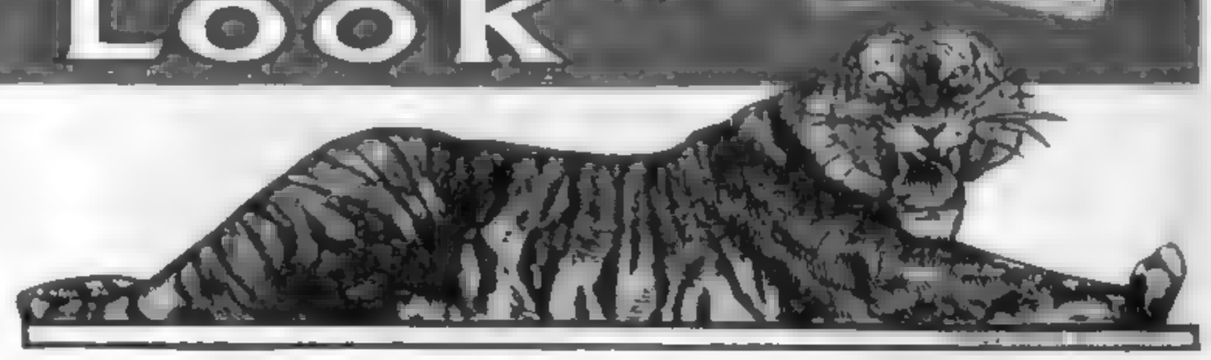
linked every city and town with the tailor-craft and workmanship of the world's style centers.

STEP into your local Royal dealer's store and select your fabric—*ideal* for that new Spring suit; there's a full half-thousand of the newest European and domestic woolens awaiting you. And the dealer will take your measures by a system that veritably puts a mirrored-reflection of your body-lines before our cutters and tailors.

That flawless fit you have reverenced in the costliest merchant tailoring—that graceful, close-fitting, trim-and-slim English sack style you have coveted on the backs of dressers to whom expense is no object—all this may be yours in a Royal Tailored-to-your measure Suit at $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35. We tailor for a nation, on close margins, instead of a neighborhood on large ones.

al Tailored Look"

l Tailors



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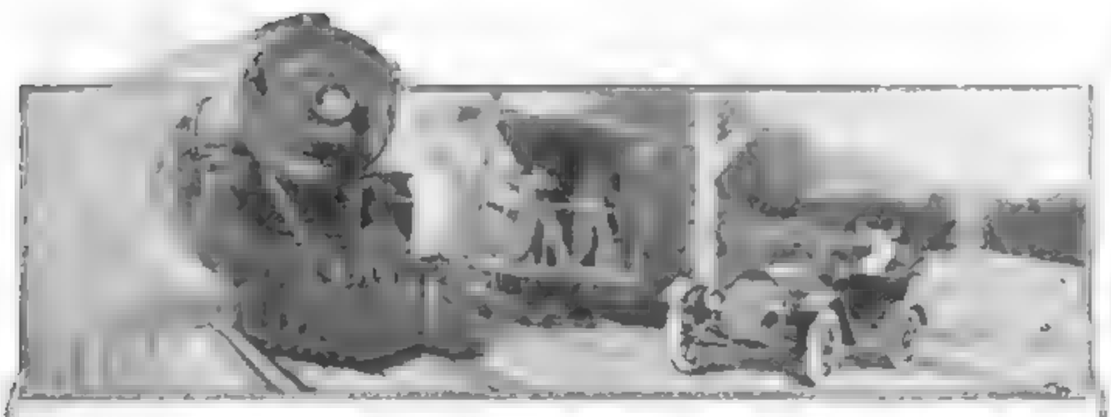


"Insist on Safety First"

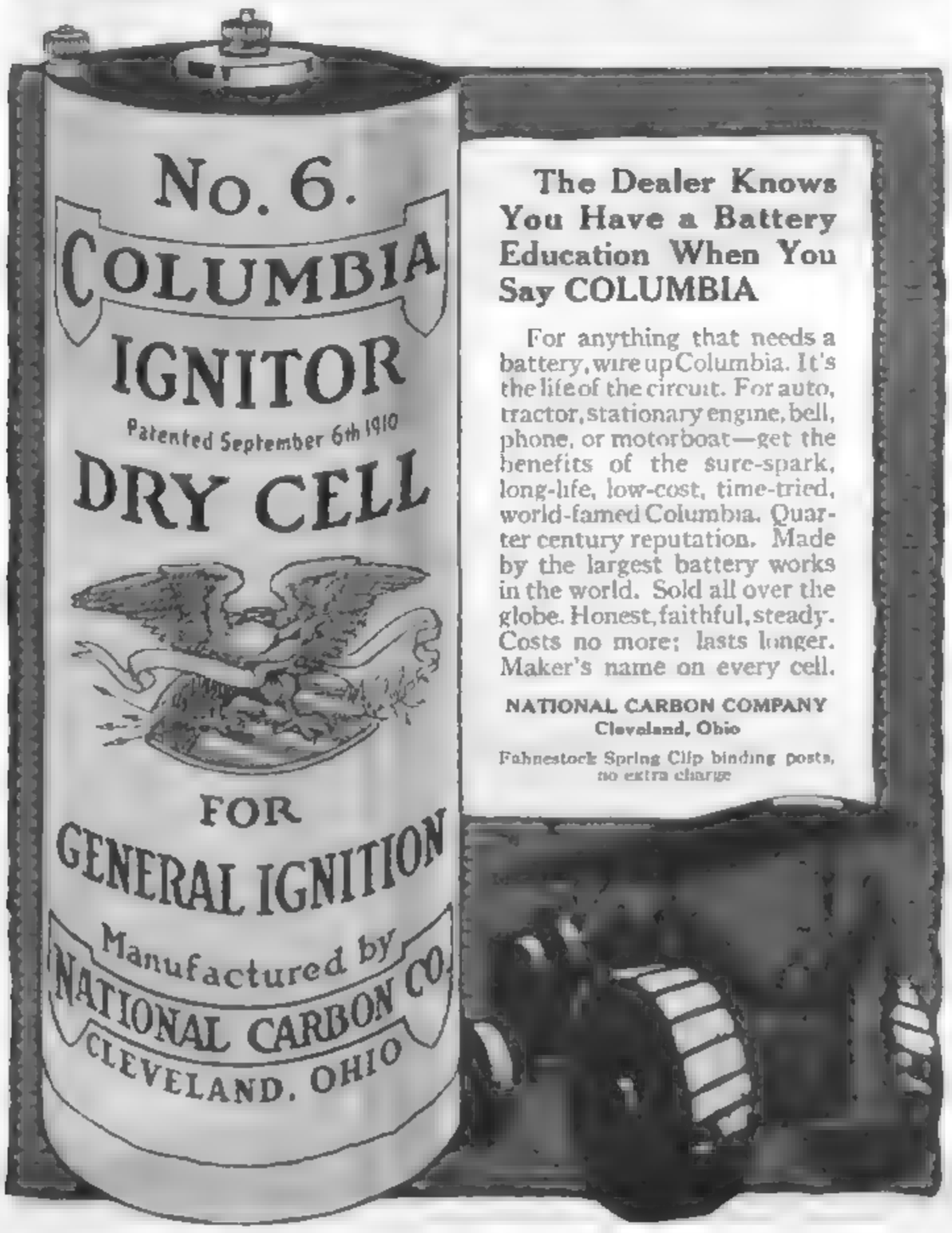
There is *no* time when brake lining dare be less than 100% dependable. You who drive a car are at its mercy always. For safety's sake it must give the highest gripping power, right from the start clear through to the last. Investigate

Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
Brake Lining—100%

It is brake lining *all the way through*—not merely on the outside. Cut a strip of Thermoid open. Break open the ordinary. Compare their insides. You will *see* the difference in gripping power.

Because it is hydraulic compressed—Thermoid has the *most uniform* gripping power, wears longer, cannot be affected by oil, water or gasoline; cannot be burned out by heat generated in service; has a uniform fixed density; is bigger value at any price—and is used exclusively on more high-grade cars than all other linings combined. Our Guarantee—Thermoid will make good—or *we* will.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, TRENTON, N. J.



The Dealer Knows You Have a Battery Education When You Say COLUMBIA

For anything that needs a battery, wire up Columbia. It's the life of the circuit. For auto, tractor, stationary engine, bell, phone, or motorboat—get the benefits of the sure-spark, long-life, low-cost, time-tried, world-famed Columbia. Quarter century reputation. Made by the largest battery works in the world. Sold all over the globe. Honest, faithful, steady. Costs no more; lasts longer. Maker's name on every cell.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Fahnestock Spring Clip binding posts, no extra charge

(Continued from Page 41)

and therefore votes for Roosevelt, hears the name of Harriman he sees—what do you think? A man, with eyes and nose and mustache, and hands and feet? No, sir! He sees a Thing, unspeakable, malignant, hateful, with claws instead of hands—claws always busy with the public's pocketbook and with state legislatures—the incarnation of what they call the Wall Street spirit; all the bad they have ever imagined of the Standard Oil at its worst and of the Money Power at its greediest—that's what millions of voters see when they hear your name. Take it from me that they do!

"You can't have any illusions about your popularity. Now you must acknowledge that it is never a particularly clever thing to boast of indifference to public opinion; and to allow the public's opinion of Harriman to continue to be what it is would be particularly stupid."

His eyes were fixed on mine with an unblinking intentness. I felt he was not only listening to my words but trying to see the workings of my mind as well. When I stopped to breathe he asked simply:

"What do you want me to do?"

"Talk to me! That's what! Talk frankly. Answer my questions. Don't write my article for me. Concern yourself with telling me your real thoughts. Wait a minute!"—for he made as though to interrupt. "Do you know why you should talk to me the way I tell you to talk?"

"Why?" His eyes never left mine.

It was exactly what I wanted. In interviewing this is so important that to secure it I would even act the part of an anarchist.

Now, I have no burning desire to deny that I am a remarkable person, and it is of no consequence to me to be suspected of excessive vanity. Those who know me and knew Harriman will understand why I spoke to Harriman as I did. For the benefit of others I shall explain.

I had to break in a recalcitrant subject. For several years now this exceedingly busy man was so busy making millions by the hundreds that he had grown accustomed to having his own way. He had become dictatorial at home and in his office, careless of others' feelings, indifferent to others' opinions. He had lost the salutary check of being opposed, the blessing of being laughed at. Even from the great multimillionaires this dehumanized genius of finance had the worshipful deference that capitalists always show toward the machinery that increases their capital.

Grand Tactics of Interviewing

This railroad reorganizer was a man to whom railroad presidents were office boys, errand-runners. To his subordinates he was a czar. To thousands of men in various walks of life this was the master ticker-strategist, from whose table fell golden crumbs, scraps that glittered; a man to whom governors bent the pliant knee of the wealth-seeker, whose nod ruined magnates, whose wish was an order to great bankers.

My task was to impress one fact on this builder of an empire and creator of a wonderful transportation machine—on this Titan whose battle against time for more time was an epic of human vanity and of the Greater Wisdom that limits the life and endurance of the human insects—I say I had to impress the one fact on his mind that one Edwin Lefèvre was the one man in all the world to whom he should talk frankly. I must compel him to differentiate me from the rabble; and then, when he did begin to talk, I must listen so understandingly that within fifteen minutes this uncommunicative captain of industry must realize that he was thinking aloud in the privacy of his study.

The delivery of the interviewer, as of any other speaker, must be impressive; but before a man like Harriman there must be substance to the speech and no false modesty. To a man who never considered the nonessentials one must talk facts. Therefore whatever I said had to appear to be facts!

"Did you ever read my books?" I asked him

"No."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Well, I know you write ——"

"If that's all you know," I interrupted him, "you don't know who I am. If you wish to find out you might telephone to Otto Kahn or Frank Vanderlip. They know my work. Or H. H. Rogers, who will tell you how, when I thought he was wrong, I told him so, plainly. But I can save you time by telling you who I am. Shall I?"

"Yes," he said, and nodded.

I cannot say I hypnotized him; but his mind worked very quickly and he wished to learn whether, after my impressive self-introduction, I was going to prove a time-wasting jackass or a man from whom he might learn something of value—one, therefore, to whom he could talk.

"What you are in railroads I am in my line," I said; and I shook my finger in his face as though he had dared to doubt me. "I am the E. H. Harriman of Wall Street writers; and when you talk to me it is merely a case of one tiptopper speaking to another."

"Yes!" he said.

"I know all about the Union Pacific. I know what you've done and how it was done, and what credit you deserve—and what blame."

"What blame?"

"Don't interrupt me yet! I mean I don't want to talk about U. P. yet. I've made money in it and I never asked you for a tip—and don't want any."

Harriman on the Defensive

"I never give tips," he said impatiently.

"So much the better for me, because then all you can do for me is to talk frankly for a little while about the human side of E. H. Harriman."

"I will!" he said. And he did.

I think he honestly tried to talk Harriman to me; but he did not know how. Time and again he strayed from his or, rather, my subject; and the first thing we knew he was eagerly telling me about the Union Pacific, how he had reduced grades and operating costs, and why the heavy expense of the Lucin Cut-off was necessary. His passion for efficiency and his fight for more time stood out above everything, particularly that craving for more time—more time!—so that he might finish everything he did not finish because nobody ever finishes anything—except God, who created everything!

He had been telling me very frankly why he had perfected certain improvements in his transportation machine, and I could see he really thought he was a good man. He was doing things that would help the public by enabling millions of people to have more time in which to work. Shortening the time spent on the trains certainly would accomplish this, wouldn't it? But I broke into his self-glorification.

"That's all very well," I said; "but what about the Chicago & Alton deal? You got the control of the road away from Blackstone because he was an old fogy in railroading. Then you properly modernized the road. Incidentally you greatly overcapitalized it. How about that?"

"What the hell does that matter—the capitalization?" he said impatiently. "The really important question to ask," he went on, "is whether the shippers on the line of the road are not getting better and quicker and cheaper transportation than under the old management."

He proceeded rather vehemently to contend that, instead of being vilified and attacked, capitalists should be praised and helped for extending railroads into uninhabited sections, enabling vast tracts of land to be peopled—to produce food and raiment for millions of human beings.

Such upbuilders only asked for laws that would make it possible to operate the railroads efficiently, because then the railroads could also be operated economically. He seemed to think that economy of operating costs and altruism were interchangeable terms. The best judges of what should be done to railroads, he really thought, were the railroad managers who had devoted their lives to studying their own business. It was perfectly plain that the settlers in the newly railroaded territory were the creatures of the railroad. The railroad had rights that should be respected above the rights of people who only existed because the railroad made existence possible in that particular locality.

When he finished he did not look at me as if he defied me to answer. It quite obviously did not occur to him that there could be any answer. What he said was intended to convince the people of the United States that Harriman, instead of being a devil, was an angel. He clinched it by taking from his desk some typewritten sheets, which had tables showing how the population had increased along the line of the Union Pacific, and the stupendous increase in the taxable wealth of the country it served.

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"Wait a minute! You may give me a copy of that paper for careful reading if you wish. I think I can punch it full of holes at my leisure. Let me ask you about something else."

"This is very important," he said very earnestly.

"My question is much more important."

"What is the question?"

"Did you ever read Herbert Spencer's ——"

"No!" he snapped impatiently. I could see he was irritated. Another theorist!

It happened that a few days before I had been speaking with D. A. McKinlay, then business manager of the American Magazine; and when I told him what the habitual attitude of the average Wall Street magnate was toward the public served by his railroad, McKinlay reminded me of Spencer's famous Robinson Crusoe illustration. It was a heaven-sent opportunity to spring it on Harriman. I said to him:

"Listen carefully, because your comprehension of it will show your ability to see all sides of a vital question. Robinson Crusoe was cast away on a desert island by an act of God. He was the only human being on that island, and in order to sustain life he had every right—human and divine—to kill and eat any game he found. He, therefore, had the indisputable right to aim his gun in any direction he saw fit, and to fire that gun and kill a wild goat and eat it. It was his island beyond question or dispute.

"He was there for years; and he made improvements as a resident, thereby strengthening his right to do as he pleased on that—his—island.

"Suddenly Man Friday was brought to the island without Robinson Crusoe's consent. Friday was a cannibal, an inferior and poorer being. What happens? The very moment Friday arrives Crusoe's rights automatically proceed to curtail themselves, whether he liked it or not—whether it was justice or not.

"For example, he no longer could discharge his gun in any direction. If there was only one goat on the island and Crusoe was hungry, Crusoe could not fire his gun in the goat's direction if Friday stood in front of the gun. In other words, Crusoe cannot fire through Friday."

The Natural Rights of Man

"Capital may own a railroad in a desert; may have bought and paid for rails, ties, rights-of-way, sheds, depots, and so on, and may have undisputed rights of property; but those rights automatically restrict themselves when one human being appears on the scene and proceeds to live there.

"Man has natural rights. No corporation can have such rights. You may arrogate to yourself the right to expect gratitude, but not the right to exercise the power of life and death over the community—the same community you have enabled to live and prosper. You paid for your property? That's nothing. God gave you your life. That is everything. Do you see that?"

"I see what you are driving at. I agree with you; but ——"

"There wouldn't be any buts if you really saw. You think it over—and when you understand the point of view of ninety million people, whether it exasperates you or not, you will be worth much more to the Union Pacific—and to the family of E. H. Harriman."

He nodded and we talked of something else. Throughout the interview he was very much in earnest. After the first twenty minutes he spoke as I wished him to talk—as if he were thinking aloud—never stopping to make a good case for himself, but blurting out his beliefs and his reasons. We parted friends after an hour and a half during which he did four-fifths of the talking. It was the first frank talk about himself he ever had with a professional writer in his own office, where he reigned supreme.

Two or three days after the magazine containing the Harriman article came out I met the late Paul Morton, then president of the Equitable, and he told me he had seen Harriman.

"I talked to him about your article. He told me he thought you had not acted fairly in quoting him literally—where he said: 'What the hell does that matter?'—in reference to the Chicago & Alton capitalization. And somebody told me that he was angry because you described him as an unimpressive-looking little chap."

I could not call on Harriman, because I sailed for Europe the day after I saw Paul Morton. I should have explained to him

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that I used the profanity because I knew of no other combination of words which could convey Harriman's attitude toward overcapitalization half so well as his own words.

Lincoln Markowitz, of the Associated Press, told me also that, seeing several copies of the magazine with my article on Harriman's desk, he asked him what he thought of it and Harriman said:

"The little cuss talked to me five minutes and went away and wrote five thousand words!"

He appeared to be angry; but Mr. Markowitz thought it was merely the pose Harriman assumed when he did not wish to talk for publication—which was often.

Well, Harriman is dead and I am alive; and, anyhow, he was a littler cuss than myself by at least two inches. But I would have it understood that after my interview with him he was different toward newspaper men. His policy changed. He never became a handshaker or what is called a good mixer, but he had his sporadic attacks of amiability. Possibly he would have had them oftener had his health been better.

I last saw him shortly after the panic of 1907. He had worked hard and looked fagged out. His color was bad. I walked with him possibly half a block.

"When we had our talk you said you intended to retire from business at sixty. You were fifty-nine then. I told you that you wouldn't. You are sixty now—and you haven't."

"Friends have gone into enterprises by my advice and it is my duty to see them through." And then, as though he were answering an unspoken but inevitable question, he added: "I am not doing it for money."

He could not quit at sixty. Therefore he died—at sixty-one!

I have thought often that the amazing change in the attitude of the public toward the big men of affairs and of the big men toward the public is shown by some of the interviews I did not have. That sounds queer, but I will explain.

Shortly after Ida M. Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil began to appear in McClure's Magazine, it became evident to some of us that public sentiment in the United States was undergoing a change so radical as to be really revolutionary. Very few people in Wall Street, however, either saw it or believed it to be different from the wave of populism of some years previous.

Approaching H. H. Rogers

The firm of Flower & Company was at that time the most famous stockbrokerage house in the United States. Founded by Governor Flower, it was headed by my very good friend, Anson R. Flower, and I made my headquarters in their office. The members of the firm had close relations with the Standard Oil crowd. Indeed the only photograph I ever saw on the desk of any Standard Oil magnate was the photograph of Roswell P. Flower in Henry M. Flagler's office; and Mr. Flagler told me that Governor Flower was the only Democrat for whom he had ever voted for anything.

I spoke to Anson R. Flower and asked him to speak to H. H. Rogers about having me write an article. I wished Mr. Rogers to speak to me frankly—or not at all. I pointed out that the people of the United States knew Standard Oil only by what they learned from its enemies; that Miss Tarbell's history so far showed iniquities in the beginning. The Standard Oil people said such things no longer existed. If it were true that it had reformed, now was the time to prove it.

I told Mr. Flower to make it plain to Mr. Rogers that I had no ax to grind and no desire to be unfriendly, but merely to be fair. I would print anything that Mr. Rogers told me, provided he would tell me how to verify his statements so that nobody could attack my facts.

I told him also that, though I had not talked about it with the editor, I thought—if I wrote the article at all—it should be published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST because it had a very large circulation; and it was well known that nobody could think of accusing me of being either a paid agent of the Standard Oil or a dupe of one of its directors. The time to overcome prejudice, if undeserved, was before the prejudice grew into a mental habit.

I succeeded in impressing my good friend Anson R. Flower, and he spoke to H. H. Rogers about me and about my desires.

My object in making use of Mr. Flower as an intermediary was to convince Mr. Rogers that I was not an irresponsible scribbler; and, moreover, Mr. Flower saw Mr. Rogers almost daily, and newspaper writers could not always get to the Standard Oil man, because he was so very busy.

Mr. Flower told me he had spoken to Rogers and that Rogers had decided not to answer any of the attacks on the oil company.

I retorted that H. H. Rogers was making a big mistake; and Mr. Flower, who was one of the best friends I ever had and one of the kindliest men that ever lived—like the rest of his family—said to me very earnestly:

"I told him that too; but he said he and William Rockefeller had talked it over and had decided to keep silent. Rogers said Mark Twain would write anything he asked him to—but it was better for nobody to write anything."

The Standard's Policy of Silence

That was the first chapter of the interview I did not write. A few days later I happened to be walking with Mr. Flower on Broadway when we met H. H. Rogers. We stopped and shook hands, and I said to Mr. Rogers:

"Mr. Rogers, the policy of silence under attack, which the Standard Oil found so wise and profitable for years, is no longer wise. From now on it will be very unprofitable. You are thinking of past attacks and waves, but these are different. You have a new factor: People are reading periodicals as never before in history. The farmer, since rural free delivery was established, is in daily communication with the cities. The farmer is prosperous; but he is reading—and he is thinking. Other revolutions have been prompted by hunger—this one by a desire for fair play and anger over the preponderant power of mere money in this country. It is not only serious but it is different."

Mr. Rogers smiled good-naturedly, as one smiles at an enthusiastic youngster. I went on as earnestly as I could:

"People are reading magazines. They don't take the daily papers seriously, but they do the monthly magazines. They are reading Miss Tarbell's History of Standard Oil as if it were a serial novel; and if it is true that Standard Oil today has any reason for existing, now is the time to show it—through me in another magazine. I am told that Standard Oil never had a strike; that it is never sued by the families of its workmen who are killed by explosions—and so on—because you give them pensions. Also, that you sell your products cheaper in America than you do abroad; and we know the reverse is true of a good many other highly protected products. I tell you, Mr. Rogers, you've got to talk now if you want to be wise."

He smiled the same good-natured, quizzical smile and, with mock humility looking for approving grins from Mr. Flower, said to me:

"Oh, yes; I know we are all jackasses. We have suffered so much because we have not talked that we are all starving to death. It's you rich writers that live on the fat of the land!"

That made me angry, and I usually permit myself the luxury of losing my temper before people who are not used to having others lose their tempers.

"Do you think you are today sixty per cent of the Henry Rogers you were twenty years ago, when you still could listen intelligently to people who told you truths?"

I could see distress in the kindly face of Anson R. Flower, who was a friend of both Mr. Rogers and myself; so I left them without saying what I wished to say to the Standard Oil man.

I think it was less than two months later when Rogers gave an interview to the Times. It was one of those official statements carefully prepared in a corporation office by a corporation lawyer, assisted by a reporter. They are never convincing—except to the people who are already convinced.

I happened to meet Rogers on the street a day or two after the Times article was printed. I could not resist saying to him:

"Well, I see you came round to my way of thinking; but your interview in the Times suffers from two fatal maladies—it is stupid and it is too late."

He left me abruptly, without a word, quite evidently too angry to trust himself to speak.

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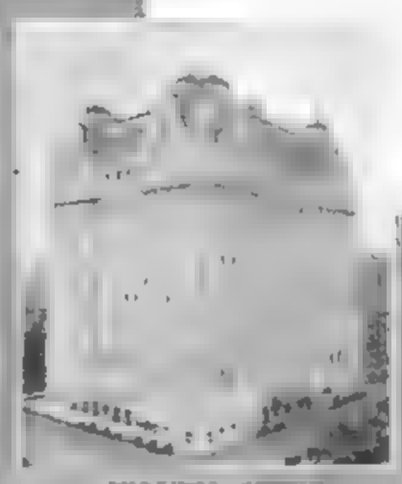

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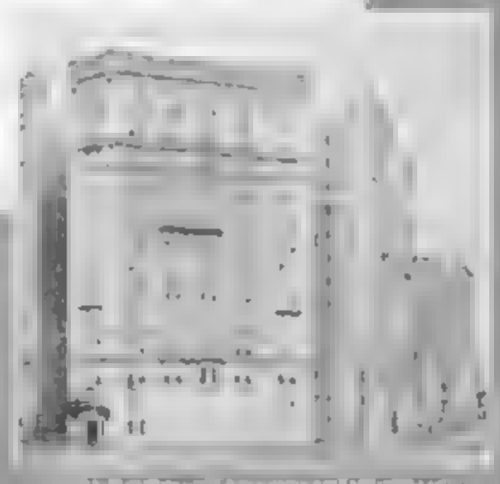

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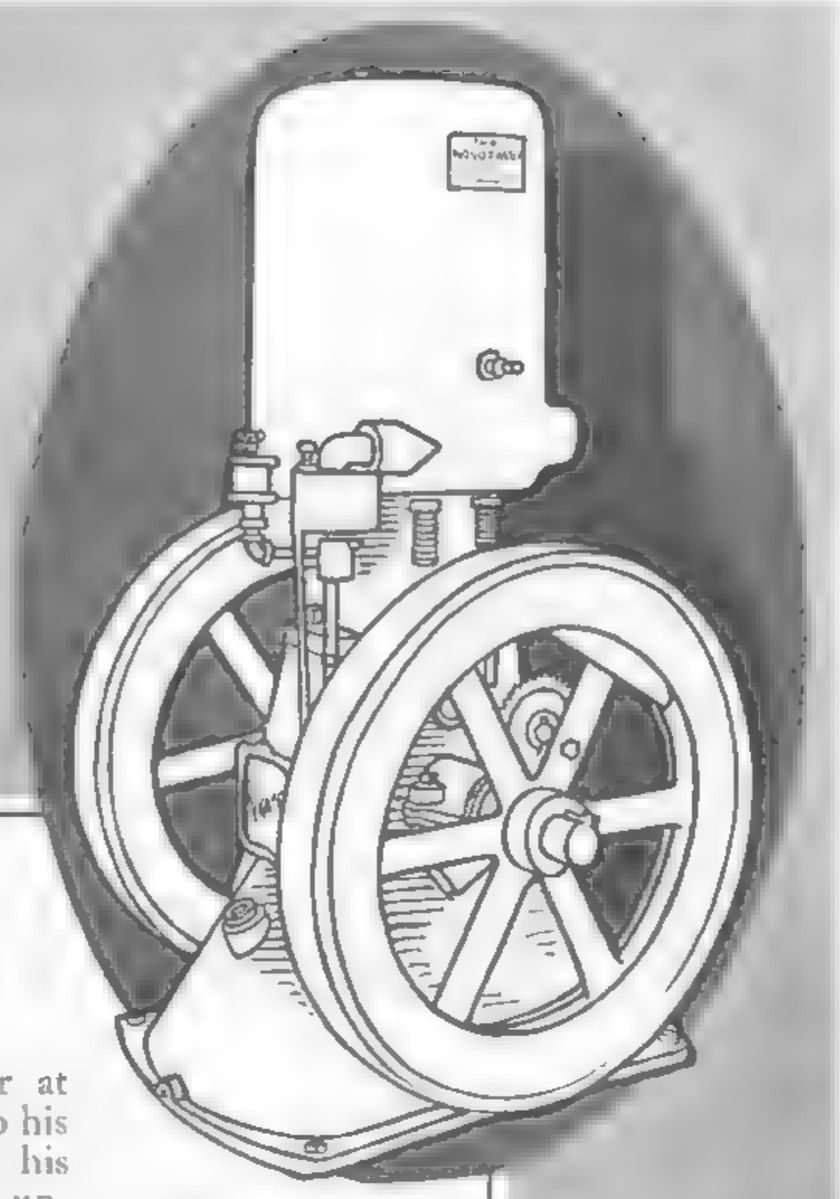

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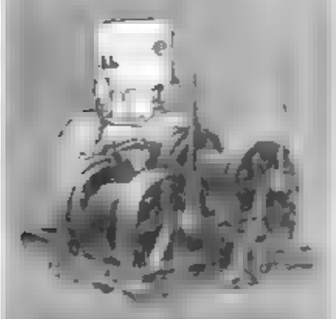
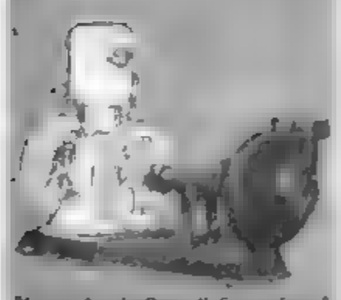
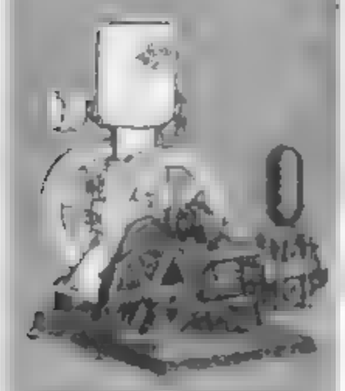


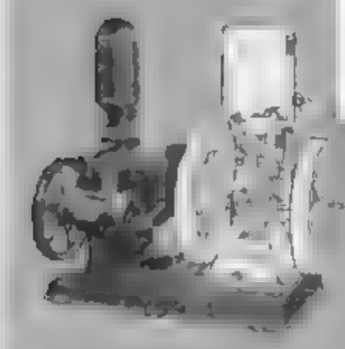
Novo Double Drum Hoist
Fig 14120



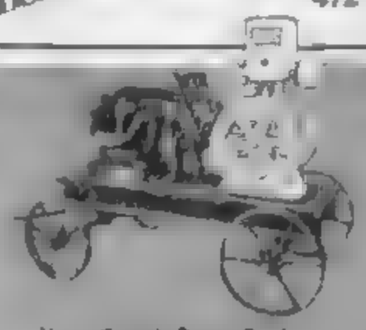
Novo "Little Giant" Centrifugal Pump Fig 1478



Novo High-Pressure Pump
Fig 1454



Novo Suction and Force Pump Fig 1401



Novo Trench Pump Outfit
Fig. 1457

Novo Reversible Hoist
Fig. 1455

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A MACHINE that makes heat at one end and cold at the other, so that it can be used for heating a house and making ice at the same time—to blow hot and cold, like the man in Æsop's Fables—has now been perfected and is coming into practical use abroad. All it needs to do its work is power of some kind. It will take electricity, for instance, for its power and turn the electricity into heat and cold.

It is really a refrigerating machine that turns out heat as a by-product. Every ice-making machine makes a great deal of heat, which is wasted almost completely; in fact, the more completely the heat is wasted from an ordinary ice-making machine, the more ice it will make.

The new double-action machine takes out of the ice-making part every bit of heat it possibly can; and then this heat, in the form of hot water, is sent round the building as a hot-water heating system. Every part of the machine juggles the heat and the cold round so that they may be used to the best advantage.

For instance, in the ice-making part a certain amount of cold is delivered to the freezing apparatus and a certain amount of cold is used up in the works for "precooling"; and the machine delivers the most intense cold to the freezing apparatus and thriftily uses the milder degree of cold for precooling purposes.

Readable Names at Sea

THE experiment is now being tried of having a ship flash its name on a big electric sign, instead of hiding it in little gilded letters on the bow and stern. A liner running between Holland and South America—the Steamship Gelvia—has its name in letters five feet high on a sign twenty-two feet long, carried between its smokestacks.

By day the name shows white, but at night it flashes in red lights on the port side and in green lights on the starboard side. In port the sign is kept burning at night, but at sea it is lighted only when the liner passes some other vessel.

Speaking Scientifically

MODERN scientific methods are hard to apply to old-fashioned politics; but every campaign is bringing in some applications now. Two were tried out with some measure of success recently. In Massachusetts one of the candidates for governor decided to undertake the big job of speaking in three hundred and twenty towns and thirty-three cities.

An able engineer who was interested in his candidacy undertook to plan it out as an engineering problem.

It was necessary to follow good roads as far as possible and to avoid all retracing of routes in order to save time. The route he finally mapped out looked like a route through a maze, but it was probably the shortest possible good-road route into every town in the state. A route map was then printed, with the condition of every road marked, the exact route, and the time due at each post-office.

In thirty-six days the candidate, with a party that filled four automobiles, covered the state, with hardly an instance of late arrival in the entire three hundred and fifty-three communities.

In Kentucky the business men felt that it was necessary to rouse interest and inquiry into some questions that were to go on the ballots for answer by the voters; so on the day before election tens of thousands of Kentuckians were called on the telephone and asked to give attention to the questions—the whole affair being managed and carried out along the lines of an established company.

Postals by Telephone

TELEPHONE postcards are now being seriously proposed. A message would be written on a special five-cent telephone card and mailed like ordinary mail. The post office that receives the card would then call up on the telephone the person to whom the card was addressed, and whose telephone number appeared in the address, and read the message.

Karl Marbe's Railroad Tests

EXPERT testimony by psychologists in court trials, which brings to mind the work of Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, has actually been tried in Germany with apparent success in attempts to place the blame for fatal collisions on railroads. Karl Marbe, director of the Psychological Institute at Würzburg, determined by experiments in his laboratory the amount of time needed for an engineer and fireman to recognize danger signals and act upon them, and his figures showed extreme negligence by the employees in a certain accident.

He demonstrated by his laboratory methods that the engineer had been drinking so much that his senses were dulled, and that the fireman and a guard, whose duty it was also to see that signals were obeyed, did not act until after a period had elapsed ten times as long as was necessary for them to consider the situation and apply the emergency measures. His tests showed two and a half seconds were ample for recognition of the dangerous situation and for applying the brakes, while other testimony showed that more than twenty-two seconds elapsed before any action was taken by any of the crew. His testimony was attacked on the ground that no experiments made in a quiet laboratory would furnish working figures, even though he did devise tests which duplicated the actual conditions in many ways.

Tests were then made with an engine and crew on a stretch of track, and these showed the same time results that he had determined by psychological methods.

Cheap Night Lights

A CAMPAIGN has just been started to end the almost universal condition of dark houses after the family has gone to bed. Tiny lamps have just been invented that will use only a very slight amount of electricity—so little that burning one at the front door, one in the front hall, one on the stairs and two in bedrooms all night long would cost only eighteen or twenty cents a month all together. Each lamp will give just enough light to prevent stumbling over the hatrack or tripping on the bottom stair.

Tiny lamps are not new, but tiny lamps of such economy are. Most small lamps do not save so much current as they seem to, though they do serve their purpose well in many respects. Each of the new lamps has within it a miniature transformer, which does as its name implies—transforms the electric current to such a voltage that a small pressure of electricity may be used without waste.

Sand Yachting

THE old-time sand yachts, built with a light body on wheels and a big sail for motive power, have now become dignified into "aëroplages," and aëroplaging on beaches is a growing sport. Blériot, the French aviator, has given impetus to the sport by studying the problem of sand yachting, and building aëroplages with the same thought and skill that produced the first really successful monoplanes. The yacht he has built for his own use has four light wheels, and a wheel steering gear similar to that of a motor car, with special devices for managing the sail and avoiding capsizing.

Salad Oil From Nuts

HICKORY-NUT butter and hickory-nut oil for salads are proposed by two investigators at the University of Kansas. These scientists have found that hickory nuts will give comparatively large quantities of oil that has a very pleasant flavor and a high food-value. It is not necessary to use the fine shellbark or shagbark hickories, for pignuts give practically the same results as the finer grades, and pignuts usually go to waste.

From a bushel of nuts one gallon and a half of oil is obtained. This can be used either as a salad oil, like olive oil, or for other food uses. A possible development is the hardening of the oil by the new process called hydrogenating, making hickory-nut butter.

"Now I know how delicious a 'Sunkist' Orange really tastes!"

California Oranges Were Never So Good As Now

The choicest seedless Navel Oranges grown come from California.

But never, even in California, has the fruit been of such surpassing quality as this season—perfect golden globes, heavy, rich, brimming with sparkling juice and with a tempting flavor and "tang" that is incomparably delicious.

Out of this premier crop 6,500 of California's most progressive growers have selected the very cream—thin-skinned, extra-select, without bruise or blemish—offered to you under the brand of

"SUNKIST"
Seedless Navel Oranges

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Perfect climatic conditions have prevailed in California this season. Long days of sunshine, mild, even temperature, aided by careful soil cultivation and the application of moisture at just the right time and in just the right quantity, have brought forth "Sunkist" oranges of richest, royal flavor—a flavor that cannot be expressed in words. You must taste the fruit itself to know how delicious "Sunkist" are this season.

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"Sunkist" oranges are picked when they are in their prime and shipped in refrigerator cars all over the country, so you may enjoy the orchard ripeness and freshness unimpaired. This is the finest crop in years. Yet the prices are low—much lower than you'd expect for fruit of such quality. They are even cheaper by the box or half box. Ask your home merchant today for famous "Sunkist" oranges, in the original wrappers.

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Save "Sunkist" orange and lemon wrappers. They are good for handsome William Rogers & Son Silver. Send the coupon today for 40-page Recipe Book and complete list of "Sunkist" Silver Premiums.

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FROM the standpoint of *appearance*—the Overland has unusual grace, harmonious body proportions, symmetrical and full sweeping lines, a beautiful rich dark Brewster green finish, edged with highly polished heavy nickel plate and aluminum.

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From a *mechanical* standpoint—the Overland chassis is one of the finest and most finished pieces of mechanism in the world. Parts are machined on the most expensive automatic machinery until they are accurate to one one-thousandth of an inch. Producing millions of parts for 50,000 cars makes it possible for us to employ the very latest and costliest mechanical equipment. Mechanically no car—regardless of price—could be better.

From the standpoint of *size*—the Overland has the longest wheelbase of any car at this price in the world; the largest motor, the roomiest tonneau, and the largest tires of any car at this price in the world.

From the standpoint of *equipment*—the Overland is complete—having a full set of electric lights, even under the cowl dash—storage battery—windshield—electric horn—jeweled speedometer—top-boot—full set of tools, etc.

And finally, and most important of all, from a *price standpoint*—the Overland will cost you 30% less.

Now from *your* standpoint—can you afford and does it seem reasonable to pay *more* for other cars that offer you *no more* than you get in the Overland for $950?

Can you?

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Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request

$950

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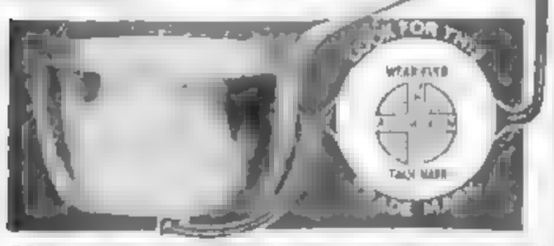
Place the kettle empty over a low flame. In the heated kettle sear the roast on all sides. Then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. When half done turn the meat over.

Thus the cheaper cuts of meat may be made as palatable as the most expensive cuts.

Ask your dealer to show you a "Wear-Ever" Windsor Kettle. It is particularly good for pot-roasting without water—and may be used for many other purposes.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Always look for the 'Wear-Ever' trademark on the bottom of every utensil—your guarantee of purity, saving, service. Write for Booklet "The Wear-Ever Kitchen" It tells you how to save time and strength—how to make your kitchen more efficient



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105 Century Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa.

TIN COWRIE DASS

(Continued from Page 23)

"Day will quickly come," he thought. "If I do not hear word of Aunty Linah in this place I shall never find her."

Day came by no means quickly. The hours dragged. Nothing changed or happened, except when a couple of belated wanderers, big men afoot, stole hurriedly through the archway and lay down in a far corner. Later, across the courtyard in their direction, some drunken man awoke and howled fragments of a rude northern love song. Other dim figures roused, cursed him and fell back to sleep. The drunkard sang on, pausing to tell himself what kind of man he was.

Our friend smiled, but sadly.

"All this I have known before. Even the very song. It was all a part of me. Yet here I sit, a stranger without a name."

Suddenly the door behind him slammed open. A woman's voice, imperious and full of rancor, flung a command at him.

"Go kick that howling pariah!" it said. "How can I sleep when drunken dogs ——"

Our friend rose and turned, still smiling.

In the lighted doorway a woman, her face covered to the eyes with a hastily drawn veil, stood leaning forth. She wore a thin blue robe, through which all the supple grace of her body seemed, like an imprisoned fire, to strain.

"I will persuade the singer ——" began our friend respectfully.

The woman's hand whipped under her robe. Her veil fell. For a moment she might have turned to stone. Her face, of a clear golden pallor, with lips redder than a cut strawberry, was like some transient beauty in a dream.

"You?" she whispered.

Then she, whom he had never seen before, called him aloud by his name and by his father's name.

"Hasan! You! Hasan Ibrahim!"

When he could speak, the words came hoarsely.

"No, his son. I am Hasan Ismail."

The woman stared, glowing with wonder and fear. Her hand and arm flashed out from her robe.

"Ah!" she snarled.

And lightning-quick, straight for his heart, she drove with a knife.

VII

LIGHTNING-SWIFT came the blow, delivered before Tin Cowrie knew what it was. His brain had no time for action. The knife ripped through his garment, stinging hot and cold. He felt only this and quailing of the flesh. Later he was aware that both his hands had clutched the woman's fist, a hard little fist gripping the haft of the knife, tugging to be free, until suddenly its fingers relaxed, wriggled and were gone, elusive as water. The knife clattered on the steps.

"Missed me, darling!" he laughed.

The door slammed; a bolt shot home; and he stood there in darkness and amazement, with a breath of warm perfume about him such as women carry. Throughout the courtyard nobody stirred, so brief and quiet had been the combat. The drunken man finished his song, fell back and became a mumbling heap in his corner.

Hasan Ismail—Tin Cowrie Dass no longer, in this land which knew him—stepped forward and knocked softly at the bolted door.

"Why do you wish to kill me?"

Not a word came from within. But she was there, leaning close and listening, for he could hear her breathe. Presently she gave a low, unwilling moan.

"Did I kiss your hand too warmly, sister?"

Upon that mockery the room grew still.

"Come," he said. "Speak to me. Hasan Ismail is my true name. What then? Must every dear little tavern-cat spit at my name and try to scratch me?"

He listened in vain.

"Speak, and fear nothing," he urged. "My ribs ache from one dab of your sweet paw, but I bear no malice. Come, speak. Was it a feud of the blood?"

Getting no answer, he desisted, thought for a moment, then moved cautiously along the wall toward her lighted window. By reaching overhead he caught the lower edge of the little square hole, pulled himself up and peered through. He could see but half the room, a bare whitewashed cell containing a bed, a traveler's bundle on the floor, a polished blackwood box on the table, and an old cracked tumbler full of oil in which the floating lampwick burned. The woman nowhere appeared, not so much as her shadow; for that corner of the room where she stood pressing against the door lay too close beneath him. Satisfied with the view, however, he dropped.

"There's no back door," he called. "I shall wait here till you speak, if I wait till Ramazan. You will be hungry enough then, dear, to eat your soul."

He sat on the steps, picked up her dagger and played with that for pastime. It was a slender weapon, well made, of good springy steel.

"And with a silver handle," he perceived. "She is not poor."

His left side now smarting and feeling wet, he thrust one hand under his beggar's rags.

"A neat little flap of skin hanging loose. Bleed away, cat-scratch; you will heal the sooner!"

Comfortably setting his back against the wall he began the siege of that bolted door, a cheerful siege and thorough. His foe should capitulate or starve in her chamber; for no woman, lovely or foul, who struck a blow at his father's name and blood on sight would ever pass free into the world without being humbled. So he sat and hummed a song, that rude, funny love song of the north which he had heard the drunkard sing, and which made him chuckle at memories halfway returning.

"A fellow of my father's," he thought, "used to sing all the words:

"'I gave you the moon for a cake, Little One,
Where is the bite you gobbled?
The crescent rides o'er the lake, Little One,
But ——'"

The rest of the nonsense came flooding back, complete and very broad in its humor. Hasan Ismail clapped his leg and swayed, laughing heartily as he had not laughed in years.

"The fellow who sang that before always played elephant with me, and dangled a boot between his teeth, a cavalry boot, for the elephant's trunk. He was good! What was his name?"

He spoke aloud, though in a voice hardly above the pitch of his humming. Another voice replied close at his ear.

"Isa," it murmured. "Isa the Court-Singer was my name. Isa the worthless now."

He turned with a start. Two burly figures were standing at his right hand. The starry roof of the courtyard now had paled with dawn, but sent down only a greenish reflected mist of light in which faces loomed uncertain.

He knew this couple, however, for the two big travelers who had come hurrying late through the archway.

"It was I who sang," declared the foremost. "I am your camel driver, and I am *not* drunk."

The second figure drew near.

"Sir," continued Isa, moving his hand slightly by way of introduction, "I bring you an old man who is looking for somebody. He heard us while we talked with daddy at the first halt; he has followed us northward like the wind."

The old man—a very stalwart old man—bowed with martial dignity.

"I heard a voice under the night as I lay awake," said he in a deep, murmuring bass. "I heard a voice like one that I longed to hear. Hope, which lay dead within me, sprang alive at the sound of it. And I rose from my bed to follow."

"Sir," replied Hasan Ismail, "what voice could this be?"

The old man gave a sudden forward movement as of joy.

"Ah!" he cried. "It was! It was your voice!"

Hasan bowed.

"What hope can a beggar call to life?"

"The hope of twenty years," whispered the other fervently. "The hope of my heart and many hearts, of a city, a kingdom." Even by the dim twilight the speaker's tall frame was seen to be trembling. "Sir, I had traveled up and down the land, searching throughout, but never finding; not a word, no footprint, nowhere the memory of a name, until I grew sick with emptiness and failure. Then at last, by heaven's will, I heard how among the living down there"—he pointed south across the courtyard—"Faiz Rasul had reappeared. Faiz Rasul

Work the cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin.

Oily Skin and Shiny Nose

How to correct them

That bug-bear of so many women—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes.

Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Begin this treatment tonight

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment with it will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

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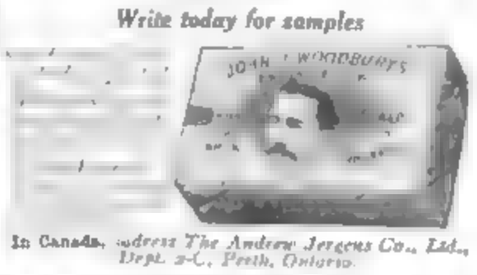

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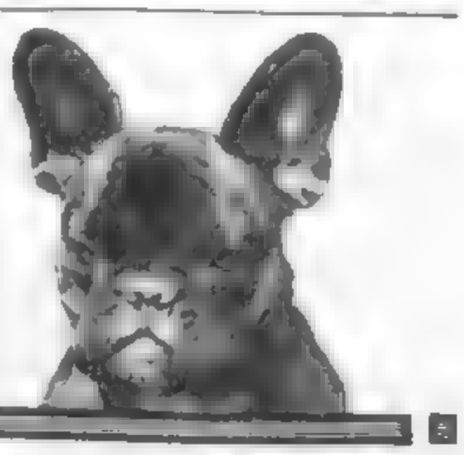

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PHILADELPHIA

would know. I hurried to him, but others hurried faster. When I came to him Faiz Rasul was dead."

Isa, the camel driver, grunted.

"Told you so. Faiz Rasul knew too much."

"Too much of what?" Our friend found himself trembling like the tall stranger. "What did Faiz Rasul know?"

"Too much, as Isa rightly says," came the reply. "He knew into what land our king had gone, our lost king with two sons, the babes, one sickly and one sound, who bore the glorious names of the grandsons of the prophet."

Our friend stood on foot, convinced, overcome, thrilling with wonder. He looked steadfastly upon the ground.

"My father's name, sirs," he declared with a manner at once humble and proud, "was Hasan Ibrahim. My brother—my poor God-stricken brother, who is dead and buried shamefully in a wet garden—he was called Husein. I am the last one of my family. I am Hasan Ismail. If it be death to know this ——"

"It is life, lord," said the old man gently.

Then in silence both he and the driver, stooping, touched the bare feet of Hasan Ismail.

"May we see the face of our master's son and of our master?"

The three men by a common impulse moved out from the shadow of the wall. Dawn, mingling with lamplight from the woman's window, revealed their faces one to another. Isa was dark, bold and laughing; Hasan in his beggar's rags looked very grave; but the old man, who wore a green turban and whose beard was stained pale red, turned upward a countenance blazing with love and triumph, though tears filled his eyes.

"The king's own head," he proclaimed. "It is the king's own voice and glance as I have known them before battle."

Hasan laid both hands on the aged, powerful shoulders.

"I remember now." He spoke as from afar. "Three words were left with me when my father died. I never understood him till now."

He bent and whispered three words in the old man's ear.

"You, no other!" cried the red-beard patriarch. "And you all ragged! Surely the Most High remembereth his own. The lineage of the Fat Beast shall rule no more in our pink city."

They embraced, all three together. Isa, the clown, was blubbering.

"I carried you on my back! I was your good elephant, baby! I sang for your father, 'The Girl Who Ate the Moon'!"

It was the old man who recalled them to the present world. "Enough!" he exclaimed. "Sweet prince, we have no time to waste. We should go forward."

Morning had come, for overhead the sky glowed starless, a clear apple-green; and underfoot among the courtyard bales here and there sleepers began to stir and mumble.

"But you're bleeding," growled Isa, and patted Hasan's left side. "Your rags are all wet. What *hellion* dared ——"

Hasan laughed and came to his senses.

"Ah," said he. "Yes, I forgot. A woman tried to stab me just now through the crack of her door. She knew me and let go with her knife, that silver-handled thing on the step."

Isa and the old man glowered, first at the weapon, then at each other, while Hasan described his enemy, the woman behind the bolted door.

"The Lady-Bird?" said Isa.

"The Lady-Bird herself," echoed the old man. "Daughter of the Fat Beast. It's high time we were off. This place will be full of her men. She's going home."

"Yes," rejoined Isa. "I thought so. Home after poisoning Faiz Rasul and all his family."

Our friend Hasan caught their muttering and struck his forehead.

"Poison?" said he. Through his mind there flashed the picture of a little feverish boy tossing and groaning inside a hovel of mud. "Why, then, this was Aunty Linah I have found her."

He made a stride impetuously toward the woman's door. Both his companions flung themselves in his path.

"No, no," implored the younger. "Let be! Away!"

"We have not a moment now," said the elder. "Indeed it may be too late. Come, sir, away! She is too strong for us here. You must come with us."

Hasan frowned.

"Evinruding"

DO YOU know what "Evinruding" is? It is not a **new** sport because too many thousands are "Evinruding" to call it new. Dictionaries should describe it as making a motor-boat of any rowboat in less than one minute—of realizing all the pleasures of motor-boating with any rowboat or canoe. The

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DETACHABLE ROWBOAT-MOTOR

Is Vibrationless, quiet and smooth running. Drives a rowboat 8 miles an hour; a canoe nearly 12.

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if you have an "Evinrude" because the "Evinrude" will attach to any boat whether rented or owned and its simplicity of operation enables women and children to enjoy the pleasures of "Evinruding" everywhere.

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THE fear of blistering the surface of your tables and sideboards is eliminated if you use Valspar. A hot dish may be placed upon a Valsparred table without injury—no roughness or white spots result.

That's a good deal to say about a varnish.

We say even more about Valspar—that *boiling water* will not harm it.

Ask your furniture dealer to show you furniture finished with Valspar, and see its beautiful dull finish.

Look for the label "Finished with Valspar".

Valspar is the only varnish that will stand the boiling water test—it is the varnish that water, hot or cold, will not turn white—it is the varnish that can be washed with soap and water without danger to its brilliancy.

Go into any store that sells varnish, and get a can of Valspar for home use—for floors, doors, etc.

—and ask the dealer to tell you about our guarantee—money back if not satisfied.

Have your old furniture refinished with Valspar.

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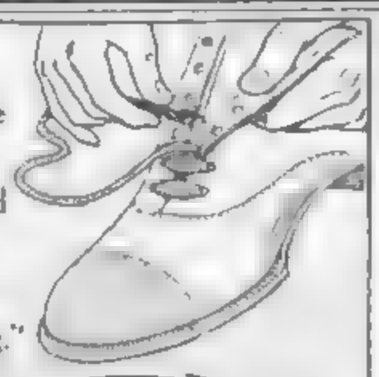

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Main Office and Factory, 1040-66 Herron Ave.
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

An expert fixture engineer [illegible]

"Must?" he repeated haughtily. "Who says must? I have work to do in this place. Where then must I go?"

The old man eagerly caught him by his tattered robe.

"I will show you where. Come with me, sir, only as far as the gate of the *serai*."

"Not a step," replied the king's son. "I am here to find Aunty Linah, the poisoning woman. Whoever she may be, I have found her. If there is danger for you, dear friends, go at once. But I will not leave this door without Bibi, without Aunty Linah."

"Our prince cannot understand," ventured Isa. "Go you, Father Ahmed, and show him. I will keep the door." And so saying the camel driver picked up the poniard from the steps, spat in his palm and gripped the silver handle. "Your old fool Isa can hold this Madam Sataness within doors."

Old Ahmed smiled and beckoned. Hasan followed him through the courtyard, forth by the archway to an open world of sunrise. Here the midnight ghosts had begun to rise and break their camp, yawning and cursing; a few gaunt camels already straggled forth among the sandhills, while others, with peevish cries, were climbing upright on their long, warty, loose-jointed shanks. The old man passed them a little way beyond earshot to a mound apart, on which he waited.

"Look," said he, when Hasan had overtaken him. "Look, dear master."

A light flame burning the eastern rim of the desert grew and ran along dark-crested billows until the sun heaved up, clear and hot, to glow in his noonday sharpness, unsoftened, through the dry air.

"Your city waits for you."

Northwest far off the wilderness gathered its fawn-colored flanks and rose on high. A long range of hills, powerful as a giant's fort, pink as a lilac-blossom, confronted the morning. Below them stretched a band of greenery, and something moved like a mist or a snowstorm, blowing upward, trailing and sinking again. A city crowned the hills, a lilac city hewn from the rock, pillared with white minarets and lighted with the visionary golden glimmer of a dome.

"The birds are up and flying above your lake," said the old man quietly. "Men are up in your streets wondering what will come. We can gallop there by noon. The Fat Beast is dying, perhaps dead while I speak. Let us go now, dear master, for tomorrow may be too late. Let us come home before this poison *Rani*. A thousand good old swords like mine, that served your father and your father's father, will leap out and flash and take your city for you at a word." The old man made no gesture, but wept where he stood. "Son of my heart, say the word!"

Hasan stared at the pink city on the hill. He knew it. That cloud of snow-white birds driven like spray under the foot of a crag, up and down, he had seen them often as he went riding with his father round the lake. His heart swelled. It was home, the city shining on a hill, calling to him like music.

"Let us go in time. Say the word, my prince, my beloved. There is your kingdom."

After a long silence, Hasan turned fiercely.

"Don't!" he cried. "You tempt me! I cannot go. A king should keep faith. I cannot go. You are showing me temptation!"

Before him lay his home; behind, leagues away and as it seemed ages ago, his promise to a young stranger, a careless, billiard-playing youth from England, Captain Weatherby, who by now had forgotten him. Or if Weatherby remembered, what then?

"No," groaned Hasan Ismail; "I have Weatherby's gold under my girdle. Father priest, I cannot be your king. For the sake of honor, pardon me this. Let us go back to the *serai*. Aunty Linah shall either kill me or cross the frontier my captain's prisoner. I am only Tin Cowrie Dass, a policeman." He laughed, then rapidly told his story. "I run great risk of hanging."

Old Ahmed bent his green turban down almost to the sand.

"You have chosen your own way, lord," he answered. "That also is like your father, who would follow his promise, yea or nay, under a falling mountain. I will go back and die with you."

Tin Cowrie Dass looked once more long and steadily toward his home upon the hill.

"You and Isa must be off quickly," said he as he turned away. "The All-Merciful guide you both. I am hired to do this thing alone."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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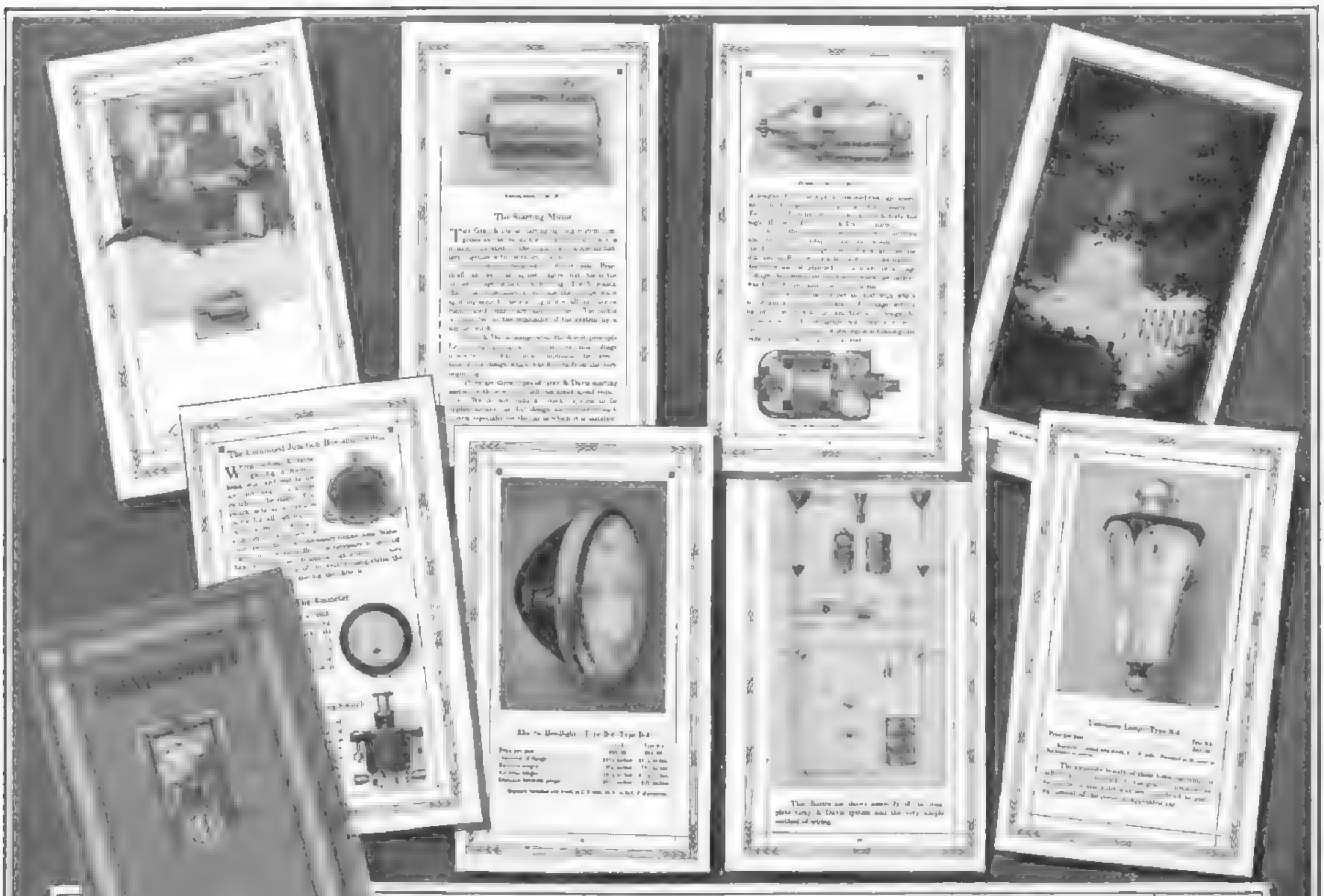

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They have got to stand up to the racket if your books are to show a profit on motor-haulage.

You can't personally inspect and test your axles and your bearings.

But you can, through truck users in your neighborhood, compare the service records and upkeep cost of trucks that run on Timkens with others. It will pay you to do so.

And you can safely leave the inspecting and testing to the two great Timken organizations whose sole product is—in one case, axles, in the other, bearings.

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A man had just bought a pipe and had made a remark about "breaking it in."

The dealer took out of his mouth the pipe he was smoking and said, "That pipe never was new."

"How's that?" asked the customer. It's a question anybody would ask.

Then the dealer gave out this original suggestion.

"When I first took this pipe out of the case, for my own smoking, I opened up a package of Edgeworth Sliced Plug, took out one of the flat, oblong slices, and right there a Great Idea hit me as suddenly as a slap on the back.

"I took out another slice and simply lined the bowl of my pipe with slices of Edgeworth tobacco, cutting it off even with the top. Then I took some of the Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed from a tin and filled up the bowl and struck a match.

"The first puff told me that my idea was a winner. It had the mild, cool, smooth taste that comes from a properly educated pipe."

We pass this man's experience along to you. If we know pipe smokers, and we think we do, this little trick will be worked around the world.

Just to help out, we'll go farther and send you, free, a sample package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, and you can find out in a few minutes how good Edgeworth is. It is the finest Burley tobacco that grows on the ground, is Edgeworth, and it comes in two forms, Sliced Plug and Ready-Rubbed, and is on sale practically everywhere.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply. A sample of Ready-Rubbed is free if you mention your dealer's name. If you love good pipe tobacco, you will really favor us by asking for this sample.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years

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Do Your Printing!

... THE PRESS CO., Meriden Conn.

A BUSHER'S LETTERS HOME

(Continued from Page 8)

I had a sore arm when I was warming up and Callahan should never ought to of sent me in there. And Schalk kept signing for my fast ball and I kept giving it to him because I thought he ought to know something about the batters. Weaver and Lord and all of them kept kicking them round the infield and Collins and Bodie couldn't catch nothing.

Callahan ought never to of left me in there when he seen how sore my arm was. Why, I couldn't of threw hard enough to break a pain of glass my arm was so sore.

They sure did run wild on the bases. Cobb stole four and Bush and Crawford and Veach about two apiece. Schalk didn't even make a peg half the time. I guess he was trying to throw me down.

The score was sixteen to two when Callahan finally took me out in the eighth and I don't know how many more they got. I kept telling him to take me out when I seen how bad I was but he wouldn't do it. They started bunting in the fifth and Lord and Chase just stood there and didn't give me no help at all.

I was all O. K. till I had the first two men out in the first inning. Then Crawford come up. I wanted to give him a spitter but Schalk signs me for the fast one and I give it to him. The ball didn't hop much and Crawford happened to catch it just right. At that Collins ought to of catched the ball. Crawford made three bases and up come Cobb. It was the first time I ever seen him. He hollered at me right off the reel. He says You better walk me you busher. I says I will walk you back to the bench. Schalk signs for a spitter and I gives it to him and Cobb misses it.

Then instead of signing for another one Schalk asks for a fast one and I shook my head no but he signed for it again and yells Put something on it. So I throwed a fast one and Cobb hits it right over second base. I don't know what Weaver was doing but he never made a move for the ball. Crawford scored and Cobb was on first base. First thing I knowed he had stole second while I held the ball. Callahan yells Wake up out there and I says Why don't your catcher tell me when they are going to steal. Schalk says Get in there and pitch and shut your mouth. Then I got mad and walked Veach and Moriarty but before I walked Moriarty Cobb and Veach pulled a double steal on Schalk. Gainor lifts a fly and Lord drops it and two more come in. Then Stanage walks and I whiffs their pitcher.

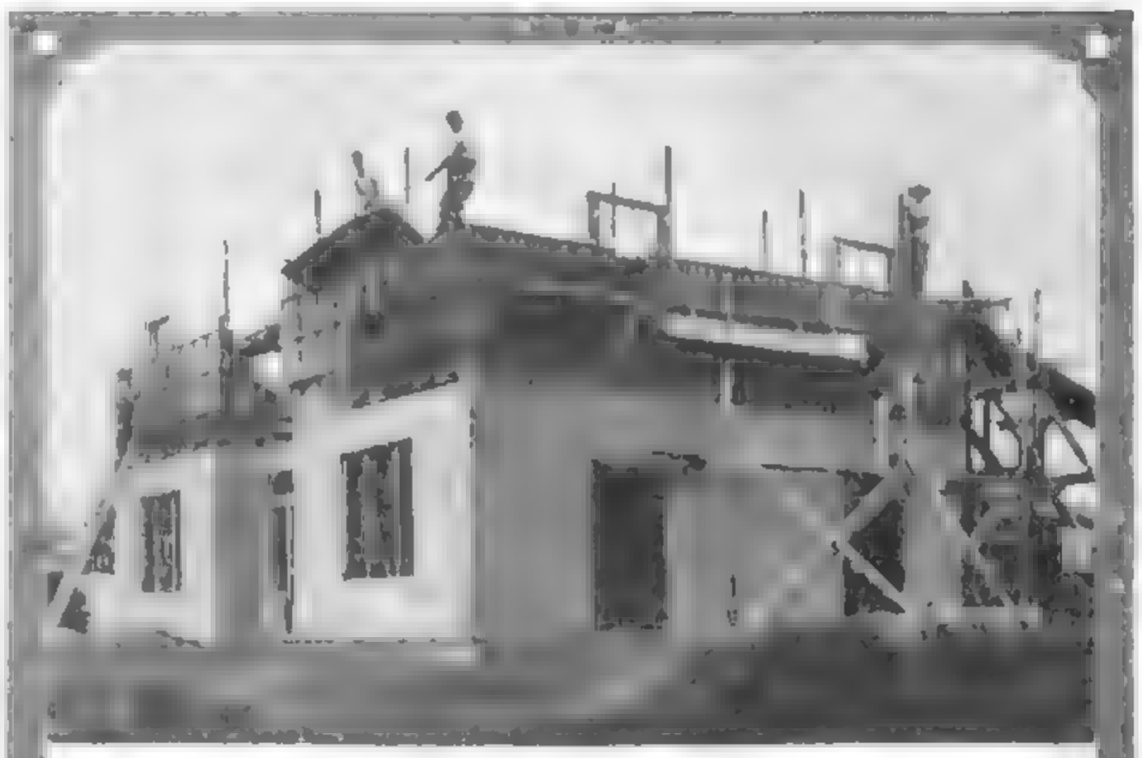
I come in to the bench and Callahan says Are your friends from Bedford up here? I was pretty sore and I says Why don't you get a catcher? He says We don't need no catcher when you're pitching because you can't get nothing past their bats. Then he says You better leave your uniform in here when you go out next inning or Cobb will steal it off your back. I says My arm is sore. He says Use your other one and you'll do just as good.

Gleason says Who do you want to warm up? Callahan says Nobody. He says Cobb is going to lead the league in batting and basestealing anyway so we might as well give him a good start. I was mad enough to punch his jaw but the boys winked at me not to do nothing.

Well I got some support in the next inning and nobody got on. Between innings I says Well I guess I look better now don't I? Callahan says Yes but you wouldn't look so good if Collins hadn't jumped up on the fence and catched that one off Crawford. That's all the encouragement I got Al.

Cobb come up again to start the third and when Schalk signs me for a fast one I shakes my head. Then Schalk says All right pitch anything you want to. I pitched a spitter and Cobb bunts it right at me. I would of threw him out a block but I stubbed my toe in a rough place and fell down. This is the roughest ground I ever seen Al. Veach bunts and for a wonder Lord throws him out. Cobb goes to second and honest Al I forgot all about him being there and first thing I knowed he had stole third. Then Moriarty hits a fly ball to Bodie and Cobb scores though Bodie ought to of threw him out twenty feet.

They batted all round in the forth inning and scored four or five more. Crawford got the luckiest three-base hit I ever see. He popped one way up in the air and the wind blowed it against the fence. The wind is



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for all construction. Each year the strength of Lehigh Cement increases. This means increased value to a structure instead of the *usual* depreciation.

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Concrete's the Thing *Lehigh's the Cement*

Your Boy's Bump of Destructiveness

Can Be Reduced Only By Getting The Boy to TEACH HIMSELF

OFTEN a most baffling task for parents is to teach their boy *the value of property*. You may talk for hours; you may tell him that the big window pane, broken, represents hours and hours of hard work by some one; but as soon as the boy gets away he will again be careless with his snow-balls until your swift hand descends—and even then he may wish to continue the argument. Some other plan must be adopted.

One father who had tried a method we recommended overheard, later, the following conversation between his boy Bucky and a younger brother:

"Bucky, got a quarter?"

"Uh-huh! Why?"

"Lemme it, will you? I gotta buy a window pane for Stokes's store."

"A quarter is a lot of money."

"Oh pshaw, Bucky! You earn a lot of money."

"No I don't, either. *It took me over an hour yesterday to make fifteen cents and before I give up you've got to show cause.*"

Bucky had learned the first lesson in what means business success.

How you may direct your boy's desires toward activities of your selection and give him a business training is fully explained in a mighty interesting booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" a copy of which will be sent to you upon request free of charge.

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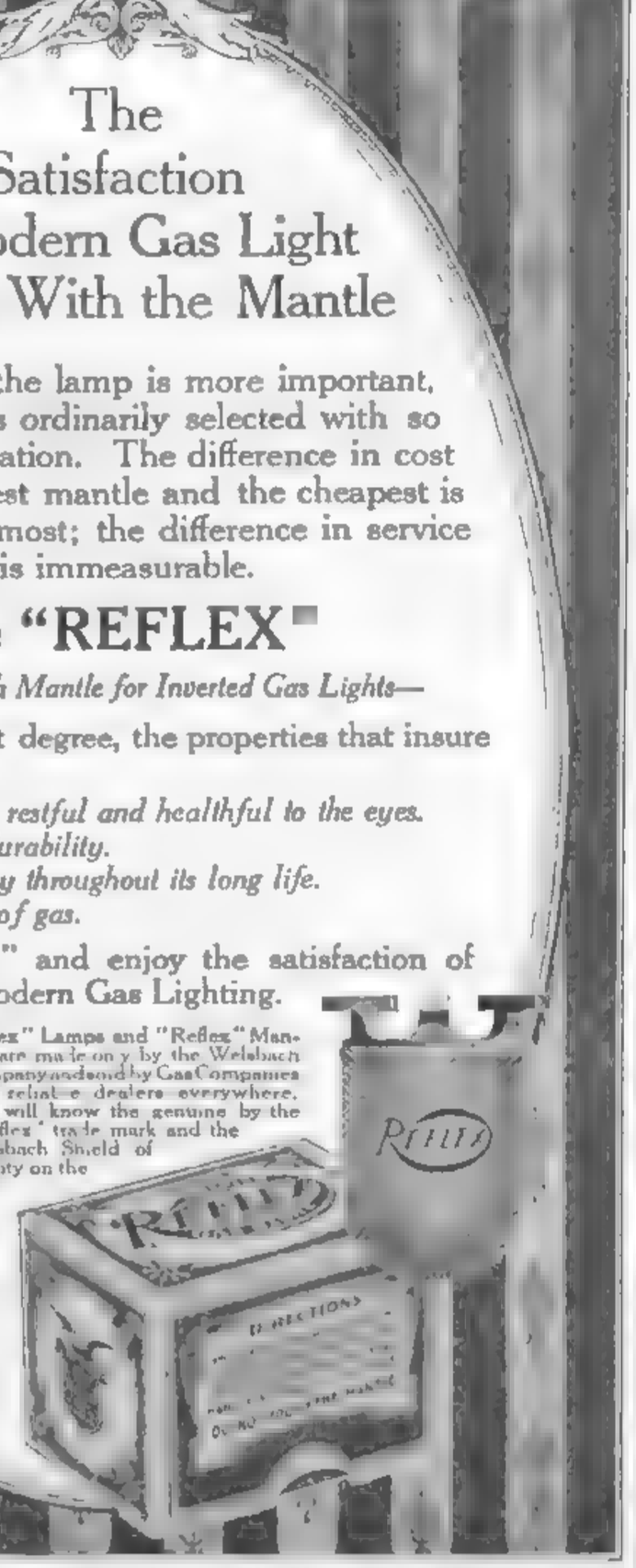

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Dept. 77, Cincinnati, O.

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POULTRY ADVOCATE, Dept. 38, Syracuse, N. Y.

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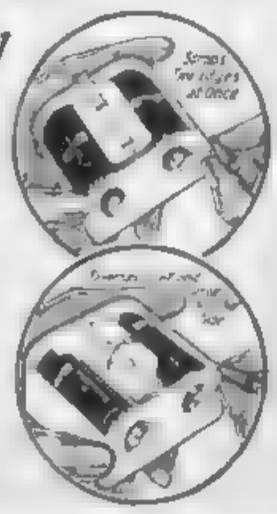
Twinplex Stropper



Anyone can do it. Simply lay blade in holder and turn. Strokes first one side, then the other, at every turn—the ... stropping reduced to mechanical accuracy. Never varies, never fails. Small, handsome, fascinating. Costs $3.50 (Canada $4). Pays for itself in a year, then "Both the shaving and the saving are all velvet." Guaranteed for 10 years. Sold by leading dealers on 30 days' trial. Ask for booklet telling all about it.

TWINPLEX SALES CO., 315 N. 10th St., St. Louis. 172 Broadway, New York
Twinplex Sales Co. of Canada, Montreal.

something fierce here Al. At that Collins ought to of got under it.

I was looking at the bench all the time expecting Callahan to call me in but he kept hollering Go on and pitch. Your friends wants to see you pitch.

Well Al I don't know how they got the rest of their runs but they had more luck than any team I ever seen. And all the time Jennings was on the coaching line yelling like a Indian. Some day Al I'm going to punch his jaw.

After Veach had hit one in the eight Callahan calls me to the bench and says You're through for the day. I says It's about time you found out my arm was sore. He says I ain't worrying about your arm but I'm afraid some of our outfielders will run their legs off and some of them poor infielders will get killed. He says The reporters just sent me a message saying they had run out of paper. Then he says I wish some of the other clubs had pitchers like you so we could hit once in a while. He says Go in the clubhouse and get your arm rubbed off. That's the only way I can get Jennings sore he says.

Well Al that's about all there was to it. It will take two or three stamps to send this but I want you to know the truth about it. The way my arm was I ought never to of went in there. Yours truly,

JACK

CHICAGO, Illinois, April 26.

FRIEND AL: Just a line to let you know I am still on earth. My arm feels pretty good again and I guess maybe I will work at Detroit. Violet writes that she can't hardly wait to see me. Looks like I got a regular girl now Al. We go up there the twenty-ninth and maybe I won't be glad to see her. I hope she will be out to the game the day I pitch. I will pitch the way I want to next time and them Tigers won't have such a picnic.

I suppose you seen what the Chicago reporters said about that game. I will punch a couple of their jaws when I see them.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Illinois, April 29.

DEAR OLD AL: Well Al it's all over. The club went to Detroit last night and I didn't go along. Callahan told me to report to Comiskey this morning and I went up to the office at ten o'clock. He give me my pay to date and broke the news. I am sold to Frisco.

I asked him how they got waivers on me and he says Oh there was no trouble about that because they all heard how you tamed the Tigers. Then he patted me on the back and says Go out there and work hard boy and maybe you'll get another chance some day. I was kind of choked up so I walked out of the office.

I ain't had no fair deal Al and I ain't going to no Frisco. I will quit the game first and take that job Charley offered me at the billiard hall.

I expect to be in Bedford in a couple of days. I have got to pack up first and settle with my landlady about my room here which I engaged for all season thinking I would be treated square. I am going to rest and lay round home a while and try to forget this rotten game. Tell the boys about it Al and tell them I never would of got let out if I hadn't worked with a sore arm.

I feel sorry for that little girl up in Detroit Al. She expected me there today.

Your old pal, JACK.

P. S. I suppose you seen where that lucky lefthander Allen shut out Cleveland with two hits yesterday. The lucky stiff.

Gallant Service

COLONEL James Hamilton Lewis went over to a hotel near the Capitol for some luncheon. He finished, walked to the door of the café and stood looking out into the lobby while preening his whiskers, occupying the place usually held by the headwaiter.

A very pretty woman came up, mistook the senator for the headwaiter and asked: "May I have that table over there?"

"Certainly, madam," the gallant colonel replied. "It will give me great pleasure to escort you thither."

He led her to the table, pulled out her chair and seated her. She picked up the bill-of-fare, glanced at it and then said to Lewis: "What do you recommend today?"

"Madam," Lewis replied with one of his famous bows, "if I were not married I should unhesitatingly recommend myself."

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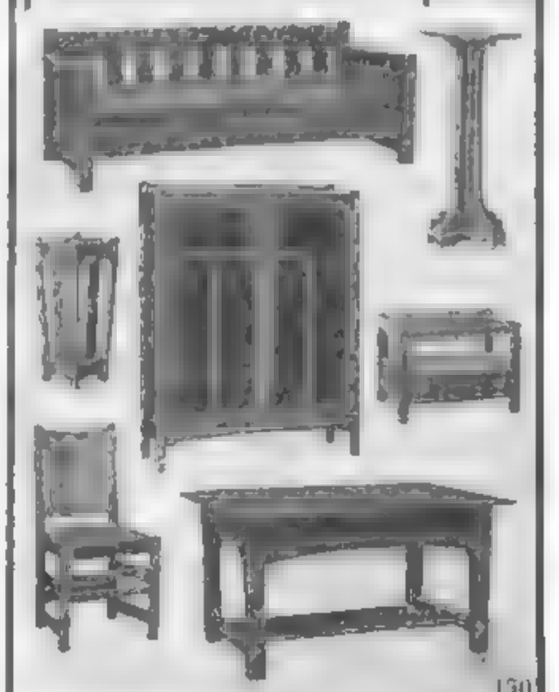

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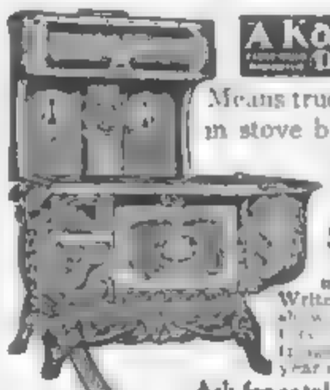

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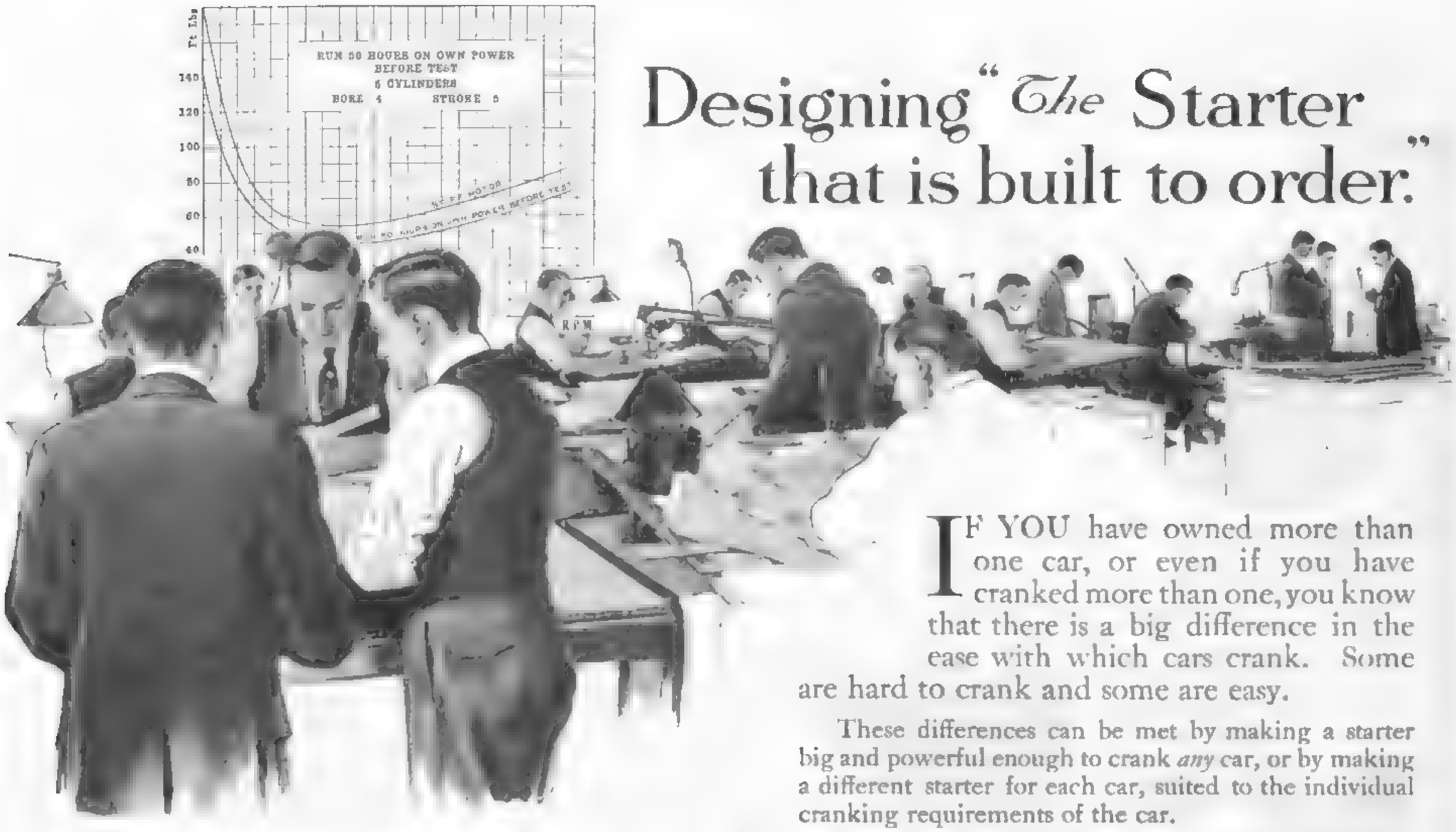

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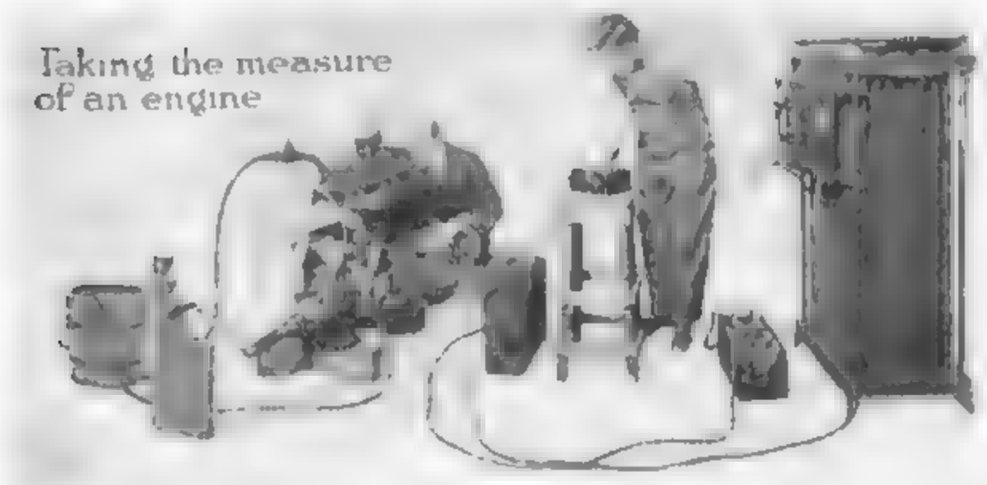
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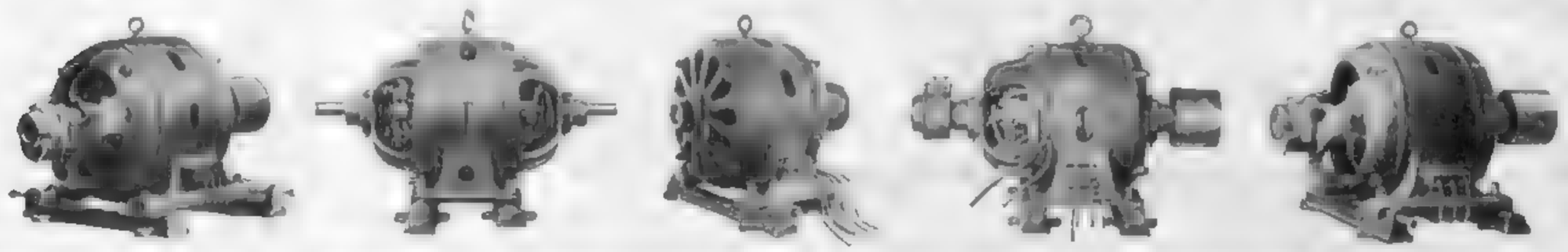

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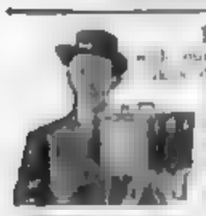

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CONFESSIONS OF AN INCONSTANT MAN

(Continued from Page 20)

body stiffen; and she brought her hands round and pressed them fiercely against my chest, holding me away from her and crying in a low voice:

"Oh, don't! Don't!"

"Gwendolyn!" I whispered. "What is the matter?"

She had begun to weep softly. How I wished she would storm—that she would do anything but be pathetic!

Presently she smiled up at me through her tears and said:

"Please forgive me, Fred! I don't know what's the matter with me."

But she did know—and so did I. We tried to talk of other things; then what should she hit upon but the dance at the club! I avoided the topic as though afraid it might burn me. That was the last straw for Gwendolyn! If there had persisted in her mind any doubt as to my defection it was removed now by my evasiveness.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried passionately. "Why must you go on making me miserable like this? Why don't you tell me? Anything is better than this!"

In the other room I heard the newspaper fall violently upon the table. I stepped away from Gwendolyn just as her mother flung back the green portières and entered the room. Her black eyes were flashing.

"Look here, Fred!" she snapped. "I want you to understand that my daughter is not to be treated as you treat her! You expect her to sit here waiting for you whenever you want to come; yet you think that all you've got to do is to telephone at the last minute if you take a notion to go somewhere else! Well, young man, you'll find you're wrong!"

Gwendolyn had buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, mother!" I heard her gasp. "Please go away!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" shrilled the angry woman, glaring at me like a she-bear defending its young. "I'm going to settle this right here! I ought to have done it long ago!" Then, as I stood paralyzed and silent, she demanded: "Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The assault was so direct that, without reasoning at all, I felt forced to meet it with such directness as I could.

"I don't know what's the matter," I said, "except that the other night Gwendolyn said something about—about marrying. I never thought of such a thing before! Never! It upset me to know Gwendolyn hadn't understood that. Why, I haven't any money! I won't be making enough to marry on for years and years! I thought Gwendolyn and I were just a boy and a girl. I never dreamed of asking a girl to marry me! It would be ridiculous! I'm terribly sorry if I've made Gwendolyn unhappy. I didn't mean to! You've both been so kind to me that I—I ——"

There the mother interrupted me with what she called "a few plain truths" about myself, delivered in staccato tones, which must have been audible in the kitchen. Gwendolyn had turned and, with her face still bowed in her hands, was leaning abjectly against the doorframe, her shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

"Oh, mother!" she wailed in a choking voice. "I have been humiliated enough! Please—please don't say any more!"

The elder woman had not finished with me however. Ignoring her daughter's plea—a plea that I seconded silently but very fervently—she continued to dilate upon my defects as a man.

Then, as the situation was becoming unbearable, I saw Gwendolyn's hands drop to her sides. Half blinded by her tears she made her way, swaying as she went, to the halltree. Taking down my hat she brought it to me, pressed it into my hands and pushed me toward the door, crying:

"Oh, go! Go! Please go!"

The mother was still haranguing. Gwendolyn unlatched the door and opened it. There was but the one thing for me to do; I made a hasty and shameful exit from that house, with the tirade of the mother ringing in my ears.

I left a brand-new cane at Gwendolyn's; but I never called to get it.

No Teutonic antifeminist was ever more bitter about women than I became in the succeeding days. For more than a week I was a somber recluse, working by day and spending my evenings reading in my room. Even Sallie was a woman—a member of the clinging, clawing, crying species known as female. Women were all alike! Well, I would take Sallie to the dance to which I had invited her; but after that my relations with the sex would terminate. I should become a figure melancholy, tragic, yet withal interesting. People would look at me and wonder what ghastly story lay beneath my outward calm.

It was in such a frame of mind that I called for Sallie on the night of the dance. Would she notice the change in me? I intended she should.

She came downstairs almost immediately. Her scarf was floating out behind her like a cloud and she was drawing on her long white gloves. I had brought her some roses, and I placed them in her hands with the mien of a tragic young poet. The effort was lost upon her, so taken up was she with the flowers. In the carriage, driving to the club, I maintained what was intended to be a moody, mysterious silence. It told. Presently I knew she was regarding me closely. I kept my eyes fixed ahead of me.

"Is anything the matter, Fred?" she asked.

"Matter!" I repeated, with a cold, cynical laugh.

"Why, Fred!" she exclaimed. "How strangely you speak!"

"Do I?" I tried to sound evasive.

"Yes. Has it anything—anything to do with me?"

I shook my head. Then I said cryptically: "Only inasmuch as you, too, are a woman."

"How do you mean?" she asked, altogether mystified.

I did not know—myself—just what I meant.

"Ah!" I said. "Women! You are all alike!"

"Oh, Fred! What is it? I can see that something terrible has happened. Can't you tell me? Perhaps I can help you!"

"Nothing can help me!" I affirmed.

"Oh, you poor, poor boy!" she sighed.

Without knowing the nature of my tragedy she was deeply affected by it; and—also without knowing the nature of it—so was I. I was fascinated with my new rôle, and began to half believe that I was the victim of some blighted love. During the evening I danced several times with Sallie; the rest of the time I wandered moodily about, silent and sad—like a juvenile Hamlet.

"I know you have had a miserable time," she declared as we drove home later. "It makes me feel terribly to see you so unhappy! But you will get over it! I know you will! There was a young naval officer—out in Japan and I thought I ——" She finished the sentence by patting my hand impulsively. I grasped hers and pressed it.

"Thanks!" I said. "I shall remember your sympathy to the last!"

"To the last!" she repeated, alarmed. "Why, what do you mean?" It was plain that the thought of suicide had crossed her mind. She was a wonderful audience!

"Oh, nothing!" I said in a tone that meant anything but nothing.

"Promise me that you won't do anything rash!" she cried.

"Very well," I said. "For the present." Then, quite carried away with the vague drama I was inventing, I added: "And now—good-by!"

"Fred!" she gasped. "You aren't going away?"

I nodded.

"But where?"

"Aha! What does it matter? I must bury myself—try to forget!"

I let that sink in. Then I turned to her suddenly. I could see by the dim light of the carriage lamps that her eyes were wide with agitation.

"Your sympathy has meant everything!" I said. "I shall always remember it. This may be the last time we shall meet! Sallie . . . may I kiss you?"

I gazed at her for a long moment. Then, as she did not answer, I leaned slowly toward her. When my face was near hers she turned her head back just a little, offering her lips. It was a sweet, girlish kiss she

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gave me. I have never forgotten it—nor yet the fragrance of her!

Before that evening I do not think that Sallie ever dreamed of kissing me. She liked me—that was all; but when she began to see me as a romantic and pathetic figure, her feeling changed. She was very sorry for me; and in many women the quality of sympathy is so strong that it overlaps the beginning of love. The more feminine a woman is, the more she likes to mother a man; and it is a singular fact that the strong feeling known as the mother instinct in woman is at once her greatest beauty and her greatest menace. That man so often lacks the conscience or the self-restraint to refrain from playing upon this beautiful weakness in woman is, perhaps, his greatest reproach.

My performance, though histrionically satisfactory, presented certain perplexities when considered coldly the next day. What on earth had possessed me to talk of going away? Sallie would be expecting me to do it, now. How was I to manage? Where was I to go? And how? And why?

I had never before thought of leaving home; but the more I considered the idea, the more it began to appeal to me. A change might be interesting. Perhaps my father could be persuaded to transfer me to the New York branch. For the next two or three days the matter was much on my mind.

As I came upstairs on my return from the office a few evenings later I heard my mother's voice calling me through the open door of her room. I entered; and as I crossed to where she sat I did not fail to notice that she regarded me with an unusually fixed gaze.

"How are things going at the office, Fred?" she asked after I had kissed her.

I told her I thought they were going well enough. That seemed to satisfy her on one point. Presently she said:

"You haven't been seeing so much of Gwendolyn lately as you used to, have you?"

"No."

She looked out of the window for a moment. Then:

"I had tea with Sallie's mother this afternoon."

"Yes?" I responded, beginning to see what was coming.

"Yes." She turned toward me suddenly and asked: "What's all this talk of your going away, dear?"

I had to do some quick thinking. If I could get my mother on my side father would not be so hard to persuade.

"Mother," I said seriously, "I do want to go away. I have been thinking of asking father to transfer me to the New York office. I'm twenty-two now. It is time I was getting out on my own."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Please don't ask me," I said. "Please trust me in the matter. If I can persuade father to transfer me so much the better. If not I'll have to go anyway. There are reasons that I cannot explain, why I know it will be best for me."

She rose, placed her hands on my shoulders and looked at me intently for a moment. Then her eyes grew moist and she kissed me, saying: "My poor boy!" Before I left her room she had agreed to do what she could for me with father. Poor mother! She, too, thought I was the victim of a tragic love!

After dinner I went for a walk to give her time to tackle father. There was a light in the library when I returned. As I opened the front door I heard my father's voice.

"I think you're wrong," he said. "I was a boy myself once, you know. It's only puppy love at the worst. He'll have forgotten it in a week."

"You never have understood him," I heard my mother reply. "He is not like other boys. He has very deep feelings. If he feels he must go I think it is our duty to ——"

Even at twenty-two I knew myself well enough to smile at the description. I let the front door close with a bang.

My father arranged the matter the next day—arranged it better than I had dared hope, for I was not only transferred to the New York office, but at a salary almost double that which I had been getting at home.

I saw Sallie only once more before I left. She wept over me. And my mother wept at parting too. I was sorry that I had been forced to make her think me an unhappy lover; but it was necessary—otherwise I

THE man that hoes the fastest,
Can raise the biggest dust,
But the fellow that hoes straightest
Is a-goin' t' git thar fust;
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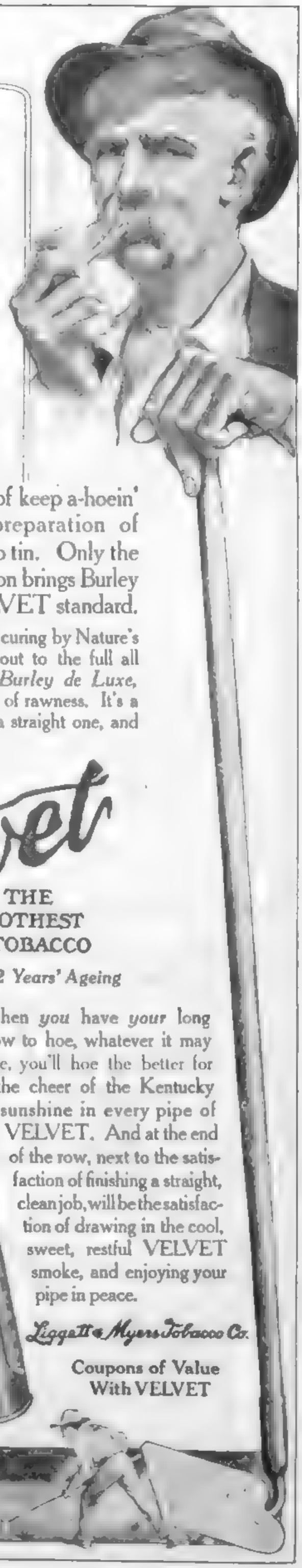

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should never have managed to get away. I determined to write her frequently in a cheerful vein. She was a dear mother! My conscience troubled me because I had deceived her.

From the first I was fascinated by New York. The feeling that I was a man out in the world alone was in itself stimulating. The wild roar and rush of the city its underground burrowings and overhead soarings; its shipping; its hotels, vast and innumerable; its very coldness, indifference and inhumanity held me spellbound. The men in the New York office were different from those at home. They were more worldly, more polished, better dressed; but they did not work so hard. There was a subtle difference, too, in their treatment of me. They had not known me as a boy and did not therefore discount my ability. Before I had been in the New York office six months I felt that I was coming nearer to earning my increased salary than I had ever come to earning the smaller wage I drew at home. I had more responsibility and I enjoyed it.

One of my fellow workers had been in college with me and I took a room in the house where he lived. We prepared our own breakfasts—fruit, eggs and coffee—in my room, lunched wherever we happened to be, and dined about at restaurants. There was a good table d'hôte near the house, where we could dine for seventy-five cents when we were not affluent. At other times we went to the various hotels and cafés on and near Broadway. I never tired of watching the people.

The man with whom I lived rejoiced in the name of Reggie and he was naturally fitted to live up to it. He was tall and clean-looking, and he wore his clothing with distinction, even to the handkerchief he would whip so jauntily out of his cuff. Reggie and I occupied our rooms together for three years. He was several years my senior; and the stories he told of himself, plus the collection of girls' photographs his room contained, caused me to hold him in mild awe.

There was a music teacher rooming in the same house with us who interested me for a time; also, I went to dances organized by some of my old college friends and met several typical extravagant New York young women, whom I saw now and then; but they were girls who wished to be taken to luncheon at Sherry's and to know them well was too expensive. For a time I even found a breezy little manicure girl amusing, but she tried to borrow money. That ended her with me. Another girl was in business—the secretary to a banker. She was one of those trim, pretty, capable young women you see in the Wall-Street neighborhood. I fancied her immensely at first, admiring her intelligence as well as her appearance; and it used to amuse me to see her trying to overcome—when I took her anywhere—the tendency her independent life gave her to be executive. She always wanted to tell me what car to take and what to order for dinner; and she would sometimes very nearly leave me on a street crossing when I wanted to wait for traffic to pass and she preferred to dart across ahead of it. It was very hard for her to learn to be escorted—to rely entirely upon a man. At best she only gave an imitation of female helplessness, which I found droll.

She was a really interesting companion, because of the combination in her of a feminine mind and a somewhat masculine experience. She understood men, it seemed to me, as well as any woman could; her cynicism over them, on the one hand, and her pity for them, on the other, constantly amazed me. She thought men were like children; yet she seemed to like them for it—for their directness and their freedom from the petty traits she recognized as those of her own sex. But I think the most engaging thing about her was a baffling air of impersonality. I used to feel that, friendly and intimate as we were, there was nothing exclusive in my relation with her—that is, that a lot of other men probably knew her as thoroughly as I did. There was something about that which vaguely irritated me. I did not want to be merely one of a dozen. It was not that she talked about them either; but that I sensed them in the background somewhere.

She knew that I was not a suitor; indeed her views on marriage were not unlike my own. She said she would never marry—that the more she knew of men, the less she wished to risk her happiness with any one of them.

One night, when we had been dining and talking of these things, I suggested a drive home through the Park. We picked up a hansom. There was a moon and the air was soft. I took her hand. She let me hold it. I was surprised. I looked at her and her eyes said: "Kiss me!" Then I knew the weak spot in her armor—what was all her reasoning, all her philosophy of life, against one simple, natural fact? She was a woman and she wanted to be loved—not married, you understand—just loved. And because she wanted to be loved, she was too yielding. That was the one thing she did not understand. If she had wanted to hold me she should not have let me hold her hand. It was too easy! From the time I kissed her my interest in her waned; and—pitifully enough—hers in me grew. Had it not been for her vast self-respect my final parting with her would not have been easily compassed.

I have said I never meant to marry; but, well, if there ever was a woman whom —— But this is the merest idle speculation, for Maud was already married when we met.

Her wedding was the result of one of those Annapolis romances—boy and girl; dancing; brass buttons; graduation; marriage in a church full of pretty girls in pretty gowns and young men in uniform. Very effective. Then he went to sea—gold lace and brass buttons on a battleship three thousand miles away! Twice she circled the globe to follow that young man. She would catch up with him here and there for a day or a week or a fortnight; then sail on again—the same sea, but a different ship. And when she proudly showed me his photograph, very stiff and wooden and stupid-looking in his full-dress uniform, the question in my mind was: Is he worth it? I don't believe he was. But *she* was. He ought to have been following her. A dead husband would be better, I should think, than one who comes to life for a week or so once or twice a year. A man and wife who lead that kind of life can hardly be acquainted with each other. They go on developing apart; and when now and then they meet they are half strangers.

When I met her he had just gone to the Orient again—the third time in the seven years they had been man and wife. And she would have followed as before, but the movements of his ship were uncertain; so she took an apartment for the winter in New York.

A young naval lieutenant took me to call on her. I remember I did not wish to go—that I tried to drag him instead to see a play. But he had promised—he was going to the Orient and she wished him to take word from her direct to her husband.

What if I had not gone? . . .

She was rather tall and quite slender, yet with a lovely roundness to her that made me think of a white birch. Her hand, when I shook it, felt very small and soft and, somehow, yielding. It was a hand that expressed her—slender, pretty, nervous, yet competent and, above all, pathetic. Yes, there was always something pathetic about Maud, even when she was happiest—something indescribably wistful. Naturally. A young sweet creature, devoted and deserted—a girl alone who was never meant to be alone!

That evening she talked of her husband a great deal, showing us his abominable, unworthy picture, worrying about him, wondering where he was and how long it would be before she saw him; then apologizing for doing so—and immediately beginning all over again.

When my friend suggested that I try to "cheer her up a little" through the months to come I promised that I would. I meant it, too, for my heart went out to her sincerely. . . . Cheer her up! I cannot say I did that—averaging matters, I mean. No one but Maud herself could settle that, and I am not sure she could, for certain.

At first we only went to dinner or to the theater now and then; but as I began to appreciate the bewildering variety of her moods and the charm of her electrical intelligence, the theater grew tiresome. Her talk was so much better than the talk upon the stage—except when she talked about her husband. I had to hear a good deal of him in those early weeks, but I stood it—and presently I did not hear so much. That was the first sign I noticed. . . . One evening when I called, we sat together for three hours and she never spoke of him at all. I went home happy.

When spring came, I would call for her in the late afternoon and we would walk

(Continued on Page 65)

She can end that Corn

Generally end it in two days.

Blue-jay would relieve the pain the moment she applied it. Then it would gently loosen the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn would lift out, without any pain or trouble.

Blue-jay, each month, ends about one million corns the [illegible] No [illegible] it. Since this invention it is utterly needless to suffer from a corn.

Yet thousands of people still pare corns, or use some old-time treatment. They simply coach corns, and every little while they become unendurable.

Try this scientific way

See how **Blue-jay** stops the pain. See how it undermines the corn. And see in two days, how that corn disappears.

After that, so long as you live, you need never let corns bother you.

Blue-jay
For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

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[illegible] easily outlasts six ordinary pencils and does far better work all the time. Buy them by the box! 17 Degrees.

Supplied by high-class Stationers, &c everywhere

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By Ram's Horn Brown

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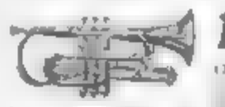

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Right now your complexion requires attentive care. The wind and weather at this time of year chap and harden it when you are outdoors. And indoors it is parched by overheated air.

Your toilet soap, too, often adds to the injury by robbing the skin of its natural oil, so necessary to its smoothness and softness. You have tried many creams to correct this—but have you used the *right* cream—

Penslar

Buttermilk Cerate

Buy it today
Use it tonight.

Penslar Buttermilk Cerate is compounded scientifically to promote and maintain beauty and freshness of the skin. It is not a cold cream, or a vanishing cream, nor is it intended merely as a protective skin-covering. It is distinctively a *beneficial* cream, compounded with cerates and *fresh dairy buttermilk*, and contains purified vegetable oils which are gradually absorbed by the skin and thus help restore its natural velvety smoothness.

Apply it lightly, even sparingly, and with gentle massage. Then wipe off with a soft, dry cloth any of the cerate which has not been absorbed. A very few applications will prove Penslar Buttermilk Cerate delightfully efficient in aiding you to keep your complexion at its best.

Get the large fifty-cent jar today at any of the

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Penslar Stores are those select drug stores whose dominant lines comprise the Penslar products, and whose character, reliability, high professional standing and good storekeeping methods have made them eligible to display the Penslar sign—by which you and everyone may know and find them. There is a Penslar Store near you. Look for this sign on door or window.

Sylvodora (Woodland Odors)—the wonderful brand of exquisite perfumes, toilet waters, soaps and powders carried in Penslar Stores

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To acquaint you with Lilaflor, the aristocrat of perfumes, a liberal sample, petite size, will be sent you by the Peninsular Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich., on receipt of 10 cents postage. (This is not a stock size, hence is not offered in Penslar Stores), but Lilaflor and all other Sylvodora perfumes may be bought at Penslar Stores in any desired quantity. In Canada the Penslar line is manufactured at Walkerville, Ont.

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The Sylvodora Products shown here are:
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Perfume—Lilaflor
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Goodrich Unit Molding is really the original "Safety First" idea in tire construction.

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Safety *must* go deeper than the tread.

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It *must* be made into the tire. Goodrich Tires are built on a foundation of safety.

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The quality of Goodrich Tires today is the standard by which all high grade tires must be judged. This is because they represent the perfection of tire-making and tire-knowledge—which gives Goodrich Tires their leadership.

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The body of the tire, side walls, fabric, rubber, bead and tread are balanced and interlocked through and through so that the whole tire is one live unit.

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The user of Goodrich Tires gets the utmost in service and mileage, because each tire wears as a unit—every part of the tire helping every other part to perform the service demanded of it. This is one of the reasons why Goodrich Tires give better service and lower cost mileage.

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And now the Goodrich Safety Tread solves the skidding and sliding problem for the motorist and gives him "Safety First" in actual operation as well as in construction.

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No odd projections to knock out the underlying tire structure.

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

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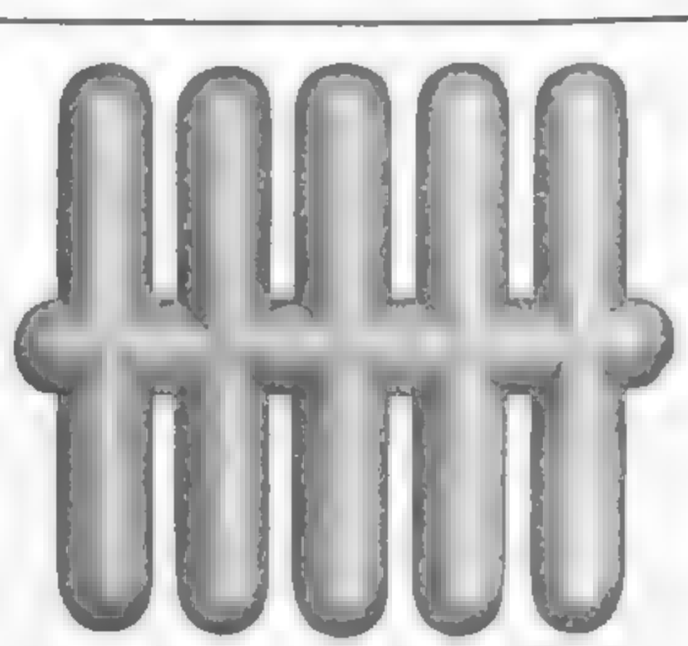

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Just the unit-group of bars and crosstie which brace and balance the strain on the tire so that the Safety Tread runs as a smooth tread does and gives more actual service and mileage.

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Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires in stock or can get them for you from one of our branches or depots.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Factories: Akron, Ohio **Branches in All Principal Cities**

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

(Continued from Page 62)

out and watch the twilight fall over the Park and the changing reflections in the lakes. Then we would dine; and later drive home in a hansom. During dinner I would keep looking at my watch to make sure that we got back to her apartment by half-past nine—for later than that, we agreed, it did not "look well."

One day Maud telephoned me at the office. She wanted me to come to her as soon as I could. I reached her apartment about tea-time. Her manner was abstracted.

"I don't know just what made me telephone you—it was a foolish impulse. I've just heard from him—the fleet is coming home. He wishes me to meet him in San Francisco. I don't see what I am to do—do you? I have a lease on this apartment until October, you see; and ——"

I said I did not see what she could do. We went out to dinner to talk it over. Poor Maud! The thought of going made her frantic. Her heart was like some pitiful little animal caught and struggling in the trap of conscience. A woman in such a situation is so different in her methods from a man! Maud loved me—every look she gave me told me so; every word she spoke or didn't speak. And she knew I loved her. We were quivering upon the edge of an abyss, but how differently we felt about it! For she was a woman and I a man. My eyes were open. I saw the precipice before us. But she shut her eyes and kept saying to herself: "There is no precipice! This is level ground before us! It is! It is! I swear it is!" . . . So with a thousand sophistries she proved that she must stay.

Her capabilities for self-delusion struck me dumb at first. I wanted her to stay—God knows I did!—but as I listened to her, it was with a growing feeling that if she did so it must be with open eyes. Driving home she went on with her arguments: "There's the rent to be considered!—I haven't got my summer things yet!—The fleet may stop in Frisco for a week, and then come round to New York—you can never tell! He's sure to be stationed on the Atlantic Coast soon—he has been here so little." And a great deal more.

"Look here, Maud!" I interrupted. It was the first time I had used her given name. "Let's not deceive ourselves!"

She was frightened.

"Deceive ourselves?" she repeated.

"Yes. You know I love you. Don't you love me too?"

"Don't! Don't!" she begged, all atremble. "You mustn't say that! Don't you know you mustn't? It's wrong! It's wicked! You mustn't!"

"Upon the contrary," I said firmly, "I must. That's just it. If you are to stay you'd better understand that!"

The woman in her answered:

"I don't want to understand it! I won't understand it! No! No! I tell you you mustn't speak to me like that!"

Though I had longed to, I refrained from so much as touching her hand. Give me credit for such fairness as there is in that!

It was not yet half past nine when we reached her door. She expected me to go in; but, after having helped her to alight from the hansom, I stopped upon the sidewalk and lifted my hat.

"I'm not coming in tonight," I said. "I want you to work this matter out alone, without prejudice. I shall not attempt to influence you. I shall not even come again until you send for me."

She caught her breath. Then we shook hands and said good night. In my morning mail there came a note from her. It had been posted late the night before:

I have thought it out. Please come after dinner. M.

Her drawing room was charming—not because of extravagance, but because of her perfect taste. It was furnished principally in wicker, with curtains and cushions of cretonne; and there were one or two pieces of old mahogany to give the necessary weight. The maid let me in. I sat down in a chair by the window and waited. I was more nervous, I think, than I had ever been before. Would conscience win? I was terribly afraid it might.

She was in a soft French-blue gown, which made her eyes look the color of cornflowers. I rose and stood by my chair. Instead of shaking hands as usual, we bowed, and she seated herself in another chair some feet away. I had done just what she had wanted me to do. I knew it somehow—we must not come too close to each other. She was afraid.

"Well?" I said. I was wild to have her ultimatum. She began to talk of inconsequential things. I could barely stand it. I heard words, but they meant nothing. "Oh, Maud!" I broke out. "Let's not protract this thing! Tell me what you have to say!"

She looked at me intently.

"Can't you guess?"

"No!" I cried. "Tell me! Let's have it over with!"

"Don't you see it is impossible that we should go on?"

"Then you do love me!"

"I—I haven't said so!" she declared in a voice a little faint.

"Do say so!" I begged.

She was suffering.

"Please don't!" she said pitifully. "It is so hard for me. Don't make it any harder!"

"I'll try not to, dear."

She was a poor little struggling thing. I wanted to help her. Yes, and I wanted to hinder her too. I wanted to do both. She passed over the final word of my utterance—it seemed so unimportant in the face of other things. After a pause I said:

"Then you mean that it is over?"

"That it never began!" she answered passionately.

"No!" I insisted. "That isn't so! You know it isn't so! It began months ago!"

"It didn't! It didn't!"

"It did!" I declared. "And now the question is: Is this the end?" Her lips were compressed. She nodded.

"You won't see me any more?" I asked.

"I mustn't!"

She seemed to find some difference in the meaning of the two words. Of course there is a difference too.

"You are sure?"

Again she nodded.

"Then, Maud," I said, rising, "don't you think the easiest way for both of us will be for me to go now, quietly? I'll walk over there and shake hands with you—I can trust myself to do that, dear!—and we'll say 'good night!'—just as we always say it. We won't say the other thing that sounds eternal—just 'good night!'—formally, you know."

"But—but ——" She was tremulous with agitation.

"But what?"

"There's something I want to tell you before you go!"

"Say it quickly then!"

I remained standing.

"I—I —— Do you think I am a bad woman?"

Bad! It was then and it still remains the last word in the world that may with any justice be applied to Maud. Pained as I was, I laughed at the idea. It was so pathetic too! I felt myself weakening. I could not stand much more of this.

"Come!" I said as firmly as I could. "It's good night!"

I advanced toward her, holding out my hand. She rose, lifting herself to her feet by pressing both hands on the arms of her chair. Her eyes were two stars. She held out her hand. I found it with mine. I tried to speak; but something had happened to my vocal cords and the words I had wished to sound strong and firm left my lips in a whisper.

"Good night!"

I saw her gasp and moisten her lips as though she would have replied, but no sound came. Then—I swear that neither of us took the initiative—then, as by a stroke of lightning we were flung into each other's arms!

We did not part as she had planned; she did not go to San Francisco.

Then the storm broke upon Maud and me. I was in my apartment one day when I heard the telephone ring. I answered, and at first heard some incoherent sounds over the wire. Then presently, to my horror, I recognized Maud's voice, choked with sobs, asking me to come to her at once.

"What is it?" I cried.

I could not make out her reply. It occurred to me that her husband might have come back—that he might be standing there beside her, listening, so that she dared not tell me. I asked if that was the case.

"No," she answered. "Come as soon as you can! I'm alone."

I was in an agony of apprehension as I hastened to her. She let me in herself. Her face was swollen with weeping. I caught her in my arms and begged her to tell me what had happened.

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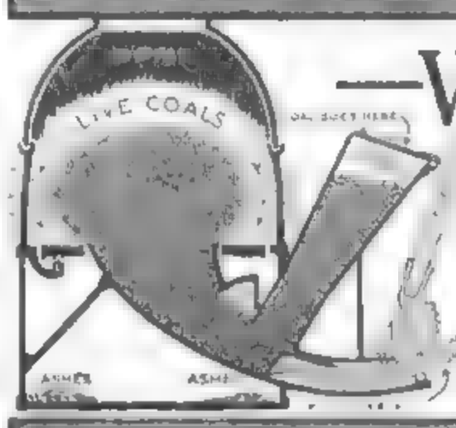

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Every Underfeed Furnace or Boiler, when properly installed and operated, is guaranteed to effect a saving of 50% in coal bills. This is backed by a $750,000 corporation. The strongest guarantee ever put behind any heating system is behind the Underfeed. If you are going to build or want more heat at less cost, send the coupon for full particulars. It will pay you well.

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Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
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In answer she showed me a telegram. It was from the captain of her husband's ship. Her husband had been injured in an explosion in a turret during target practice. Maud was urged to go to him at once, at Fortress Monroe.

It was a sickening sort of thing, of course. One could not help being sorry for him; but I must admit I was not inclined to tears. I had come to hate Maud's husband as the injurer always hates the injured. It is an odd thing—that kind of hatred.

I attributed her agitation to the shock and horror of the accident; but as she became calmer I saw that the news had struck deeper than I had at first supposed. Deep-seated feelings of religion in her had been touched. She had done wrong and now had come this awful judgment.

"He needs me! He needs me!" she kept saying.

Her remorse was a terrible thing to witness; yet when I tried to comfort her she pushed me away. There was a gentle firmness in the way she held me off that somehow explained more to me than anything she said. I knew she still loved me—yet that everything was over. The explosion in that steel turret, hundreds of miles away, had not merely killed and crippled—it had cured. The follies and delusions of a love that could never bring happiness—that was headed for disaster—had been blown out of her mind. Her vision was clear. Her sense of values had returned. She was like a woman recovered from insanity. I cannot tell you how I came to understand all this, but I did. And, though the thought of parting with her made me suffer, I knew she was right—yes, and that, right or wrong, her purpose was fixed. Had I wished to divert her, I could not have done so.

It was a strange evening I spent there in her apartment, helping her to plan and pack; looking up trains; carrying her dainty dresses from the closet hangers to the bed and laying them out there to be put into her trunks; wrapping up her little slippers (more like bits of jewelry, I thought, than footwear), working for her like a lady's maid; never so much as touching her hand, so slender, nervous and white, as I helped her to prepare to leave me.

There were so many little details to be seen to—so many little errands left over for me to do after she should be gone. As she mentioned them and I made matter-of-fact notes, I felt as though I was taking down a last will and testament—as though I was to be executor for the woman I loved, to carry out the wishes she left behind her. There was something grim and terrible about it. It was like death!

Presently the expressman came and carried out her trunks. I smoked a cigar while she packed her traveling bag, putting in those intimate silver things, from her dresser, that always go in last—the brush which smoothed out her splendid hair; and the round mirror, blessed by the reflection of her beautiful and gentle face.

Then it came time to go. The taxi was standing outside. She put on her hat. I helped her into her coat. Then I took up her bag and we moved toward the hall door. Approaching it I wondered. . . .

I hoped passionately . . . . But it should be as she wished—our parting!

She placed her left hand on the knob and turned to me, extending the other. I took it, letting it rest lightly in my own; and, looking into her eyes, learned what she wished. They told me everything—what she felt; what she desired; what I must not do.

I leaned over and very gently kissed her hand.

Though I put her on the train, that was our farewell to each other and to what had been.

This was not to be the story of my sorrows, but of my loves. A year has passed since Maud went away. Her husband has recovered—that is, as much as he ever will. He will never be strong. He has retired from the navy. She is with him. I have had several letters from her—sweet, brave letters, with a kind of formality about them that makes me shudder.

It is summer again now, and I am thirty-one. Two months ago I met at a dinner party a girl who gave me the first interest I have felt in any woman since Maud went. I have not even wanted to go out; but I have forced myself to do it because I know that it is best for me.

Sybil has the most curious, comprehending eyes. They are blue, with flecks of black which give them a look of extraordinary depth, and make them seem to say all sorts of things. She drawls a little, too, and her voice is mellow. She is a most sympathetic, exquisite being, and her dresses are soft and dainty, like the petals of flowers. To compare a woman to a flower is trite, but never have I recognized between them such kinship. Not only does Sybil seem to be made of flowers, but she loves them more than any woman I have ever known. I send them to her often now, and lately I have timed them to arrive when I am there. I love to see her face light up when the box is placed in her hands. I cut the string for her. She removes the cover and cries: "Oh, look! Look! Aren't they beautiful?"

And I smile and imagine that the flowers look up at her and whisper to each other: "Oh, look! Isn't she beautiful, too?"

Then Sybil takes them out of the box, handling them tenderly, like a mother handling a little baby. She puts her arms about them and holds them to her face, inhaling their sweetness; then offers them to me and I put my face down where hers has been.

Then, perhaps before starting in to arrange them, she will hold them to her face again, and, turning up her eyes, look at me over the tops of the blooms and thank me.

You should see her cheek against a bunch of pink sweet peas or her eyes close to a mass of violets!

She lays the flowers on the table gently and gets a vase. Lately she has been letting me take it to the butler's pantry to get water. Then I sit and watch her as she arranges these fragrant friends of hers—putting one stalk here, another there, to fill out the composition; stepping back, tilting her head to one side, regarding them critically from every side, and returning to give them a touch—doing this over and over until they satisfy her. I could watch her all day arranging flowers!

Gwendolyn Was Like Some Well-Fed, Saucy Little Bird

There is one word that has been recurring a great deal in her conversation recently. The word is "Platonic," and it is applied by Sybil to our friendship.

But I have heard them talk that way before!

Between Two Baths

A MISSOURI official returned in very moderate circumstances to his home town after a long career in office. His fellow townsmen thought to buy a house and present it to him.

The Missouri statesman was noted for his ability to keep on the fence. He never took a positive stand on anything, but leaned one way and then another and compromised by remaining on the tight wire.

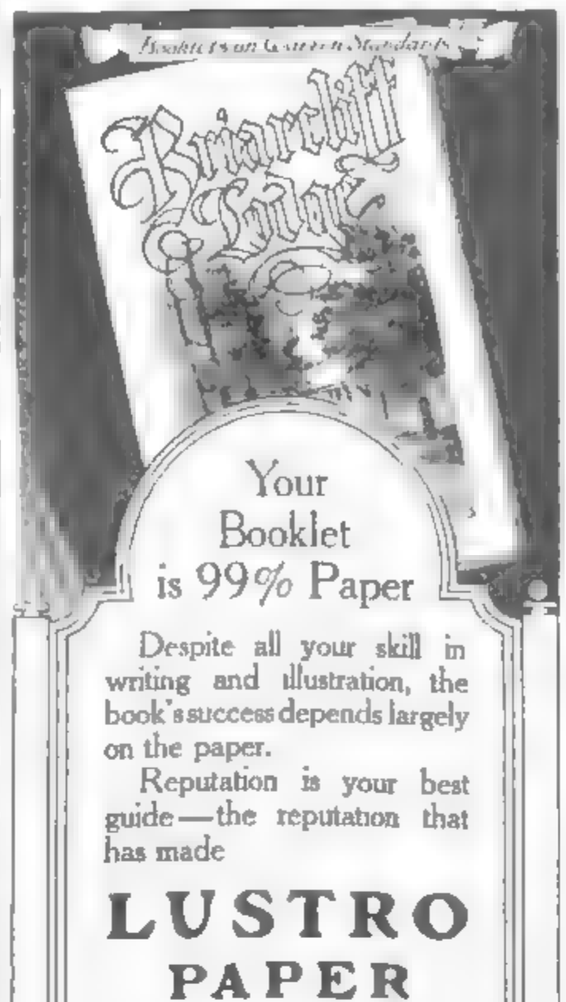
The committee went to look at a house. It was a good house, with plenty of rooms and two bathrooms. All were pleased except one man, who said nothing.

"How about it, Bill?" the other committeemen asked. "Do you think this house is all right?"

"Nope," replied Bill. "It's unsanitary."

"Unsanitary? Why, man, you're crazy! It has good plumbing and two bathrooms."

"That's jest it," said Bill. "Them two bathrooms is what I don't like. He'd never get to take a bath with two bathrooms in the house, because he couldn't decide to use one without hen' afraid he'd hurt the feelin's of the other."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From facts at hand as compared with this time last year, they are preparing for a big increase in their Remington-UMC sales.

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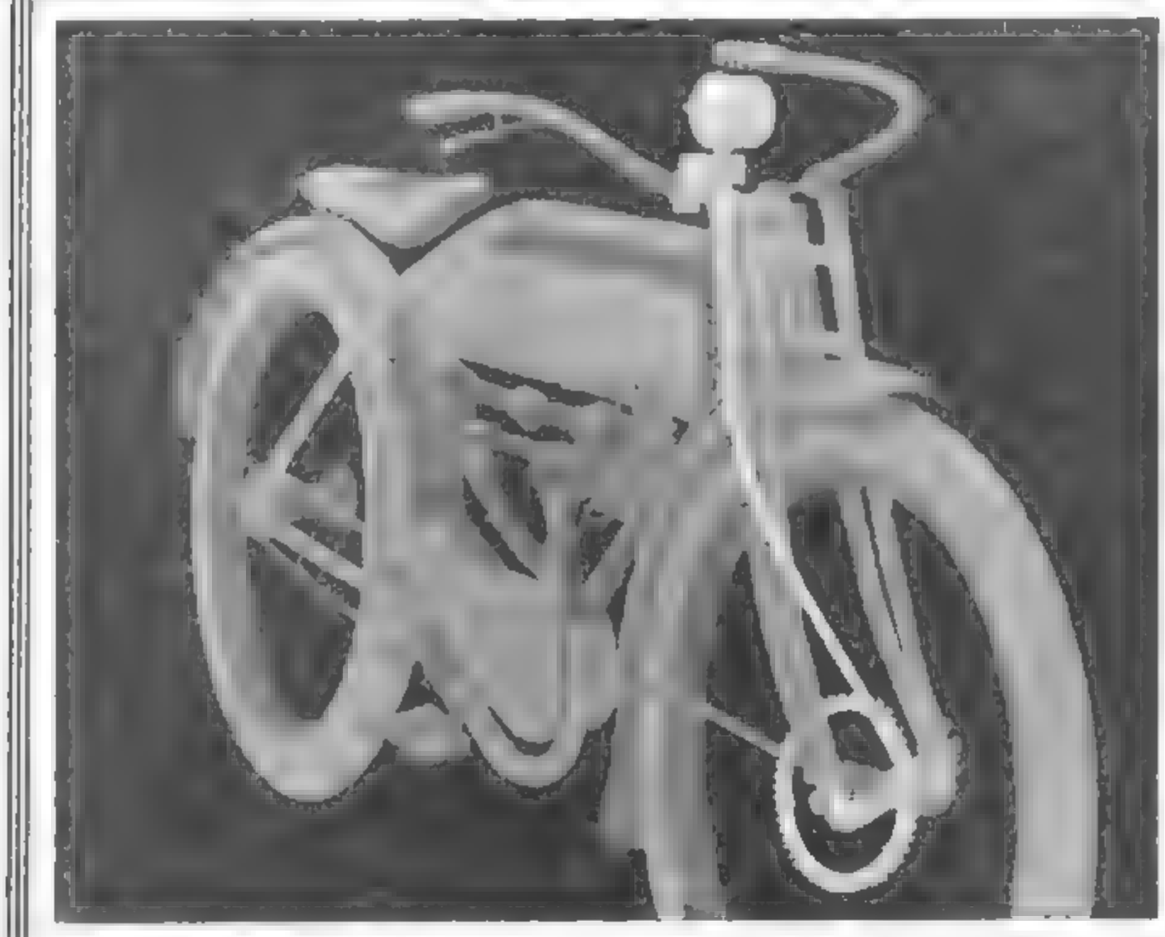
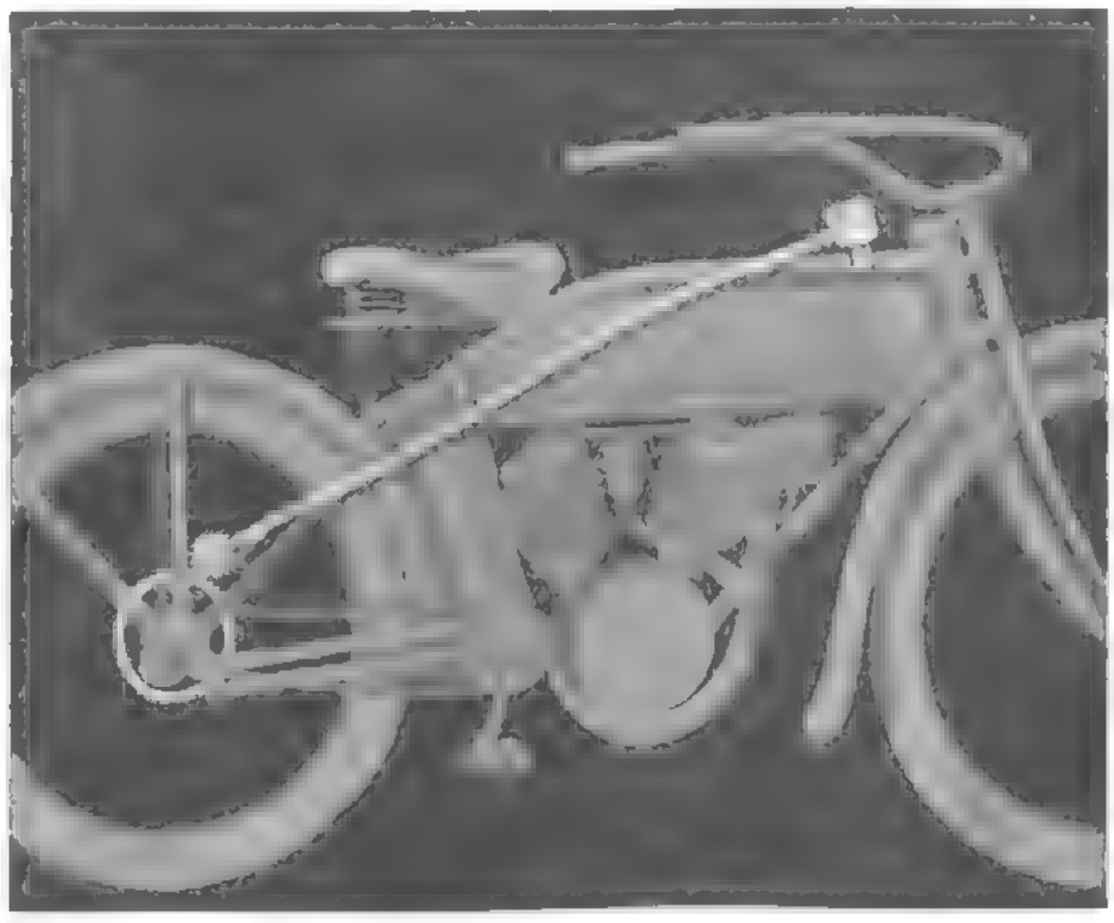
Made in 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular black powders.





Why a Motorcycle Speedometer should always be driven from the trouble proof front wheel

A MOTORCYCLE speedometer that takes its speed and mileage records from the *front* wheel is *absolutely free* from all inaccuracies and is *never* liable to cause any trouble or get out of order.

Whereas, a motorcycle speedometer that takes its speed and mileage records from the *rear* wheel is almost *continually* in trouble and almost always shows *incorrect* mileage, because it is subject to *every drawback* which the front wheel drive is free of.

Now here are the reasons:

Where does all the slippage occur when riding on wet pavements or slippery roads? At the rear wheel doesn't it? *Never at the front wheel.* A false register of mileage and speed results. This *cannot* happen with the Stewart front wheel drive.

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And false mileage, in addition to giving you an incorrect record of the number of miles you have traveled, means a big money loss on tire adjustments because you have no correct record of miles traveled. This difficulty *cannot* come up when a Stewart front wheel drive is used.

The Stewart front wheel drive has no flexible shaft to get into trouble.

While we make what we know to be the very best rear wheel drive on the market, we strongly *recommend* the Stewart front wheel drive as the most *practical* and most accurate, dependable and safest instrument.

The Stewart front wheel drive comprises a rigid steel tube bent to the proper angle, which connects the speedometer with the driving pinion through an angle joint. The driving chain operates the instrument through this tube. The bracket is mounted on the axle of the front wheel. It swings freely on the axle. The steel tube is attached to a right angle joint mounted on opposite end of bracket. Because of the bracket swiveling on the axle, this drive absorbs all shocks and up and down movement of the front forks.

And why a Motorcycle Speedometer should not be driven from the trouble making rear wheel

Also the Stewart instrument is of the famous magnetic type—the same as used on nearly all the high priced automobiles—the same as used on over 1,000,000 automobiles and motorcycles.

And it is priced at only $12—the lowest priced magnetic speedometer in the world!

If you are buying a new motorcycle see that a Stewart Front Wheel Drive is part of the regular equipment. Take no other.

For sale by dealers all over the world.

Details of the Famous Stewart Front Wheel Drive

This instrument is mounted on the handlebar. The drive shaft operates through a rigid steel tube. The tube supports the bracket which holds the angle joint and fibre pinion. This bracket moves perfectly free and takes up all spring action of front wheel, thus eliminating the *snagging* and whipping wear.

The new instrument is jeweled and handsomely designed. The case is finished in polished nickel plate. Season odometer registers 10,000 miles and repeat, trip odometer registers 100 miles and repeat. All speeds are indicated (even fractions of a mile) from zero to 75 miles an hour.

Each instrument is tested for accuracy at the terrific speed of 1000 miles a minute, and is fully guaranteed for the year.

Rear Wheel Drive

Specially designed bracket holds lower end of flexible shaft rigidly in place. Cannot work loose and allow fibre pinion to get out of mesh with the driving gear. Sprocket is split and easily applied. Instrument firmly clamped in frame in easily readable position.

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$12 Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer

THE BOOM-CURED CITY

(Continued from Page 17)

Without more ado Hale took the fountain pen Hitchens held out to him and signed the agreement. Next he drew forth his pocket checkbook and wrote out a check for the required one thousand dollars, payable to Hitchens.

And Hitchens kept his promise. He did sell the property within five weeks for four hundred thousand dollars. Of course Hale was delighted; but he did not know that a few hours before taking him to dine at the café Hitchens had lunched there, and had fixed the waiters by dividing twenty dollars among them to make a fuss over him when he arrived for dinner.

As the summer of 1907 waned there was a revival of landbuying in Pittsburgh. In July and August the market had been quiet but the prevailing opinion was that it would soon regain its accustomed buoyancy. There had been heavy declines in stock-market prices, but few discerned anything significant in Wall Street's antics. The matter of greatest concern was the money market—especially in the East. Like other big centers Pittsburgh was being drawn on to help New York. Loans on speculative land purchases were hard to procure, but the cash resources of some Pittsburgh land operators were large, and that class continued to buy.

Well do I remember the October afternoon in 1907 when word reached Pittsburgh that the Knickerbocker Trust Company, of New York, had closed its doors.

I was in the City Deed Registry Office trying to decide how many of the sixty-nine transfers left at the office that day were worth copying for publication in the Dispatch next morning. I was glancing through a five-hundred-thousand-dollar deed when a banker I knew came in to get some information about a certain large property.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"No," I said. "What is it?"

"Big trust company failure in New York," he replied.

"That shouldn't frighten Pittsburgh," I remarked.

"It scares the whole country—or ought to!" he declared. "It means the beginning of hard times. Conditions are just right for them and Pittsburgh is going to be hit hard. We've had too much land speculation here—too much speculation generally. Now we shall have to pay for it."

I thought him unduly frightened; but he knew the true situation, as subsequent developments demonstrated.

When Hard Times Came

The denouement came quickly and Pittsburgh was especially hard hit! One of the city's largest and supposedly strongest industrial concerns—the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company—went into the hands of a receiver. Pittsburgh was paralyzed with surprise and fear. Banks quit loaning. Money was practically unobtainable and landbuying ceased abruptly. The boom was over!

There has never been a land boom that has not brought disaster to somebody. In Pittsburgh's case every owner of real property paid the penalty. A triennial assessment had been levied when prices were approaching their highest. Under the Pittsburgh tax system land assessments are revised every third year. They may be changed every year, but seldom are. The triennial levy, coming when it did, found taxable valuations far below market prices; so assessed values were brought up to $512,463,533. In 1900 they had been $274,532,158—hence during the boom period they had almost doubled; and year by year the tax millage had been increased. With a panic in full swing Pittsburgh found its taxes the heaviest they had ever been.

It followed that nobody would buy land at any price—all were afraid; and, besides, money was at a premium. There was no use in trying to sell; so for months everybody waited. Then came a few sacrifice sales. Next came countless foreclosures of mortgages. Some people who could have liquidated their loans let their properties go for what had been borrowed on them, for it was thought that ultimately the bottom would drop out of prices.

Finally money eased, mortgage foreclosures decreased and land prices steadied. The gradual return of good times restored confidence. In the interval, however, the real-estate field had been strewn with financial wrecks. In a sense Pittsburgh had met its real-estate Waterloo and the land market was dead; and so it remained until two years ago.

What of the Pittsburgh Crowd—those reckless spenders? Long before the boom had ceased some of those men had quit the market and had gambled away all their profits—and much more besides—in wildcat schemes.

Also, they had plunged anew in Wall Street at heavy cost, and had helped promote from ten to a dozen consolidations, most of which brought heavy losses finally.

Thus, in various ways, the sudden rich had been shorn of many millions. When the financial and real-estate skies cleared, it was seen that comparatively few of the spendthrifts still owned business properties—or much else—when contrasted with the colossal fortunes that had been theirs a few years previous.

No more do these men squander money as if they possessed an inexhaustible supply of it. No more do they buy costly properties or any other kind -certainly not as in the old days, when some of them bought without knowing positively just what they bought.

In the heyday of their good fortune two of the Pittsburgh Crowd were discussing a property one of them had purchased a few days before.

The Lucky Dog

"Bob, you're a lucky dog to get a property like that at such a price," said one to the other. "You'll make a nice turn on it. Won't he, Tom?" he added, addressing the broker in whose office they were.

"He ought to," the real-estate man answered.

"Of course I will," the buyer declared. "It's like finding money to get a thirty-foot lot in such a location, with a good five-story building on it, for two hundred eighty thousand dollars."

"Six-story building, you mean," his friend corrected.

"No, Jim," declared the new owner—"five stories! Don't you think I know what I bought?"

The other laughed.

"You ought to, but you don't!" he asserted.

"I'll leave it to Tom to say whether I'm right or wrong," said Bob, turning to the broker. "He knows to a certainty every prop——"

"No, you won't!" interposed his friend. "You claim the building is five stories. I claim it is six stories. Just to vary the monotony I'll bet you five thousand dollars you're wrong."

Bob smiled and looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Jim—I'll take that bet; and Tom here shall decide it. I'm sure I'm right and you're wrong; but if both of us are mistaken the ten thousand dollars goes to Tom."

"You're on!" said Jim.

The real-estate broker was dumfounded. He said never a word while the betters each wrote out a check for five thousand dollars payable to bearer.

They handed the checks to him. He looked at them for a minute in silence. Then, in turn, he looked at the two capitalists.

"Gentlemen," he said with a quaver of excitement in his voice as both gazed at him expectantly, "what's your loss is my gain. The joke's on both of you. You're both wrong—the building is a four-story one!"

The few who know of the dinner the real-estate broker gave those two men that night still talk about it. It was a headache affair—one that caused the trio to call for nothing but cracked ice, and plenty of it, for two days afterward.

Yes, those were crazy days in the Pittsburgh real-estate market—days that can never be forgotten!

Vast municipal betterments of physical Pittsburgh, coupled with many excellent building improvements, are in a measure one good result of the excessive land prices caused by the boom. Another was the elimination of the speculative landbuyer. In Pittsburgh now real estate is bought for specific uses only. To make high-priced real-estate produce anything like adequate returns on its cost, it must be improved to the utmost and in the most practical way.

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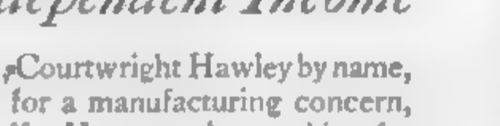

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That is what is being done in Pittsburgh. Land values are being steadily increased thereby.

Actual values and market prices are gradually nearing a parity, and real estate is again looked on as a safe investment. The one thing needed to make it a normally paying investment is a sharp downward revision of taxable valuations. That—and a lower millage—will mean lower taxes. Then the city will progress more than ever.

There is no danger of another big land boom. The one born of the trustmaking era taught a costly and lasting lesson. It made of Pittsburgh a boom-cured city for all time.

Since 1911 Pittsburgh has been in the thick of a physical reconstruction and building movement. To give the business center additional level area, what was known as the Hump—a rather forbidding hill on the eastern edge of downtown—has been removed; and, with the street-grade lowering and street widening incidental thereto, the work has cost the city several million dollars.

Other millions have been spent or are being spent for boulevard bridges, general street extensions, and the raising of river-front streets above danger of flood from the rivers.

New building operations are averaging in cost a million and a half dollars monthly and have been growing steadily in volume. Among the new buildings are two million-and-a-half department stores, with another of like cost to go up this summer. Four fine theaters have been added to the city's list of amusement places, with two others arranged for. Many large warehouses and factories of the highest grade are replacing small and antiquated buildings, and an option has been obtained on a site for a two-million-dollar hotel.

There is a shortage of dwellings and flats for rent and for sale. All classes are fully employed and wage-earners are once more buying homes or building them. There is work for everybody, and in Pittsburgh—"the workshop of the world"—that means prosperity.

Those real-estate brokers who have managed to survive the ordeal of over five years of next to no market are again prospering. Their business is much smaller than it was in the boom days, but there are not so many brokers.

The Pittsburgh Real Estate Board, organized in 1910, has two hundred and twenty members. When the panic came in 1907 there were eight hundred and seventeen licensed real-estate brokers in Pittsburgh.

The Dread Threat

MACLYN ARBUCKLE, the actor, was guiding a decrepit and tire-punctured car along a country road in the central part of New Hampshire when from behind a roadside bush stepped an angular native, wearing an air of freshly acquired official dignity and a brand-new constable's badge. With a majestic gesture he threw up his right arm and spoke as follows:

"Cease!"

When going at a rate of not exceeding six miles an hour it is comparatively easy to cease; so Arbuckle applied the brakes.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

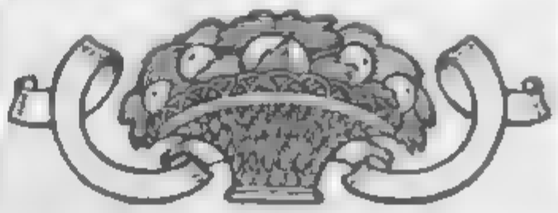
"Yew're tuck up fur exceedin' the speed limit!" stated the constable. "Ef yew settle right now on the spot the fine'll be five dullars."

"Speed limit nothing!" snorted Arbuckle. "I was barely crawling."

"Never mind—I seen yew," said the official; "and I don't want none of your back lip neither. Lemme see your thermometer." He looked gravely at the speedometer a minute. "Looks like yew've been doin' consider'ble much speedin', jedgin' by these figgers," he announced judicially. "Yew orter pay a fine on general principles."

By the bribe of a cigar and a line of impressive talk Arbuckle secured his freedom; but as he started off the new constable hailed him.

"Let this be a warnin' to yew," he said; "becuz ef I ketch yew speedin' agin I'll have to house yew!"



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If Vitalic Tires do not—*in your judgment and to your entire satisfaction*—prove all we claim for them—you may return them and *get your money back*, or new tires; *no conditions whatsoever are attached.*

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When we say "good" we mean just what you mean. We mean a tire so ruggedly built that when you bump over a rock the fabric won't split and let the air seep out. We mean a tire made of honest rubber so tough, so elastic, so enduring that no reasonable cause can puncture it. We mean a tire that will stand up, mile after mile, month after month, until you have got your money's worth in actual mileage.

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If you could go through our plant and see the way we make Vitalic Tires—if you could see the pure rubber—the strongly woven fabric made of Vitalic triply twisted thread, which is built, layer on layer, into the tire—the methods of moulding and curing—and finally the triple test that is made of each tire—we repeat, if you could see all this, you wouldn't ask for a guarantee. You would *know* that Vitalic Tires are absolutely sound from tube to tread.

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We want every bicycle and motorcycle rider in the United States to share our faith in these tires. And to prove our faith we give a guarantee such as no manufacturer has given before. A guarantee that has no limit short of your complete satisfaction. You be the judge. If a Vitalic Tire fails to fulfill our every claim you get your money back—from your own dealer—or a new tire.

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Immense sales, constantly increasing demand and general distribution clearly establish LA PREFERENCIA as

"THE NATIONAL SMOKE"

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

(Continued from Page 25)

this venerable Pine-tree State ahead of us to the everglades of Florida, and from these gray waters of the Atlantic that our prow now cleaves to the bluer ones of the far Pacific. I well appreciate, my dear Miss Millar, the storm of vituperation and abuse that awaits the man who dares to attack the Emancipation Proclamation and the principles of the immortal Lincoln—a man whose memory I revere; but we must all have the courage of our convictions; and mine, though possibly extreme, are at least sincere. To my way of thinking, child labor is far more of a disgrace to a nation than compulsory labor on the part of idle and worthless blacks. If my own personal fortune has been augmented by the former it is because I did not properly understand the existing conditions. As to the latter I firmly believe that our indigent negro population would be far better off for some such system."

"You are a very brave man, Colonel Walker," Dorothy murmured.

The colonel's dark eyes glowed.

"There is no record of there ever having been a coward in my family, my dear lady," said he; "yet I must confess that my heart sometimes misgives me at the prospect which lies ahead. Ah, Miss Millar—Dorothy, if you will permit me to address you thus"—his voice dropped in tone and trembled slightly—"can you not guess that which I now most require to infuse my heart with fresh strength and courage?"

Dorothy's color faded slightly. She raised her clear, limpid eyes to his. Her breath came quickly as she answered in her cool, quiet voice:

"Why, yes, dear friend—you need the faith and confidence and moral support of those who know you and are able to appreciate the loftiness of your soul and the nobility of your high endeavor."

The colonel's snowy mustache quivered. He raised his sinewy, well-shaped hand to his imperial, then lowered it to place it on that of Dorothy, which was conveniently near, resting lightly on the rim of the sliding hatch. She made no effort to withdraw it.

"Yes, my dear," said the colonel huskily; "but I need even more. I need the sweet and tender sympathy of a gracious and charming lady, whose exquisite qualities of soul and mind and body have dawned upon my enraptured consciousness as the fragrance of a summer sunrise on the lonely wayfarer whose path is set with pitfalls, and whose goal is far beyond the rolling hills. Dorothy, I love you! Will you become my wife?"

Dorothy's breath came quickly between her parted lips. Her little hand turned palm upward and her fingers nestled between those of Colonel Walker.

"Yes," she breathed, lowering her eyes before the colonel's ardent gaze. "I love and honor and admire you. It is more than I deserve ——" Her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

Regardless of any who might happen to be observing them, the colonel inclined his head, raised the small hand that fluttered in his and brushed it with his lips.

"May God reward you and bring you happiness!" said he in a low, vibrant voice.

While these agreeable events were transpiring amidships, another pleasant dialogue was ensuing in the sternsheets, where Edna and his lordship were comfortably ensconced. Having no particularly lofty political or sociological ambitions with which to inspire his fair companion, Lord Charteris had been lazily describing some of the attractive features of his ancestral home. Though his pleasant voice contained its customary drawl, it held also a certain vibrant quality that might have impressed any of his intimates as not entirely normal.

There was a gleam in his gray eyes as they rested on Edna's pretty, piquant face and deliciously rounded figure; and once, when their hands inadvertently touched, the electric impulse that passed from one to the other almost made a spark—perhaps it made two sparks, because it set the motor under Edna's soft bosom and that which was kicking against Charteris' strong ribs to racing furiously.

Edna was already very much in love with the handsome Englishman. The girl was as ripe for matrimony as a perfectly formed and luscious peach is for lips that are parched for the fruit—and Charteris' lips were feeling rather parched. They made a delightful pair—he tall and broad and wholesome, with a fresh, clear skin and crisp, chestnut-colored hair that curled about his high temples; she in the full flower of early maturity, replete with high vitality, and craving kisses as a pussy-cat does catnip. The glow of soft warmth she exhaled was like that of flowers in the sunshine, and her shimmering hair would have crackled had Charteris passed his hand through it, which performance would have given him an emotion not devoid of pleasure.

We fear his lordship was a bit of an epicure. Being well found in the usual masculine instincts, he must have felt that all he had to do was to touch the bough and catch the fragrant fruit as it fell; and this he had fully made up his mind to accomplish. He was so much in love with Edna that it hurt, and he appreciated the fact that not many such as she grew in God's green garden.

Charteris had discovered, to his delight and a little to his surprise, that she was not all milk and honey, but contained her share of spice as well as the sugar and all the other nice things that little girls are said to be made of. Among these latter were sweetness of disposition, quickness of wit, sense, courage, humor, and the pride and strong moral convictions of a good race. At the very first he had tried to flirt with her; but Edna had calmly and quietly declined to flirt.

Charteris had really come to want her very badly, though it is doubtful whether he himself realized how much. He had decided to ask her to marry him, and might have done so at once but for the reason that, never having made such a request before, he found himself rather at a loss as how best to go about it. Though nobody would have guessed it, his lordship was really very shy when it came to the expression of a real personal emotion. Besides, he reflected that as he could scarcely marry her aboard the yacht there was really no such tearing hurry.

Lady Audrey, to whom he had declared his intentions, had grunted and told him he might do far worse. Charteris hinting that he supposed he ought to say something to her people first, Lady Audrey had sniffed and said that an American parent would fall over backward with surprise at being so far considered as to have his consent requested before that of the daughter; whereas such an act would be sufficient to cause the daughter to go off in a huff. She also advised him not to take too much for granted, as she had learned from experience that it was impossible to say when a girl like Cécile or Edna was going to jibe.

"They're not like our girls," Lady Audrey warned him. "They have too good a time over here to bother much about gettin' married. There's Cécile now—in love with De Bernay; and he frettin' himself sick over her. Yet she won't have him, for the simple reason that she doesn't fancy the idea of matrimony. She'll never marry him."

"Lay you a hundred she does though," Charteris answered—"and within the year!"

"Done with you!" said Lady Audrey; and she inscribed the wager.

Nevertheless, this warning weighed on the mind of his lordship and put him slightly off his form. Wherefore, with Edna's demoralizing eyes fastened on his face and Edna's hair shimmering in the sunlight like new manila, and all the rest of Edna so tantalizingly portrayed in her loose serge sailor suit, he found his attention straying from his depiction of English country life, and his periods growing staccato and slightly incoherent.

Still, he babbled on peristently, wondering to himself how the deuce men led up to a declaration.

"Then you're pretty keen about salmon shooting?" Edna asked presently.

Charteris stared.

"Eh? What? Salmon shooting! Oh, come ——"

"That's what you said," retorted Edna. "I suppose you've got a pack of salmon-hounds. Otter fishing must be jolly, though ——"

"I say—look here—are you trying to chaff me?"

"Chaff you! Of course not! You said: 'Shooting, salmon, and all that.' Then you spoke about the way the otter—oh, I see what you mean. You have a pack of trained otters to hunt the salmon!"

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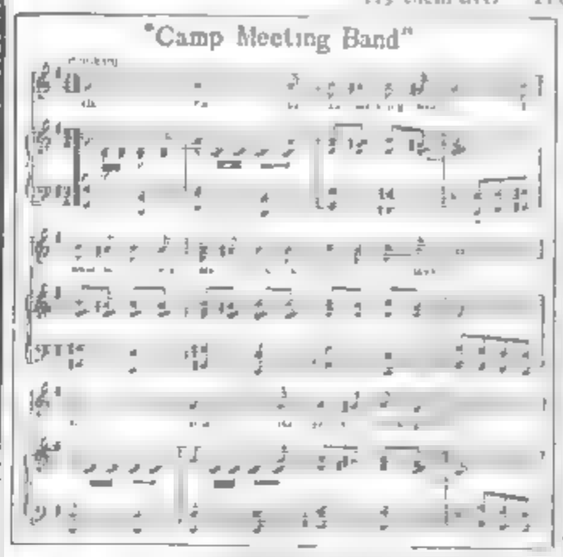
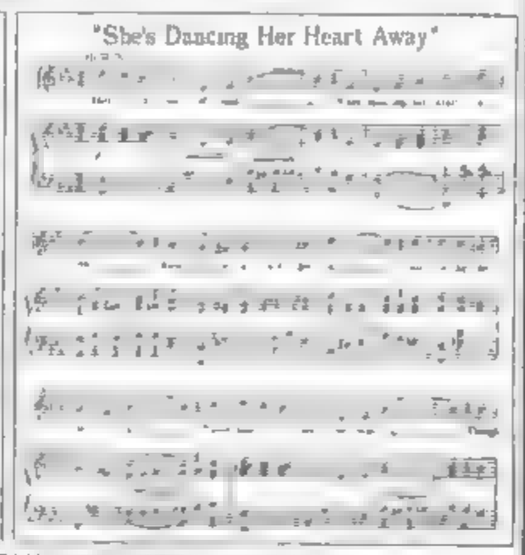


"She's Dancing Her Heart Away"



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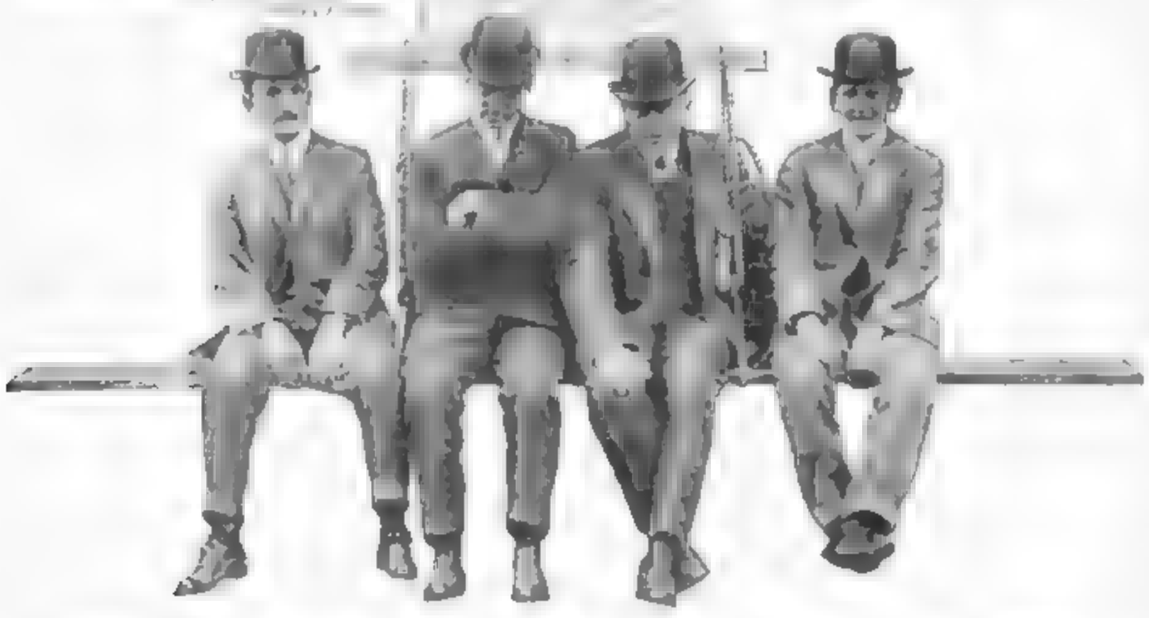

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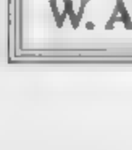

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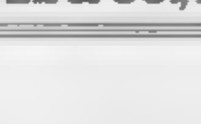

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Charteris' face turned rather red and his eyes looked dangerous.

"I'm beginning to flounder like a cow in a bog," said he. "Don't know what I'm rotting round about half the time when I'm with you. Oh, I say—where's the use of my box-haulin' all over the shop? I say Eddie, will you marry me?"

Edna's blue-gray eyes were melting; but she drew herself up, with a little gasp and a mocking smile on her red lips.

"Oh," said she demurely, "this is so sudden!"

"I know," Charteris answered—"but will you?"

A swift change came over Edna's face. All the mockery vanished. She leaned slightly toward Charteris.

"Yes, my dear—but not until I'm sure you really love me; and I'm a long way from being sure of it now. Wait until you come back from your cruise, Chat."

"But, hang it all, Eddie, I'm not going on any rotten cruise! D'ye think I'm going to stick on aboard this barge after you've left? I'd go quite mad! Oh, come, Eddie—say yes; there's a dear!"

Edna seemed to have a struggle with herself, then slowly shook her head.

"No!" she answered. "I've got to be more sure."

"But what can I do to make you sure?" Charteris asked desperately.

Edna smiled.

"I'm afraid you'll have to find that out yourself, Chat," said she smilingly.

The Foxhound nosed her way into Bar Harbor and lay down to rest. Her next run was to be a long one—its objective point Plymouth, England.

Dorothy, the colonel and De Bernay departed forthwith for New York. Lady Audrey, Cécile and Edna, accompanied by the Finn, took the train for Moosehead Lake. Lord Charteris went with them. He had managed to persuade Edna that he really loved her.

In this Charteris was aided considerably by a still night and the sound of distant music floating across the water.

Lady Audrey, who was claimed by Cécile, was charmed with the camp and its genial host, Captain Eliphalet Bell, U. S. N., Retired. Her brother was hospitably entertained across the lake by Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie and Edna.

Hermione noticed certain subtle changes in her elder sister. Cécile's face was as serene as usual and her manner had all its habitual cheerfulness, and no more. She laughed gayly at dinner as their adventures were described, and seemed to be happy; but Hermione, who knew her sister well and loved her dearly, was troubled at the strained expression about her eyes. She spoke of the matter to Lady Audrey, who merely raised her newly sprouting eyebrows and remarked that it was probably her liver, from lack of exercise aboard the yacht.

That night, however, when all had retired and the camp was plunged in the deep stillness of the woods, Lady Audrey stepped out into the scented silence and tiptoed softly along the veranda until she came to the open window of Cécile's room, where she stood for a moment listening. The low, stifled sounds that reached her ears set her gray head to nodding vigorously.

Without waiting to hear more, she made her way to the library, where she turned on the light and, seating herself at a writing desk, proceeded to indite a peremptory summons to De Bernay. This she sealed, stamped and dropped into the letter box; then returned to bed.

Had she waited a moment longer she might have heard Cécile's door open softly to admit a white-clad figure. Hermione, impelled by the same instinct as that of Lady Audrey, had slipped from her bed and made her way to the door of her sister's room, where for a moment she had stood listening. Then, at the sounds that came from within, Hermione softly entered the room.

Cécile did not hear her. With her wet face crushed against the pillow, which she clasped tightly in her strong young arms, her lithe body shook from long, shuddering sobs.

"Oh, Paul! Paul!" she moaned. "How could I let you go! How could I let you go!"

"Cécile!" said Hermione gently. "What is it, dear? What has happened to you?"

"N—nothing!" sobbed Cécile.

(THE END)

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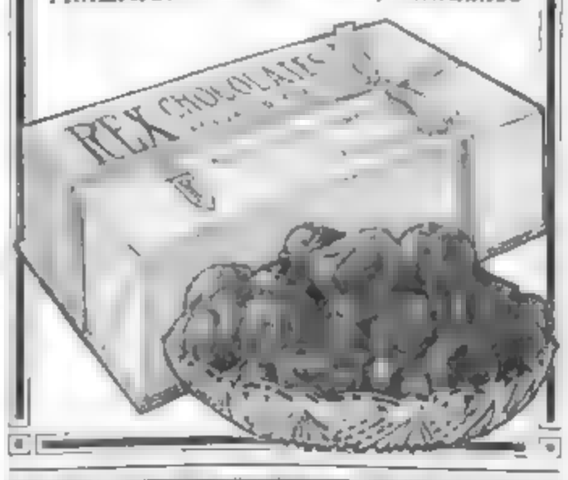

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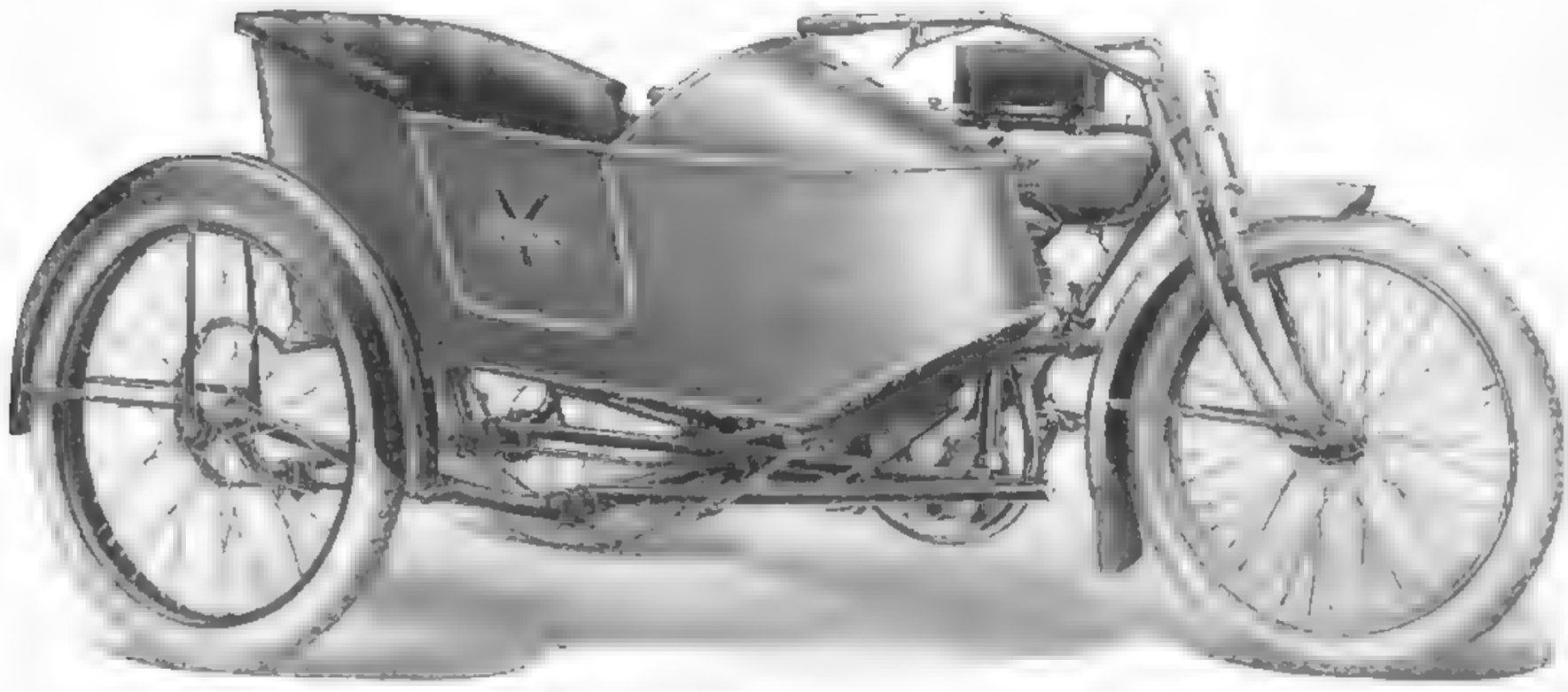

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Better news still, because he *no longer needs to ride alone.*

The Yale two-speed has given the motorcycle pulling and climbing powers *it never possessed before.*

And this added ability in pulling, and climbing, and stopping, and starting, has *made the Side-Car a dream-come-true at last!*

Be Sure of The Two-Speed First

Let no one attract your attention away from the two-speed.

It is the most important motorcycle development recorded in 15 years.

Without it you are back in the dark ages of motorcycling.

It transforms the motorcycle.

It gives the motorcycle motor car flexibility

All else being equal, the best two-speed means the best motorcycle.

And our contention is that there is not a two-speed system in the world that compares with the Yale.

What the Two-Speed Yale Is

The new two-speed Yale is simply the old Yale, improved and strengthened and refined, **with a wonderful two-speed gear built into the countershaft.**

This two-speed gear is of the simple planetary type, with gears always in mesh.

There is no possibility, therefore, of stripping gears, when changing from high to low, or back to high.

A lever at the left hand side of the tank, guarded by a quadrant, actuates the gears.

An auxiliary foot control located near left foot rest may also be used in traffic congestion to engage low gear.

There is absolutely nothing complicated in construction or operation, yet it is big and strong and staunch—big enough for a motor car.

What the Two-Speed Yale Will Do

What the two-speed Yale **won't do** would be easier to narrate than what it **will do.**

Because there is practically no road, no grade, no traffic congestion, to which it is not equal.

It will **plunge through plowed fields,** if necessary.

It will climb any hill of any height, unless the grade is so nearly perpendicular as to make traction impossible.

A fifty per cent. grade proves veritable **child's-play** to the two-speed Yale.

It will start, stop, slow down or shoot forward through an opening, **exactly** like a **motor car.**

It will come substantially to a standstill in crowded city streets, without stalling the engine—**exactly like a motor car.**

And it will do all these things without noise, without smoke, without noxious smell—for the two-speed Yale is essentially clean, quiet and sweet-running

Side-Car Travel Revolutionized

Still more amazing, the two-speed gear gives the Yale such a range and such an abundance of power that it can do these wonderful things with a side-car attached, as easily as not.

It makes side-car travel, in very truth, a "dream-come-true"—because there is no demand that can be made upon it which will "stump" it.

The unique versatility of the two-speed Yale and the scientific system of springs of the Yale side-car make side-car riding a greater pleasure than ever before.

Through sand, through mud—up hill, down dale—no jerk—no jar—no bump. Just a wonderful smoothness—a steady, imperturbable forging forward.

No motor car passenger enjoys more solid comfort than does the rider in the Yale side-car—and, of course, the side-car can go hundreds of places inaccessible to the motor car.

What is true of the side-car holds good for the Yale Delivery Van as well, for it is "at home" on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of traffic; is powerful; simple to control; and economical.

The Old Yale Was a Good Yale

We said a little while ago that the new Yale is simply the old Yale, improved and strengthened and refined, **with a wonderful two-speed gear built into the countershaft.**

The old Yale was a good Yale.

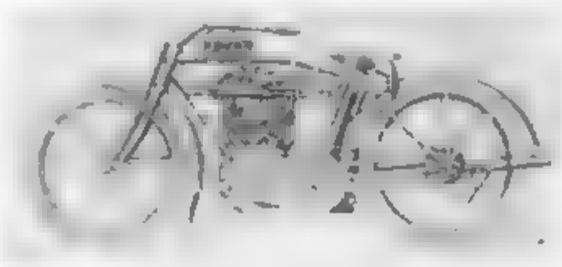
That is admitted all over the country, as is witnessed by the unusual fact that not a single last year's model was carried over.

So we have retained the scientifically correct horizontal cooling flanges, the hinged rear mud-guard, the big 3-inch tires (same size as used on one of the country's foremost motor cars), the "Y-A" Shock Absorber—all the features that have made the Yale famous in the past.

We have increased the strong drop-forgings in fork and frame tho' they already outnumbered those on any motorcycle.

We have refined and improved the powerful, sweet-running Yale motor.

And, then, to what was already **excess-value,** we have **added this wonderful two-speed gear.**



Two-Speed Yale Twin

Why It Should Be a Yale

Why should it be a Yale?

Because in the Yale you are absolutely sure of getting the full advantages of the two-speed gear

See the Yale first—and your final choice will be a Yale.

Here are a few of the features your Yale dealer will **make stick** in your mind:

The Yale is the one motorcycle with a two-speed gear **built into** the countershaft of each and every model;

The Yale is the one motorcycle incorporating a two-speed gear **without extra cost;**

The Yale is the one motorcycle, to our knowledge, that has ever made a **50% grade;**

The Yale is the one two-speed gear that has **one-hand, one-motion control, with an auxiliary foot control for use in traffic congestion.**

The Yale, moreover, is **simple** and **practically infallible in operation.**

The two-speed Yale, we firmly believe, will **out-pull** and **out-climb** any other type of motorcycle.

That's why you simply can't afford to accept any motorcycle inferior to this new two-speed Yale—the **new kind** of motorcycle

See your Yale dealer at once. If you want further information, send for catalogue.

There is a wonderful opportunity for a few good dealers in territories which we are now ready to enter by reason of a substantial increase in our production. Alert, wide-awake business men who can sense the value of the Yale dealership, write at once.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.

1702 Fernwood Ave. Toledo, Ohio

Also Manufacturers of

Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars Steel Tubing, Bent Parts, Drop Forgings.

Pacific Coast Representative:

The Yale California Co.

511-512 L. A. Investment Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Send without cost or obligation to me full details of the new two-speed Yale.

(Write name and address plainly on margin below)

The Cadillac Company has no intention of marketing a six cylinder car

THE Cadillac Motor Car Company has always believed that there are so many good features in the Cadillac Car, that its advertising space could be best utilized exclusively in acquainting the public with those advantages.

We regret, however, that the occasion arises which makes it appear desirable for us to depart, temporarily, from that policy.

Inasmuch as it is not possible for us to control the "mouth to mouth" advertising with which we are favored, and inasmuch as that gratuitous publicity may sometimes contain elements of inaccuracy, unintentionally perhaps, on the part of the authors, we feel that we would not perform the duty which we owe to the public and the duty which we owe to ourselves, if we did not correct any misunderstandings or misconceptions which may exist concerning the methods, policies and plans of this company.

The pre-eminent position of the Cadillac Car as the "Standard of the World," its recognition as a criterion of excellence in practical construction, are not matters of mere chance.

For eleven years the Cadillac has been manufactured and marketed upon well defined principles. Adherence to those principles has been the dominant factor in Cadillac success.

The Cadillac has never aspired to ideals set by others; it makes its own ideals and raises them higher and higher.

The Cadillac has never striven after the achievements of other plants; it is a school and a model unto itself.

The Cadillac has never been obliged to make apologies for its product. It has never been obliged to smother its past, nor to discredit it by wiping the slate clean and beginning all over again.

The immaterial and the impractical, the fad and the fallacy, the delusion and the shallow "talking point" have no chapter in the "Story of the Cadillac."

The "Story of the Cadillac" is the story of that mechanical and commercial advancement which makes for permanency. The Cadillac product has been only that which its makers knew to be right; that which its makers knew would satisfy and give to the purchaser "value received" in abundant measure.

The policy of the Cadillac Company has ever been to avoid exaggeration and overdrawn statements. Its policy has ever been to under-claim rather than to over-claim.

The Cadillac Company is gratified that the public feels secure in accepting Cadillac representations at their full worth. These representations are so accepted because the Cadillac Company has never misled and because the public could always expect and has always received more than was offered.

The Cadillac Car of today has behind it the experience gleaned in the successful production of the seventy-five thousand Cadillacs which have preceded it—by far the greatest number of high grade motor cars produced by any one manufacturer in the world.

The Cadillac Company is ever alert—its ear is ever to the ground; it feels the throb of the public pulse. Yet never has it yielded to clamor by giving endorsement to principles which would take advantage of the uninitiated or the uninformed, even though temporary benefits might accrue.

The experimental division of the Cadillac Company is not excelled in the motor car industry. We do not believe it is even equalled.

Every design, every appliance, every idea, every principle offered which has a semblance of merit, is subjected to the most gruelling tests.

For every idea or feature adopted or considered worthy of the Cadillac seal of approval, scores are discarded.

One reason why most of the new ideas of inventors and manufacturers are first offered to the Cadillac Company is because these inventors and manufacturers realize that with the Cadillac seal of approval, their future is practically certain.

As an example, take the electrical system of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition, first introduced by the Cadillac Company and now used almost universally.

Take also the two-speed axle introduced into the present Cadillac, and which engineering authorities on both sides of the Atlantic are predicting will soon come into general use.

Witness this from "The Automobile Engineer" published in London, England. In commenting upon Cadillac engineering progress and Cadillac initiative, it says:—

> "Already there is a very decided movement among other makers to try and provide some type of two-speed rear axle similar to the Cadillac, for 1914 or 1915."

In our experimental division we have built automobile engines of almost every conceivable type and size and have tested scores which we did not make ourselves.

We have built them with one, with two, with three, with four and with six cylinders. We have never tried five.

We have cast them en bloc, we have cast them in pairs and we have cast them singly. We have made them with water jackets cast integral and with copper water jackets. We found the latter method most expensive, but the most efficient—hence we use it.

We built cars with one cylinder engines, more than 15,000 of them, and they were good ones. "One-lungers" they were called, and they are practically all going yet, after eight to eleven years of service, hundreds of them having passed the 100,000 mile mark.

We built a few cars with two cylinder engines and they were as good as that type could possibly be made. But we never marketed any of them, although the rumor was current that we intended doing so.

Yes, and we built cars with three cylinder engines, as good of that type as could be made. Probably few readers ever heard of such a car. Some people thought they wanted that kind and they bought them. But not from us. Rumor had it, however, that we intended to market them.

Cars with four cylinder engines! We have built and distributed more than sixty thousand (60,000) of them. That was something more substantial than a rumor.

Cars with six cylinder engines! We have built a number of them in the last four years. We have tested them to the utmost, and they proved to be good ones—by comparison. In fact, by comparing them point for point with a number of the most highly regarded "sixes," which we bought for the purpose of making comparisons for our own enlightenment, we failed to find a single car which, in our opinion, outpointed our own, and our own outpointed most of them.

These experiments may have given rise to the rumor that the Cadillac Company contemplates marketing a six cylinder car. But—as in the cases of the two and three cylinder cars—such rumor is entirely without foundation. This Company has no such intention.

And we made other comparisons as well; in fact nothing worth while was overlooked or omitted.

Our tests, investigations, experiments and comparisons demonstrated conclusively to us, that a four cylinder engine, designed with the skill and executed with the precision which characterizes the Cadillac engine—and scientifically balanced, affords the highest degree of all 'round efficiency possible to obtain.

These tests further demonstrated that with such an engine, in conjunction with a properly designed two-speed axle, there is obtained an extraordinary range of operating flexibility, an extraordinary reduction of friction, an extraordinary degree of operation and maintenance economy, an extraordinary degree of luxurious riding qualities, and a reduction of vibration, particularly at high speeds, almost to the vanishing point.

We have cited the foregoing facts because we believe that the public is entitled to know them, because we believe that we owe it to the public to make the facts known and because we want the public to know that the Cadillac Company leaves no stone unturned, that it spares no expense in its efforts to discover and to provide that which it knows to be right, that which it knows will satisfy and that which will give to the buyer "value received" in abundant measure.

And above all, the Cadillac Company has no intention of departing from that policy.

There can be no better evidence of the appreciation of the Cadillac policy than the fact that there have already been manufactured and distributed, more than 9000 of the 1914 Model Cadillacs, amounting in selling value to more than eighteen millions ($18,000,000) of dollars—a volume of cars which nearly equals, if it does not exceed, that of all other 1914 high grade American cars combined, selling at or more than the Cadillac price, regardless of their numbers of cylinders.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SHOESTRINGS

(Continued from Page 14)

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Mr. Bugle.

"What's that she says?" Mr. Piggott at this point called down.

And, craning his neck, Mr. Bugle yelled up to him:

"It's Susie Nellis, Joe. Wigler's gave her a ring, Mrs. P. says; and now he's running off with her!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" Mr. Piggott promptly shouted back. "If he did—why, he'd be no better than a darned eloper! Wiggy's too much of a gentleman!"

"Maybe it wasn't a ring," Mrs. Pegram suggested. "It might be earrings. They don't elope on them, you know."

Just as she was telling of an aunt of hers who had eloped and had been married with a curtain ring, Mr. Piggott interrupted, with a loud ejaculation.

"Hey! Get on to who's coming!" he cried, and in the same breath exclaimed alarmedly: "Say! I wonder is anything up?"

The fact is, from the direction opposite to that just taken by Mr. Dawnley, Mr. Griggs had hove in sight; and, like Mr. Dawnley, he too was running. Reaching the house Mr. Griggs looked up and, seeing them, made a strong emphatic gesture.

"Where's Wigler?" he shouted. "Has he gone out?"

Again startled, Mr. Bugle shouted down: "Yes; he's just went!"

At which Mr. Griggs made a second gesture—one even more violent than the first.

"Where did he go?" he bawled.

Mr. Bugle hesitated. For various reasons he did not care for Mr. Griggs' manner; so he inquired cautiously:

"Why do you want to know?"

The result was more startling than one would have expected, even from the explosive Mr. Griggs. Shaking his fists, his face purple, the gruff gentleman danced up and down on the pavement, yelling:

"You tell me or I'll come up there and ——" The rest was unintelligible.

The speech served its purpose, however. Mr. Bugle at once told.

Mr. Wigler, with Miss Kress and Susie Nellis, he said, had gone to the Speedway Inn. The place was a refined family resort just over the city line in the all-night tango zone, and, once he had learned the location, Mr. Griggs shouted:

"Did he go in an otto?"

"Why, yes! Why?" Mr. Bugle shouted back at him; but Mr. Griggs did not bother to reply. Turning on his heel he jammed his hat down on his head, and, like Mr. Dawnley, darted away at full speed. At the corner a passing taxi hove into sight and, after violently beckoning it to stop, Mr. Griggs leaped aboard.

The last seen of him he was leaning from the window shouting urgent directions to the driver!

A startled pause followed. Transfixed, Mr. Bugle and Mrs. Pegram gazed at each other, then they craned their necks to gaze upward at Mr. Piggott. He, too, seemed stupefied. Then at the imminent risk of his neck, Mr. Bugle gave a violent start.

"Say, Joe," he exclaimed, his voice breaking, "you don't think anything's wrong, do you?"

"Why, why," cried Mr. Piggott, startled too, "there isn't—is there?"

"Well, I don't like the way Griggs acted," Mr. Bugle rejoined. "It'd be awful if he was to make a scene or something before Wiggy! I'd die of shame almost!"

"Yes; and Dawnley gets excited awful easy too!" Mr. Piggott returned. "Whatever's happened, I hope he remembers Wiggy's a gentleman."

A loud sniff at this moment interrupted. It came from Mrs. Pegram.

"Gen'l'man or no gen'l'man," she remarked, "if ever that there Wigler returns to my house, hereafter he'll pay me strickly in advance!"

"Why, Mrs. Pegram!" exclaimed Mr. Bugle. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Just what I say," answered Mrs. Pegram. "One of the finest gen'l'men I ever met was right here in my own home. When he went away he left me a fine souvenir too. It was eleven bricks and a cobblestone. They was in his valise." Having said this Mrs. Pegram suddenly gave Mr. Bugle a startled glance. "S-a-y!" she added, lengthening out the word; "you don't suppose Wigler ——"

Without waiting, however, to finish what she had started to say Mrs. Pegram's head was suddenly withdrawn from the open window and she was gone. Neither Mr. Bugle nor Mr. Piggott, however, noticed her departure.

"Looky here!" said Mr. Bugle. "I wonder why Dawnley was in such a towering hurry. You don't suppose it was on any account but that girl, do you?"

Mr. Piggott, after a pause, feverishly wet his lips.

"Gee! I hope not!" he returned. "It'd be awful, wouldn't it, if good old Wiggy got mad and made us take our money back!"

"Yes, wouldn't it!" Mr. Bugle exclaimed; and anxiously they withdrew their heads from the windows. The bells were just striking seven o'clock.

Time that night at Mrs. Pegram's passed on heavy feet. Eight o'clock struck. The nine pealed on the parlor chime. Afterward, in their usual ordinate succession, ten and eleven sounded. Then, just as the clock's hand marked eleven-eight, Mrs. Pegram twined her fingers together and spoke.

"Well," she announced, "all I c'n say is, after the way my nerves has been tried tonight, I've got a mind to ask all that bunch for their rooms. It's scandalous, keeping me up like this!"

"Yes; but you don't have to stay up!" Mr. Bugle rejoined. "You can go to bed any time you like."

"What! And miss what's happening?" Mrs. Pegram was exclaiming, when all at once there was an interruption.

Outside, the street door was opened; then Miss Kress' voice was heard.

"Lean on me, Mr. Dawnley," she said encouragingly. "I will assist you to a seat."

In the rush to the hall that followed, Mrs. Pegram, being the most active, was easily the first to arrive there. It was a curious sight that met her eyes. Miss Kress, her hat on one side, her new tango teagown a wreck, and mantled from head to foot with dust, stood by the door supporting Mr. Dawnley. He, too, was a spectacle. His hat was gone, dust powdered whitely his shoes and clothes, and the look he wore was painful. Limping toward the stairs he showed that every step he took cost him agony.

"My stars!" ejaculated Mrs. Pegram. "He ain't been stabbed or something, has he?"

"It's his poor foot—he's got a blister," Miss Kress explained with solicitude. "It was up in Westchester where he got it. All of us had to walk four miles to a trolley, you know."

"A trolley!" echoed Mrs. Pegram. "My Lawd! I thought you went riding in an otto!"

"Don't speak of it!" returned Miss Kress. "It was awful! We hadn't got to more than the second or third place when the chuffer wanted to do the tango with me! Just think of it," she exclaimed; "the tango!"

And at this Mrs. Pegram exclaimed too.

"My lands!" she cried, scandalized. "You don't mean you've been Turkish trotting with just a common ordinary taxicabber?"

"I resisted him, of course," Miss Kress answered wearily; "only it wasn't any use. The feller had been taking something and he was lighted to the guards, as they say. Every time we did the dip he'd step on my dress and tear it, and after that it was just terrible. Things began happening right and left, it seemed. First Susie began to cry and then she wanted to go home; and by now the chuffer had begun to try the hesitation and you couldn't pry him loose. Believe me," said Miss Kress, her tone deliberate, "it was awful!"

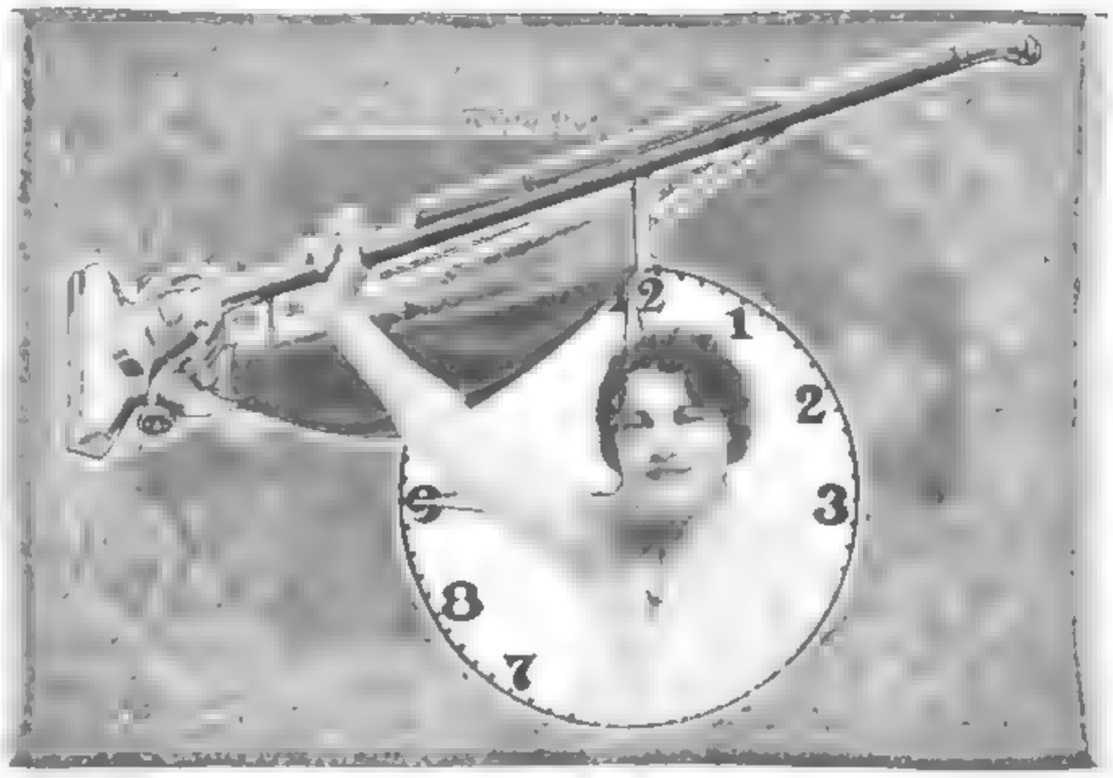
One could well believe it, and a gasp burst from Mrs. Pegram.

"Yes; but where was Wigler?" she demanded. "You don't mean he went and stood for it?"

There was a momentary pause. Then Miss Kress eloquently raised her eyebrows.

"Wigler!" she repeated as she laced her fingers together and slowly raised her shoulders. "Well, so far's I'm concerned," said she, her tone expressive, "I trust no one will ever again mention that person's name to me!"

Nor was her indignation without good and sufficient cause. In the first place it had been Mr. Wigler who had introduced the chauffeur to her as a dancing partner.



I Don't Have to Beat My Rugs

THEY literally shine! Day-in and day-out! The far-flying surface-dirt—the fabric-destroying dirt below—are eagerly snatched up through the extra wide nozzle of the Frantz Premier.

And think of it! This nine-pound electric cleaner pays for itself. Saves you a tidy sum each [illegible] away with costly household [illegible] yours for leisure [illegible] able duties than cleaning.

Give it a trial—in your own home. It's fully guaranteed. Used by thousands of housewives. Made entirely in the [illegible] all over the world. Every third electric suction cleaner sold today [illegible] Frantz Premier.

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Frantz Premier $30

The Newest Member of the Carter Family

Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx, the impsie ink bottles that have created such a sensation, take pleasure in introducing a new ink that you will be glad to know.

Carter's Inks have long been famous for their smoothness, brilliancy, intenseness and permanency. The reason you will particularly like Carter's

Pencraft Combined Office and Fountain Pen Ink

is that it combines with all these qualities the virtue of being

Two Inks in One

A matchless ink for steel pens and a perfect ink for fountain pens. The convenience of such an ink is at once apparent.

Carter's Pencraft Ink can be purchased at all the best stationers, in various sizes at prices from $1.00 (quart) to 15 cents per bottle. Buy a large bottle and learn the convenience of having a reserve supply of ink in your house.

Quarts, pints and half-pints of Pencraft are equipped with Carter's new flow controller—only pour-out with a dust-proof inner seal—just enough ink can be poured.

After all, no ink like Carter's.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY, Boston, Mass.
New York Chicago Montreal
Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesives, Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons

Throat and mouth hot and parched, membranes dry as desert land?

Get cool. Drink Clicquot. It's pure and refreshing ginger ale, highly charged and sparkling.

(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Clicquot Club

(Pronounced Kleek O)

Ginger Ale

cools the blood and brightens the brain. How could Clicquot be anything but delicious? Purest of sugar, ginger root, dashes of lemon and lime—it's a confection in liquid form.

Two glasses to the bottle. At good grocers and druggists, by the case. At good fountains, in bottles.

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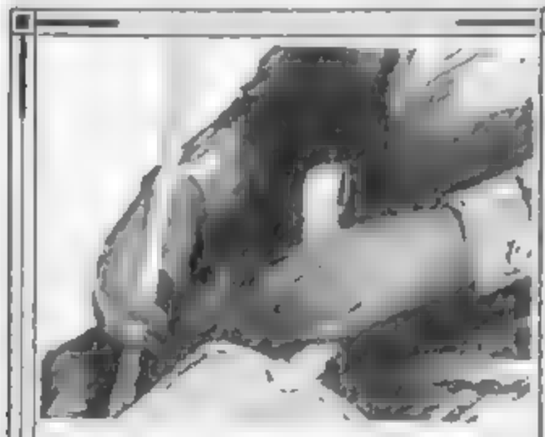

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You are protected when you buy Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves—protected by a signed bond that guarantees replacement or repair if your gloves prove defective in any way.

When buying gloves, especially gloves that you expect to have cleaned later on, get guaranteed gloves that are made extra strong and just as beautiful.

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You will find them at most good dealers. Write for Book, "The Style and Story of the Glove." In writing, please note your dealer's name.

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Then again, it was Mr. Wigler, too, who had been responsible for the chauffeur's lively spirits. What is more, as the evening had worn on it was to be seen that Mr. Wigler's spirits had risen proportionately.

"Honest," said Miss Kress, "never in my life was I so mistaken in a gen'l'man! It was bad enough when he kept to the ordinary grapevine; but—believe me—when he tried the can of worms I nearly passed away!"

"The can of worms!" repeated Mrs. Pegram, stupefied.

"It's a dance step," explained Miss Kress. "You go one, two, three—one, two, three—only when he tried it he got his feet all tangled up in my skirt; then he fell down! Why, I c'd 'a' cried!" she exclaimed. "Every one was laughing at me. And then Mr. Griggs and Mr. Dawnley came in and picked up Wigler by the collar!"

An exclamation burst from both Mr. Piggott and Mr. Bugle, as well as from Mrs. Pegram.

"Picked him up by the collar!"

"Oh, sure!" Miss Kress answered wearily. "He'd tried to get up—only the floor was going round so he couldn't. Anyway, Mr. Griggs and Mr. Dawnley, it seems, had been looking for us all the evening; and they took Mr. Wigler outside. Then there was an offle row!"

A cry of scandalized amazement again escaped from Mr. Bugle and Mr. Piggott.

"A row? How terrible!" Mr. Piggott cried.

"Yes; I knew they'd do something dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Bugle; and for a moment Miss Kress gazed at them.

"I guess you fellows would've changed your minds, maybe, if you'd been there. Every time Mr. Griggs gave him a shake he shed money!"

"Mr. Griggs shook him, you say?" demanded Mr. Bugle, appalled.

"Sure!" said Miss Kress. "I guess you fellows don't know what's happened, do you?"

For a long moment Mr. Bugle and Mr. Piggott stared at her. Then some inkling of the truth seemed to burst on them; and impetuously Mr. Bugle turned to Mr. Dawnley.

"Oh, Horace," he cried—"the pool! Has anything happened to it?"

Briefly Mr. Dawnley glanced up, gazing first at Mr. Bugle, then at Mr. Piggott. Afterward he shrugged his shoulders.

"Say, Miss Kress," he said tiredly, "you tell them. My foot hurts."

So Miss Kress told them.

"There never was any pool," she said. "He just pocketed the money!"

"What! Good old Wiggy did that?" cried Mr. Bugle. "Why, impossible!"

"Yes; I can't believe it, either!" Mr. Piggott ejaculated.

"Well, suit yourself," Miss Kress idly returned. "This afternoon, though, Wigler called up Mr. Dawnley here and told him all the money was gone. He'd lost it in a stock called Rumelly, he said; only it was just a dodge, it seems. After tonight he meant to skip."

It was as Miss Kress said. After the manner of the stock tout who has been given money to invest, he had picked out the stock that showed the greatest decline for the day, and had told his dupes the money had been dropped in the turn. In this case, however, there had been a slip-up. The law clerk had telephoned Mr. Griggs, who, in turn, had telephoned the stock-brokerage office for particulars. There he had at once learned two astonishing facts—one was that no one in the office had seen Mr. Wigler for a month; the other was that they knew nothing of any transaction made by him in Rumelly.

As Miss Kress finished, Mr. Bugle was seen slowly to wet his lips.

"I see it now!" he said slowly. "He wasn't a gen'l'man after all. He was just trying to bilk us!"

Then Mr. Piggott spoke. Until now he had kept silent; but now a loud exclamation escaped from him.

"I see!" he cried, his tone agonized. "He's taken our money and gone and eloped with Susie Nellis!"

There was instantly a diversion. Mr. Dawnley, after a brief pause, rose swiftly, his air menacing; while Miss Kress was heard to exclaim.

"Elope with Susie?" she ejaculated. Then, with stately dignity, her tone more icy than ever, Miss Kress inquired:

"Say, are you trying to put something over on me?"

"Well, he did—didn't he?" Mr. Piggott returned. "Mrs. Pegram saw him give her the ring."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Pegram. "I said it was a cardboard box. He gave it to her on the stairs."

A ray of light seemed to illumine Miss Kress' mind.

"Oh, that!" she exclaimed; then she laughed. "Ring nothing!" she said with graphic brevity. "It was a box of cough-drops he gave her—a sample box it was too! And Susie hasn't eloped, either. That chuffer was too woozy to run us home, so we had to walk to a trolley line. That's how Mr. Dawnley got his foot blistered; and Susie and Mr. Griggs stopped at the drugstore to get something for it!"

So it was all clear now—all as plain as day: Mr. Wigler, instead of being the gentleman he had proclaimed himself, was just what he had turned out to be—a stock tout; a petty swindler. That fact, however, somehow did not seem to console either Mr. Piggott or Mr. Bugle.

"Yes; I see it all," said Mr. Bugle. "The only thing that's happened is he's run off with our money! That's it, ain't it? The swindler!"

Then Mr. Dawnley spoke.

"Aw, don't be too hard on Wiggy!" he protested. "A fellow could feel sorry for him. Besides," he added, "he didn't get away with much. It was only sixty dollars!"

"Sixty dollars!" they exclaimed.

Mr. Dawnley nodded.

"Why, yes," he said. "That's why Griggs was in such a towering hurry. He knew the quicker he found Wigler, the less time he'd have to spend our money. When we found him he'd only had time to get away with the sixty!"

The law clerk was still grinning at them gayly when a sound of voices was heard on the steps. It was Susie Nellis and Mr. Griggs. Entering, Mr. Griggs looked about him briefly.

"Hello, Bugle!" he exclaimed. "Been buying out any head partners lately?"

Mr. Bugle hung his head; then Mr. Griggs turned to Piggott.

"Well, Piggott," he inquired, "opened that turkey-trotting parlor yet—the one in Forty-second Street?"

As Mr. Piggott, also, did not reply, Mr. Griggs shrugged his shoulders, with a grin. Then he turned suddenly on Mr. Dawnley.

"Say, you!" he said grimly; "you've had a lesson now—only I'm going to tell you this: Hereafter if you don't look out for Susie Nellis any better I'm going to marry her myself!"

"Oh, Mr. Griggs!" cried the law clerk, horror in his tone.

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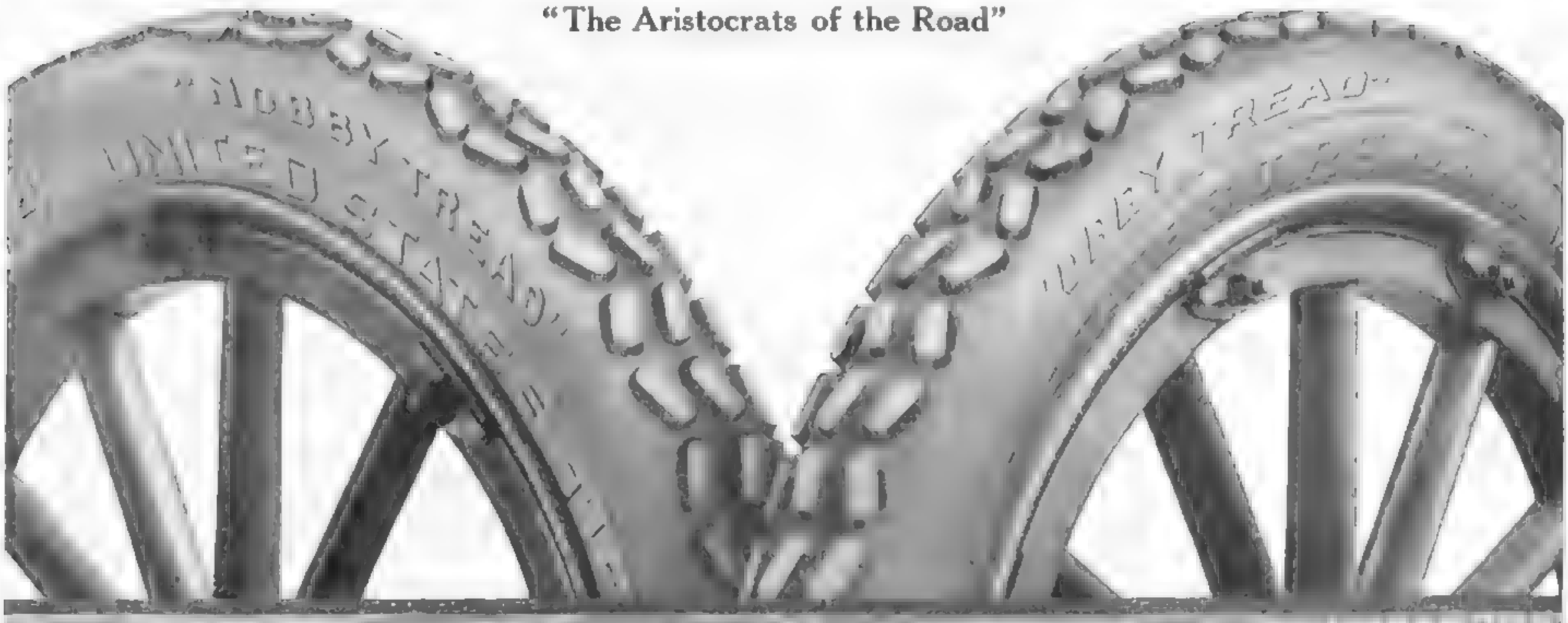

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Interlocking directors do not constitute the only correlated conundrums for which this Administration is guessing the answers. We have at this moment as fine an interlocking foreign situation as you ever dreamed about—if perchance you ever dreamed of any; and there is only one certain phase of it, which is this:

The United States of America is not going to war with any nation, power, principality or potentate whatsoever or whomsoever so long as Woodrow Wilson is president of the United States—unless there shall be so flagrant an insult to our national honor that war is the only possible recourse; and no such insults are anticipated.

What I mean by that statement, which you can take as official, is that Mr. Wilson is not to be hurried or harried or frightened or cajoled into a war of any kind anywhere; nor will he prosper or pursue any military maneuvers that shall have the slightest appearance of a warlike demonstration and the jingoes can howl their heads off for all he cares.

War, James, is as far from our official thoughts as losing the next House of Representatives is far from our Democratic desires; and you can tell how far war is in the discard when you learn that there isn't a Democrat in the Congress who wouldn't prefer losing his right arm if that would save the House—arm, I said, not vocal organs. We would go to war with the whole world before we would sacrifice those, you know—and lose the House to boot.

About twice a year—along in January or February, and again in the fall—the Japanese situation becomes acute, principally because interested persons desire that acuteness; and there are Jap jingoes as well as American agitators.

Mexico we have had with us for a long time, and Mexico seems a steady boarder. England never overlooks a chance to grumble and groan, and try to be hurt and haughty. All these are spaghettied together, as the following boxscore will show:

Foreign Relations at a Glance

1. Mexico is harassed by a civil war; and the United States is none the less harassed by the same, owing to the implied obligation that we have to keep things straight in this hemisphere.

2. Japan is miffed because of the alien land laws passed by the California legislature last year; and she refuses to concede any state rights in the matter, but looks to the National Government for redress.

3. England is sore because of the free-toll provisions for American ships in the Panama canal legislation.

4. Japan appears to be mixing-in in Mexico against the interests and desires of the United States.

5. England and Japan are allies by treaty.

6. Mexico, of course—or the Huerta Government—is encouraging Japan; and Japanese statesmen are making veiled threats.

7. England has seized on this situation to make another yell about the canal tolls and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty obligations.

Talk about interlocking directorates! How about that for an interlocked situation? There isn't much to be said about how it will all be untangled except this: There is no phase of it or any ramification that by any ingenuity can be tortured into an excuse or reason for any kind of a fight; and until it gets a good deal worse you can tell all your folks they can proceed peacefully, making such money as they can and having such fun as is possible, confident that W. Wilson will not appear on the front stoop of the White House and shout: "To arms! To arms!"

We shall not intervene in Mexico. We shall not have a fuss with Japan. We shall not needlessly affront Great Britain. In fact we are the most peaceful persons on the globe; and that is how we intend to remain, so long as Mr. Wilson is in the White House.

Do not become alarmed by the army and navy screams of terror. Those dogs of war of ours bark in a most alarming fashion every time they want to get an appropriation bill through.

There is a good deal of scare stuff printed in a certain section of the press; but don't let that worry you. You may remember that some of our great organs of public opinion had pro-Spanish leanings before the War with Spain; and now and again you can observe a slight strain of pro-Japanese and pro-English news.

Several very accomplished Borgias have access to some of the news that goes out of this Capital, Jim—and they are expert poisoners of opinion. Of course it would be beside the mark to intimate even that a financial consideration is involved; but the mark is a German coin, Jim, and not current in this country.

So be perfectly calm and watch W. W. When he begins to give signs of an eruption it will be similarly time for you and the rest of the country to be scared. Just at present W. W. is as calm as Mount Hood, and Mount Hood hasn't thrown up a spark in a million years. We are not going to war, Jim, with Japan, or Mexico, or England, or Monaco, or Switzerland, or Schleswig-Holstein, or Salvador, or any other place or people.

I can give you a quotation on that point: "There will be no war so long as I am president." The author of that peaceful remark, Jim, is Woodrow Wilson, and it seems to be a reasonably definite statement from one of the most definite persons I have ever known; in fact, it may be said to be final, so far as the present circumstances and present complications are concerned.

A Cute Little System

Thus we proceed by easy stages to the subject of interlocking directorates. This cute little institution known as the interlocking directorate, Jim, was invented by persons who were getting about all there was one way; but, in order to make sure that no dollar might escape, they contrived this system to make it certain that they might get all there was two ways.

Reduced to its simplest terms, this means that highly financial gentlemen buy things or lend money as directors of one institution, and vote to sell these things or borrow this money as directors of another correlated institution—thus sharing the profit both going and coming.

How simple and profitable it is for a man to be director of a railroad company, a bank and a real-estate company, for example! As director of the railroad he decides to buy land for the railroad; as director of the bank he decides to lend the railroad the money with which to buy the land; and as director of the land company he decides to sell his own land to his own railroad for the money his own bank advanced—thus deriving his profit from the sale of the land and from the loaning of the money—or, in other words, acting cannily, as buyer and seller too.

There are plenty of interlocking directorates that are necessary, and plenty of holding companies too. It is often the case that a corporation, organized on legitimate lines and doing a legitimate business, is compelled to have several organizations to comply with state laws—as for example, a Texas company desiring to do business in a Texas commodity in Louisiana must organize a Louisiana company, and so on. There is no protest about this sort of thing, and there will be no legislation directed at it. The other kind of holding companies and the other kind of interlocking directorates are aimed at; and it is quite likely they will be hit.

Moreover, there is a very general tendency among interlocking directors of the first sort to disentagle themselves before the law disentangles them.

Some of them are mournful about it though. They cannot accustom themselves to the new order. I recall the plaint of one fine old crusted millionaire, who is hopeless about it all. The country has gone to smash from his viewpoint because the integrity of his motives and those of his fellow laborers in the field of finance are not appreciated.

"My gracious!" he said the other day, weeping softly into his whiskers. "What an enormity this is they are now proposing!

A NUMBER of eminent illustrators will show in these columns through the coming year their own individual conceptions of the facial expression generally induced by the

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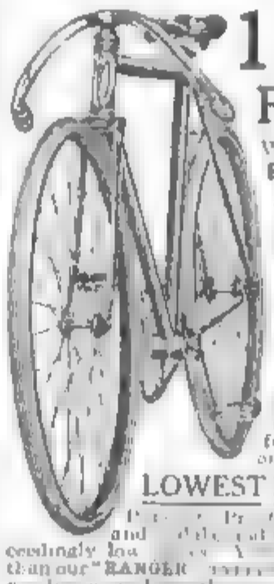

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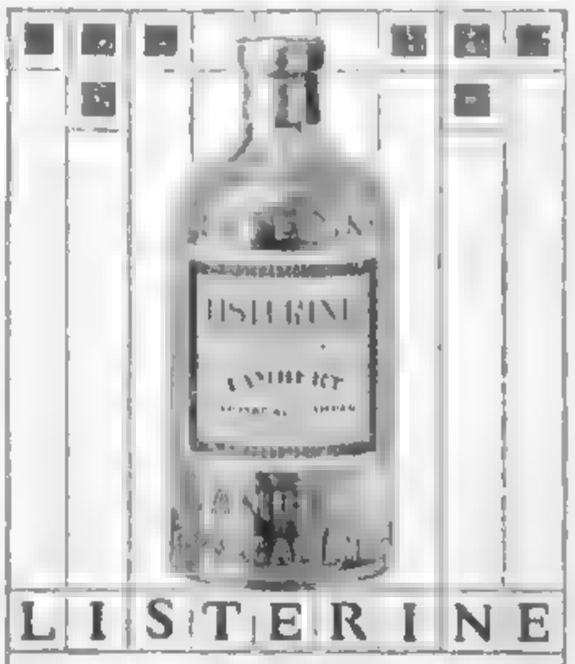

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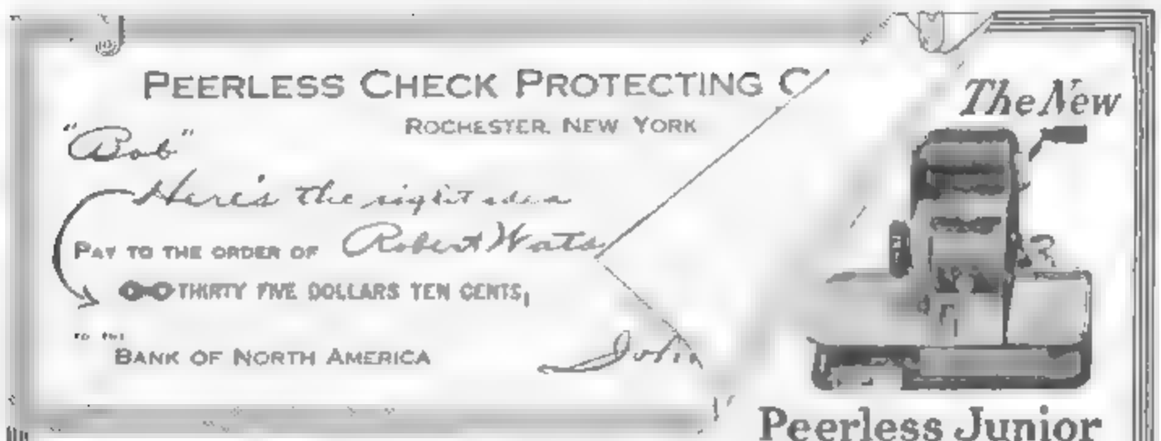
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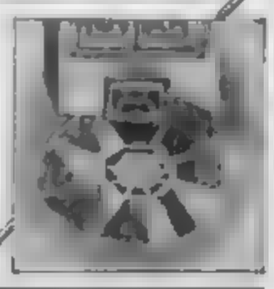

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Others are Imitations

Why, the idea that men like myself shall not be members of various correlated boards of directors is preposterous and subversive of our so-called free American institutions. I was talking about this to a coterie of my associates only yesterday at a meeting of a board of directors I attended. We have managed the affairs of a trust company for many years, and we are trustees in various ways for more than a billion dollars' worth of property."

The attitude of a lot of these high financiers toward the new order reminds me of a man I knew, who was a fine waltzer. He could waltz better than anybody in his section and was in constant demand for dances and parties. Then the waltz went out and the tango came in—but he refused to learn the tango; and the result is that instead of being the admired of all admirers in the ballrooms of his city, he sits moodily at home and bemoans the degeneracy of the times.

It is up to these financiers to learn the new business dances. If new rules for playing a game are adopted the wise player learns the new rules—just as the wise dancer learns the new steps. Otherwise he is out of it; and that is where these high financiers will be unless they get a move on—and some of them may be in it too—meaning the jail.

However it is well for all concerned to remember that the mere introduction of a bill in the Senate or the House of Representatives doesn't mean that that bill will become a law as introduced—or at all. Thus far this session, as shown by the latest index at hand, there have been 4171 bills introduced in the Senate and 12,286 in the House—to say nothing of sundry joint resolutions, and so on.

"Hitchy-Kitchy Philopena"

The general tendency on the part of the public is to think of a bill introduced as a law accomplished; but when one reflects that bills are introduced in the House by the simple expedient of dropping them into a basket, and in the Senate by handing them up in the morning hour, it is plain to be seen that there is no cause for alarm over many of the incendiary proposals made. Besides, one of the easiest ways to attain a little publicity is to prepare a sensational bill and introduce it; and both representatives and senators know that.

The antitrust bills prepared after the president's message on the subject are largely tentative—feelers, in fact; and there will be hearings and long discussions and debates before they are perfected. Also, it can be put down as a fact by all interested that there will be no legislation while Mr. Wilson is president that will do anything to legitimate business but help it. As for illegitimate business, that is quite another story.

The social season is fairly sizzling. I heard a Cabinet woman say the other day that she hasn't had thirty minutes to herself any day for a month, and I know that is true. The climbers are climbing furiously; and the Democratic women, who have been out of it for a long time, are highly elated and radiantly happy.

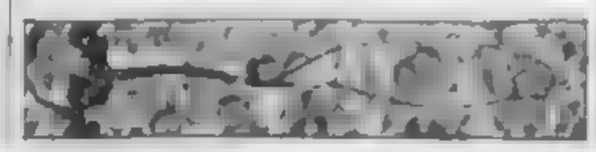
I asked a Cabinet man the other day, whom I found bored and distressed at a dinner, and who I knew had dined out every night for three weeks handrunning: "What do you do it for? You don't care for these people, and they don't care for you except to print the fact in the newspapers that they entertained you and thereby acquired merit!"

"How can I help it?" he asked mournfully. "They write to me six and eight weeks ahead of their dinner dates and invite me; and, unless I lie, I can't say I am engaged. I wish to the Lord Lent would hurry up and come!"

Still, we are developing some shining social lights. There is that sprightly Cabinet member that astonished a dignified old dowager who was standing in his parlor, nibbling a piece of cake, by coming up and biting off a chunk of the cake as she held it in her hand, and saying: "Hitchy-kitchy philopena!" He observed another equally dignified social leader proceeding toward his dining room; and, shaking a playful finger at her, he gurgled: "Naughty! Naughty! I know you! You just can't keep away from that champagne punch!"

Yours playfully,

BILL.



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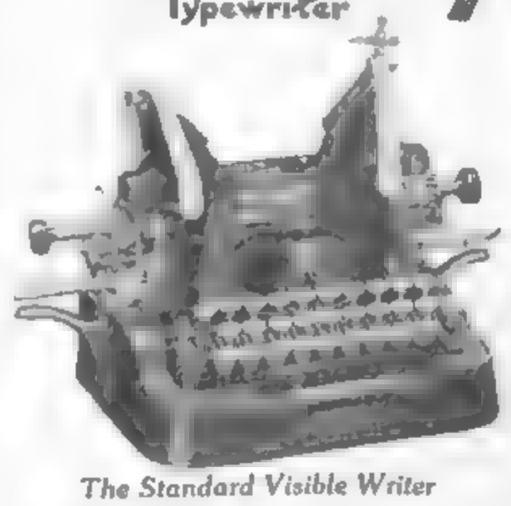

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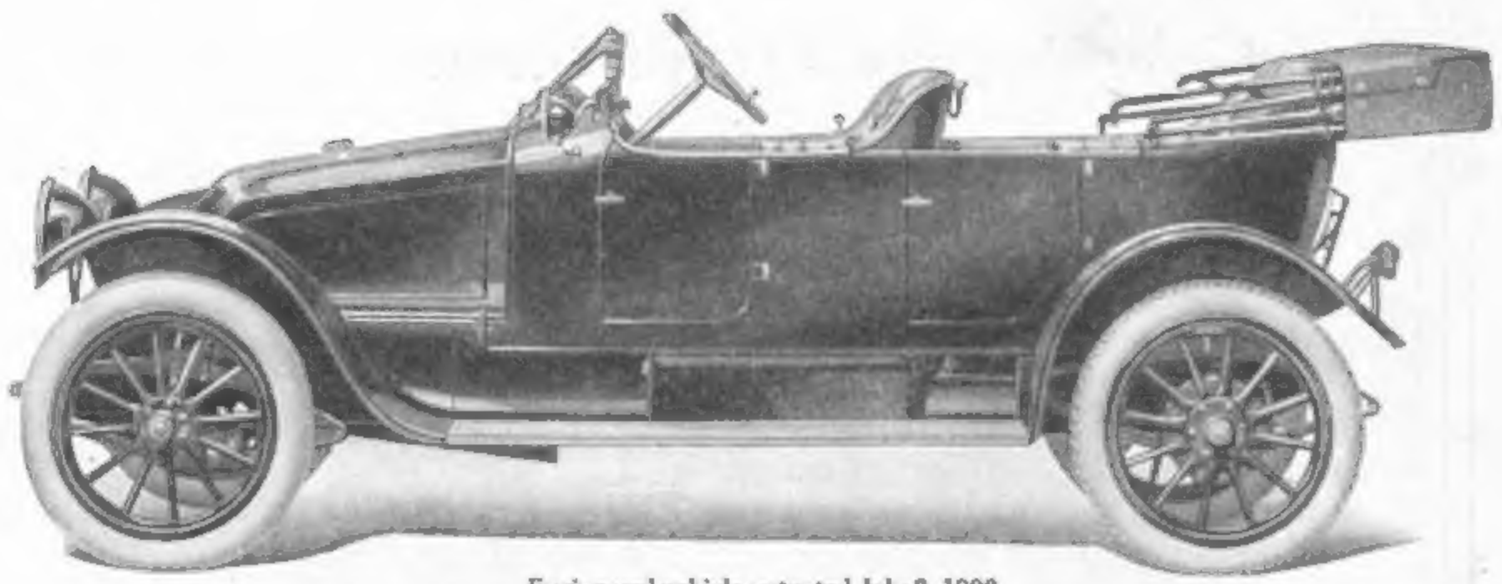
Franklin Six-Thirty—A Reasonable Car

LIGHT weight is the one thing in automobile construction to give the owner that which is desirable and absolutely necessary if he is to be satisfied with the total results.

Unless a car is light it will not be economical; it will not be as comfortable, nor will it last as long.

Tire wear and tire trouble are in direct proportion to the size of the tires and the weight of the car. The Franklin Six-Thirty is light and the tires are large. The five-passenger touring-car weighs 2725 pounds without gasoline or oil. The roadster weighs 2630 pounds. The enclosed cars are proportionally light. The tires are 4½ inches.

Another reason for the long life of tires on the Franklin is that the drive is through the rear springs (flexible), and not through stiff torque or strut rods.



Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908
Franklin Six-Thirty Five-Passenger Touring Car, $2300

Tire mileage, gasoline mileage and upkeep are reasonable only when the car itself is reasonable. The success of the Franklin is based on the fact that it is a reasonable car, a car anyone able to buy a good car can afford to run. It is scientifically light. Its lightness is obtained by materials that give the greatest strength and service with the least weight for each part, and by correct and simple design.

The weight of a car has nothing to do with its "keeping the road," except that the heavier it is the harder it steers. The car that keeps the road best is one that steers easily and is well sprung. The four full-elliptic springs of the Franklin take up all road shocks and keep any motion from the car which would tend to throw it out of its course. These springs in turn give easy riding.

The Franklin is flexible. Without flexibility all parts have to be heavier to resist road shocks. The Franklin wood chassis frame, lighter and stronger than a steel frame, together with the full-elliptic springs, gives a flexibility that saves the car and tires, and best of all results in luxurious riding qualities.

The Six-Thirty (six cylinders, 30 horse-power) is made with six body styles. All bodies are aluminum. Prices and weights are as follows:

Type	Price	Weight
Touring-car	$2300	2725 pounds
Roadster	2300	2630 "
Coupé	2950	2788 "
Sedan	3200	2924 "
Limousine	3300	2979 "
Berlin	3400	3121 "

Prices, which include full equipment, are f. o. b. Syracuse, N. Y.

Note: Franklin dealers are now accepting orders for enclosed cars for early fall delivery.

The Six-Thirty is equipped with the Entz electric starting and lighting system. The motor-generator is driven by a silent chain from the engine crank shaft. The engine is started by simply throwing the switch. The switch also controls the magneto. While the switch is "on" the engine cannot stall.

The Franklin cooling system is another place where trouble and operating expense are saved by simplicity and lightness. The direct-cooled motor, having no radiator, belted fan, water-jackets or pump, makes minimum weight possible with nothing to freeze or leak.

A light car gives comfort, easy driving, safety. It gives the value of your investment in continuous service at a cost you can afford.

Franklin dealers everywhere are showing the Six-Thirty.

Catalogue sent to any address.

Franklin Six-Thirty Coupé, $2950

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse New York

The Other Sort of American Car

A Great English Daily's Comment on Packard Methods of Manufacture

From the London Daily Mail.
By John Prioleau, staff correspondent.

Lastweek I wrote an accountof how these amazing Detroit motor makers put together a car in 25 minutes.

I saw a numbered bare frame pass down a long shop, gathering parts and members as it went, until it emerged through the big doors under its own power—a full-fledged motor car. I believe it takes about two hours and a half, all told, to produce each chassis, counting from the time when the molten metal is being poured into the moulds and the marvellous automatic machines are set going, to the thrilling moment, which occurs a thousand times in each working day of the year, when the complete automobile leaves the erecting shops and is packed into the endless train of freight cars which is always waiting at the door.

That is one end of the American motor industry, the end of express speed "hustle," bewildering quantities, and prices cut down to the last possible dollar.

A few days ago I saw the other end, the end of calm, deliberate work, of beautiful craftsmanship, of small quantities, of high prices.

I am tempted to write "of the millionaire's car," but in this land of gold the phrase hardly conveys one's meaning. I saw the Packard car being built, and although the general impression left on one is that of a visit to a monastery after sitting through the last act of a ragtime révue, I found the atmosphere quite as absorbing.

THE FINEST AMERICAN DESIGN

This car, which is in the front rank of all American automobiles, represents the very best practice in American design and construction. It is, for this country, very expensive, the 38 h. p. chassis costing about £638 and the 48 h. p. model costing £843, delivered in Detroit. Both chassis are of the six-cylinder type. Except for a few details in design, such as the rear axle gear box and the large clearance provided, they scarcely differ in any respect from the very best type of English or foreign car. Only about 3,000 chassis are built every year, which can hardly be reckoned as a serious output compared to the results achieved by most American factories; but every chassis receives an amount of care and attention in the making which goes a long way towards explaining the admiration which these cars enjoy from everybody who has the least interest in motor matters.

I have just spoken of the monastic atmosphere of these works, but I must hasten to qualify the phrase. Although compared with the hustle factories, a holy calm seems to reign in the Packard shops, it is anything but the calm of idleness or of time wasting. The thousand-per-day car takes something over two hours to make, the Packard something over two months, but work continues on the Packard chassis just as steadily as on the Hustlers. And what work! Since I have been in this motor wonderland of Michigan I have absorbed figures and statistics in such dazing quantities that numerals are beginning to have no meaning for me at all. The other day I was shown part of a million wheels, for instance. It was the fourth day of my factory visiting, and I merely said "Oh!" and passed on. My guide might equally have said ten millions or ten hundreds. I was aware of an unusual note of pride in his voice, so I concluded that it was a momentous statement and made a note of it. But amid all the terrifying rows of noughts with which I have been assailed there is one calculation that I have clung to, and that, in my worst attacks of mathematical giddiness, I have recognized and appreciated. Every car I have seen in the making is made "accurate to one-thousandth part of an inch." This, you will admit, is a very praiseworthy result, although I expect that some of the best European cars are equally carefully put together. But the Packard standard is a half of one-thousandth of an inch. Take a slide-rule and measure this off, and then take this standard as a symbol of the way in which the whole car is built, and you will get a faint notion of what careful workmanship is.

UNSURPASSED MACHINERY

It would need many days' hard work and many miles of flooring would have to be traversed to get a complete impression of each department of such a factory as the Packard. Also a good many columns of The Daily Mail would be necessary in which to write an adequate description of what there is to see there. But in the short time I have had I have gained a very vivid impression of this branch of American motor engineering, and that impression is that our friends over here can make the best kind of car and that they make it in the best kind of way. Their machinery is probably unsurpassed, and their factories are organized in a manner which can only be described as perfect. I have seen scores, hundreds of wonderful tools, each of which does the work of dozens of skilled workmen in half or a quarter of the time needed by human hands, machines which apparently think. I have seen drilling, stamping, cutting, pressing, boring, and a host of operations carried out with uncanny smoothness, certainty, accuracy, and speed. And all by American machines. Consider, then, what satisfaction it was to this visitor to find that this great American firm, who make practically all their cars for Americans, use a British instrument for the microscopically accurate weighing of their pistons and connecting rods. "It is the best made," said my courteous guide, when I commented on this solitary departure. Which was a simple and gratifying explanation.

The English correspondent visited the Packard factory unannounced. His impressions were printed in the London Daily Mail without the knowledge of the Packard Company.

Ask the man who owns one

Put It To Every Test

You are asked to try and test the O-Cedar Polish Mop before you buy it. Put it to every test; clean, dust and polish every hard wood floor in the house. Clean and brighten every piece of oil cloth and linoleum, dust the tops of high furniture, see how it gets under the bed and beneath low furniture, etc. And then decide.

The New—The Improved—The Better

O-Cedar Polish Mop

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office and all principal countries.)

Two Sizes—$1.00 and $1.50

is treated with O-Cedar Polish (the vegetable compound) which cleans as it polishes. As you pass it along the floor it collects and holds all dust and dirt and imparts a high, dry lustre. When the mop is soiled you simply shake out the dirt.

Simply deposit the price ($1.00 or $1.50) with your dealer, grocer, hardware or department store, and try and test the O-Cedar Polish Mop. Your money will be refunded without a question if for any reason it is not satisfactory.

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